

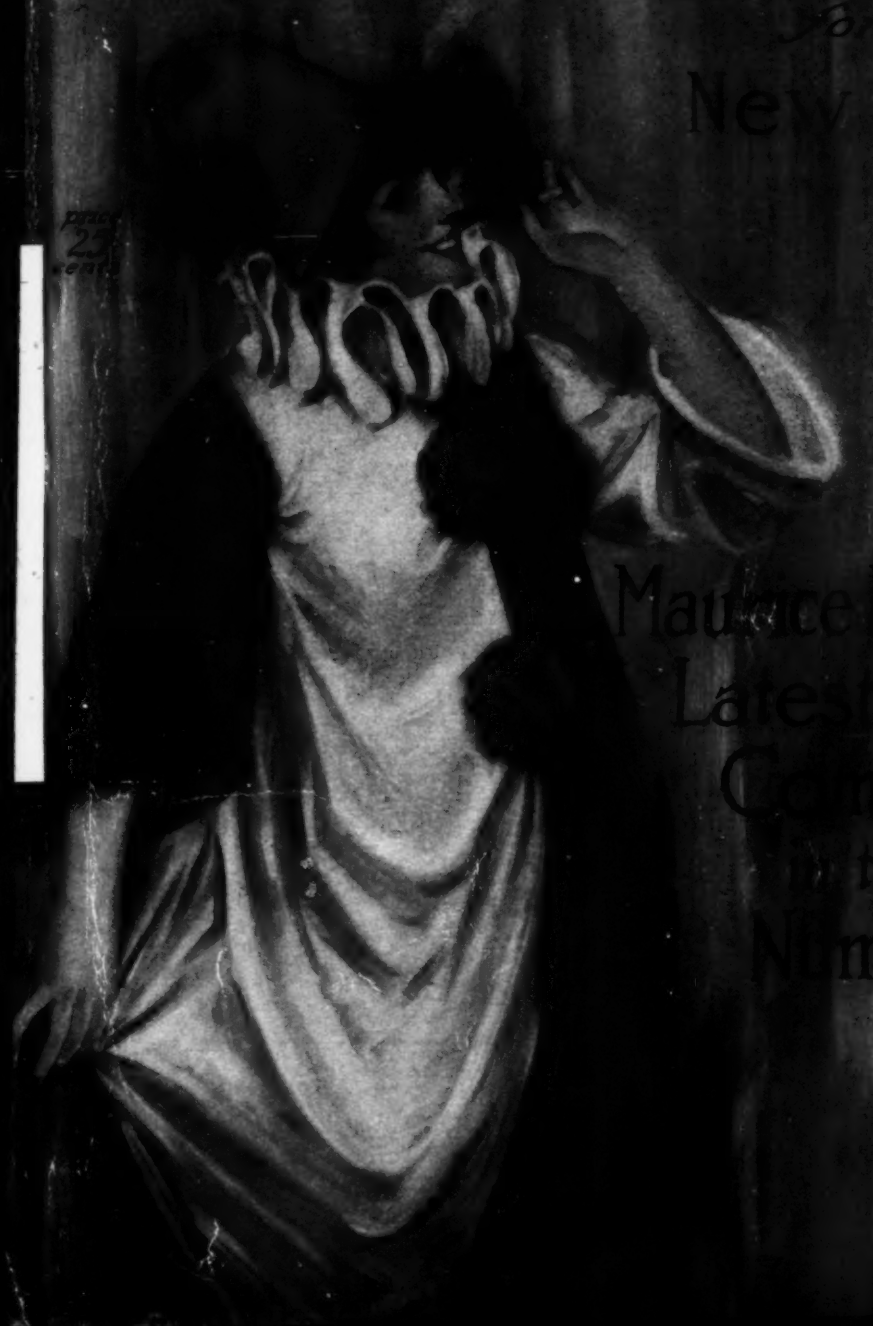
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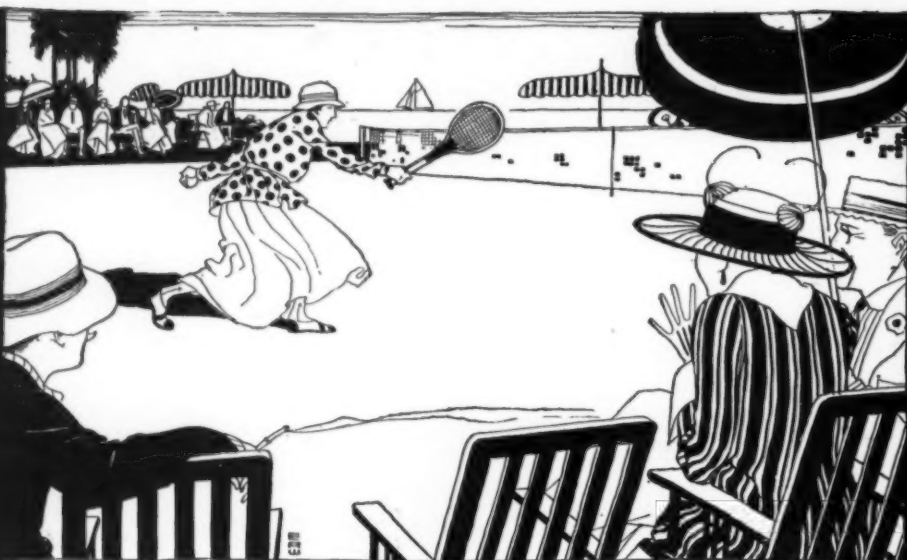
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EDWARD FRANK ALLEN, Editor

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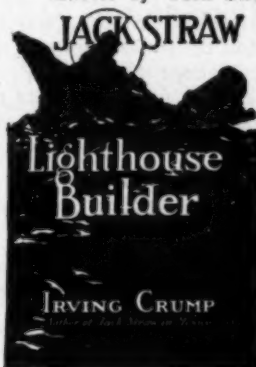
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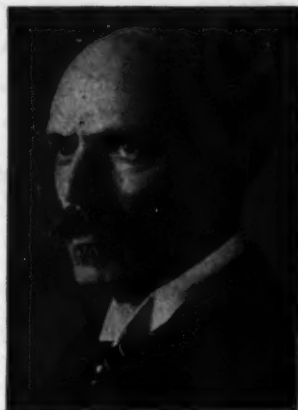
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MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1916

FREY  
AND HIS WIFE*A Novelette**by*

MAURICE HEWLETT

Author of "The Little Iliad," "The Forest Lovers," etc.

IT'S hard to say why men could not get along with Ogmund Ravensson; but so it was, and something must be said about it. He was of thrall-origin, it is true, for Raven, his father, who became very rich and lived in the North in Skaga Firth, had been a thrall. Glum, of Thwartwater, who was better known as Battle Glum, had owned him, and had given him his freedom. More than that, he had taken Ogmund as his son, and brought him up with his own son, Wigfus, and made much of him, putting him in a fair way to gain money and renown on his own account. When Wigfus went out to Norway and took service with Earl Haakon things stood

better than ever for Ogmund; for Glum was aging and had no other young man so much in favor about him. A thrall for your father was not thought well of; but it had not so far stood in Ogmund's way with Glum, and there must have been more against him than that. Indeed, the tale says that his mother was related by blood to Battle Glum and that would be more than enough to cover the taint on his father.

He grew up to be a fine, broad-shouldered, portly, upstanding man, with a black beard; he had a large, flexible nose, strong eyebrows, white hands. His eyes were somewhat small and near together; gray eyes, and a cast in one of them. But what

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of that? Plenty of men have it, and no harm done. At any rate, he was a great talker, full of his reasons for or against a thing. Other men don't like that, I fancy. They don't follow the reasoning; and the better it is the less they want it. Here are some of the causes of Ogmund's lack of friends.

But Glum, who, as I say, was getting old, was averse to any change. He watched him from under bushy white brows, he watched him with quick eye-blinks, and shut his lips the firmer, men used to think, for fear he might let fly a volley at the man he had bred up from a child. When the time came, and Ogmund desired to see the world, Glum furnished a ship for him and found everything. So it was that Ogmund became a shipman and began to get on in the world. He made money, and spent money. He had a fine person, and knew it very well. He was fond of adorning it. He liked furs, and gold-work; he wore a chain round his neck, and a good ring on his forefinger. He had as yet no wife in Iceland, but his fancy ran upon a young woman of good family, of Glum's kindred, and, since that was so, of the kindred of Earl Haakon of Norway. In the meantime he had a bondswoman in Norway, and a steading in very good land not far from the fiord. She was a pretty and good girl who did her duty by him and his household there, and by her children also, who were dependent upon Ogmund and what Ogmund's fancy might be. Her name was Gerda; but she has little to do with the tale, which begins here with a voyage made by Ogmund some three years before the coming of King Olaf Trygvasson into Norway.

For this voyage Ogmund bought a new ship from some men in the North, and embarked a great store

of merchantable goods which he had from his father Raven, as well as what his own money could furnish him forth. All this he told his foster-father Glum; and (he said), "I hope that you will take it well in me, Glum, that I ask nothing of you for this venture."

To that Glum, blinking hard, replied that there were things which any man might ask of another without reproach.

"But," said Ogmund, "I would venture what I have of my own, so that what I win may be my own without cavil."

"That's very fair," said Glum; "and what is it you expect to get out of the voyage?"

Ogmund laughed a little, and spoke lightly. "Why," he said, "I expect to get rather more than I give for everything. That is the trader's way, the chapman's way. If he has a piece of goods that breeds no profit, overboard with it. It has not earned its stowage."

Now Glum had his lips shut like a trap, and blinked fearfully.

"Ah," he said, "and fame, and great report and the lifted hands of men—what of those?"

"They are good," said Ogmund. "Of them, too, you may trust me to render account."

"Such accounts," said Glum, "are not to be made in money."

"Well," said Ogmund. And that was all he did say.

Then Glum looked at him with eager eyes; and this time he did not blink at all. "Many a man goes abroad," he said, "who is of no greater promise than you are, so far as can be seen. Now I have it close at heart that in the voyage you make you should rather get honor than store of money. But you may have both, I believe, if you go rightly to work."

"To be sure I can," said Ogmund;

and soon after this—rather late in midsummer it was—he set out from Thwartwater.

They started in fair weather, in a westerly wind steady and strong. It held them all through the voyage, and when they sighted the islands which lie close together in the channel of the Hardanger Firth it was still blowing steadily.

But it was dusk when they saw the islands, and close upon nightfall when they were threading the course between them; and the pilot whom they had aboard was strong for bringing up for the night in good anchorage, such as they could have where they were, rather than to push on and try to make the haven in the dark.

Ogmund said that there was a moon and they had a fair wind. Who knew how long it would hold? And suppose that in the morning it should come off the land, and keep them beating about for a week or more? He was vehemently for going, and he was master of the ship; so they went on in the dark.

That which happened might have been foreseen, and very likely was so by the pilot. In one of the narrow sounds between the islands there were long ships moored in the fairway. Before they knew it they drove into one of them amidships, cut her in half and held on their course. Whether Ogmund knew it or not—and I suppose he did—that was the way of it. The crew of the rammed ship were all in the water and most of them were saved. But none of them were saved by Ogmund's vessel. She ran on her way before the wind, and made the haven and was run up on to the mainland. The pilot had something to say when he had his ship laid up; the crew had something to say. There were not two opinions among them. But Ogmund took a strong line of his

cwn at the time. He said to them:

"The ship lay in the fairway where no ship has business to be. Every man must take care of himself first, but no man has a right to risk his life if, in so doing, he risks the lives of other men. You may take my word for it, those were no seamen on board that vessel. Why, what are we to think of men who berth themselves in the fairway, regardless of traffickers who come and go out of Bergen, so great a town? What of good Icelanders faring on the sea? Are their lives, is their property of no account at all? No, no. We were right and they were wrong, and that is all there is to say."

He went ashore in the morning and made himself busy, disposing of his merchandise.

Now the long ship which he had sunk was one of a fleet of them which sailed under the ensign of Earl Haakon himself. The master of it was a man of Iceland called Halward, who had been in Norway for many years, in the service of the Earl, and was a close friend of his. This Halward was a great man and a strong man; everybody spoke well of him and desired his good opinion.

In the morning, when he had heard the news, he went to Earl Haakon and told him about it. His men were saved; but his ship and all his gear and merchandise were at the bottom. The Earl was greatly put out, and his anger grew as he spoke.

"Who and what sort of land-lice are these men? Are they thralls of Iceland upon a first adventure? Are men of worth and substance to be tossed into the water like frogspawn? Now, Halward, you have my leave to take your due and pleasure of them. It will be a light matter for you, for you see what sort of cravens they are. Use your wit,

exercise your hands upon them; I give you a free way with them."

Halward thanked the Earl and was for going out then and there to have the law of his assailants; but Wigfus, Battle Glum's own son, was standing by, and had a word to say. It is very possible that he had an inkling whose ship it was that had been sailed so foully; but if he had he kept it to himself, and was content to plead with the Earl that things should go by the law of the land rather than by the power of Halward's arm. He urged that Halward should take amends from them, if so be that they were willing, as he had no doubt, to submit themselves to the judgment of the Earl.

"At least," he said, "let Halward agree to this, that I go myself and find out what men they are, and what sort of terms may be made with them, supposing that terms may be made at all."

Halward said nothing in reply to this; but the Earl considered the saying, thought it fair and reasonable, and bade Wigfus see what he could do. But he said also:

"Let these men make no mistake. My plane makes thick shavings." By that he meant it to be understood that the fines he should lay would be heavy.

Wigfus betook himself to the ship where men were busy unloading the merchandise. He soon saw his foster-brother, Ogmund, and greeted him fairly, asking what news of Iceland and his father. Ogmund reported all well there and they talked a little about the Thwartwater people. Then Wigfus opened upon his matter, saying it was going to be awkward, and that Ogmund would have a difficult cause to plead.

Ogmund frowned. "How is it to be difficult?" he said. "To my mind it's as plain as daylight."

"If you had waited for daylight it

had been very much better," said Wigfus, and told him what had been said that morning at the Earl's council. Then he spoke strongly about the necessity of laying it all to that lord's judgment; but "I will do what I can for you, since you are my foster-brother; and we may not come off so badly after all."

But Ogmund was rather hot, and would not listen to reason. He stated his case as he viewed it, and stated it at length, and several times over. And then he said:

"I know this Earl of yours so well by common report that I shall be careful to have nothing to do with his doomsman judgment. Why!" and he spread his hands out, palms upwards, "Why! Look at this, Wigfus, that he says beforehand what he will do to me—with his talk of planing me deep and the like. And if I will not lay a case before him when he says nothing, how shall I plead at his judgment seat when, before a word said, he avows what he will do?" He was very indignant; but by-and-by he said: "Mind you, I do not refuse if he speaks me fair, and keeps an open mind. No, no. I am not a hard man, far from it. So much you may tell Earl Haakon—to whom, nevertheless, I owe no allegiance; for I am not of his country, but am an Iclander, and a well-friended man in those parts."

Wigfus tossed up his hands. "Well, you shall do what seems good, and be ready to meet what befalls you. If Earl Haakon is angry, you will smart for it. You have not a rat's chance with him; and in my opinion you are talking rank nonsense. But have your own way."

Now then, Wigfus reports to the Earl that Ogmund will abide his judgment—which was not true, and was even notoriously untrue. So



said one of the Earl's men who was there at the time, and Wigfus could not deny him.

Then up and spoke Halward, that mighty man, and spoke quietly as mighty men may.

"I believe that Wigfus speaks untruly, and shall take my own way, by your leave, my lord. I did not need a mediator, and can do much better without him what I have to do."

Earl Haakon said, "Go on, Halward. Do what becomes thee."

Then said Wigfus, "Give me leave, my lord, to say this. I will be the death of that man who kills Ogmund, my foster-brother and kinsman—for so he is by the mother-side."

Said Halward, "You talk over big, Wigfus."

And Wigfus said, "I come of a strong stock."

"I know that you do," said Halward; "I know that the Icelanders are good men. But I know this, too, that the custom of my country will not suffer a man to be injured without amends offered or taken. Neither Battle Glum, nor you, either, shall stay me from avenging a shame done me."

And Earl Haakon said that they should not.

Then Halward went down to the shore to board the Iceland ship; but he found that she had been run down into the water since the morning, and was now moored a bowshot out. So he took boat and was rowed out to the ship. There on the poop he saw Ogmund standing with his arms folded.

"Are you the master of this ship?" says Halward. Ogmund said that he was.

"I have a case against you, as you know very well, and have come to see what sort of amends you think of offering me."

Ogmund said, "We will make amends if you don't ask too much."

Halward's neck grew red. "It would not be easy to ask too much for insolence and knavery like yours."

"On those terms," said Ogmund, "we cannot deal with you."

"That suits me better," Halward said, and made a jump for the bulwark of the ship. He swung himself up as easily as a boy into a swing; and the moment he was on deck he aimed at Ogmund with the hammer-end of his axe, and felled him like a bullock. Down he went, and never stirred. Some of the shipmen who were in the forepart of the ship saw it all done; but not one of them cared to move. Halward was a very big man.

At leisure he went over the side into his boat, and was pulled ashore. Then he went to Earl Haakon and told him what he had done.

"You have done well," said the Earl.

## II

THAT was why Ogmund Ravensson was called Ogmund Dint, or Dint-head. Halward's hammer had knocked a great hollow in his skull. Men said you could have boiled an egg in it; but that is nonsense. At any rate, he was senseless for a long time, and not his own man all the winter; yet as soon as he was fit to be moved he was carried up into the country, to his housestead, and given over to his bondwoman to nurse.

Gerda, who although she looked as sleek as a stroked pigeon, had a shrewd tongue and a clear understanding, employed both to his discomfort—but not until she felt that she was justified. So long as he lay bemused and muttering thickly she

was all devotion; but when he picked up a bit, and presently would get out of bed and sit by the fire huddled in a bearskin, she did not scruple.

"You look like a shagged rock," she said, "and with a cave in the crown of it, too. Pity is that you had so little in your head. If there had been some sense or some manliness there you might have driven against the hatchet. Halward would have split it open, it's likely, and who knows what he might have eased you of? A lot of wind."

"Such talk as that maddens me," said Ogmund. "I wish you would have done with it. It becomes you not at all, and puts me out."

"That's a service I can do you," said Gerda. "You need something of the kind."

"Woman," said Ogmund, "I am meditating my revenge."

"Yes," said she, "and I have a hen sitting on a chalk egg. She's meditating, also."

However, she did her duty by him, and as he got stronger, she did more.

Wigfus came to see him, and told him what had happened. He said that Earl Haakon held Halward to have been justified in what he had done, and that Halward himself was content for the moment. "There was plenty more smiting in his axe," Halward had said, "and if Ogmund wants any more he knows now how to get it, and where."

Ogmund, brooding over the fire, swung his foot violently as he heard, but said nothing. He complained of pains in the head, and dreams at night. Gerda scorned him.

Wigfus went on to say that he himself had taken Halward's deed very much awry. He had challenged Halward to a battle, and intended to slay him by that means or otherwise; but the Earl had forbidden battle, and had had a watch set over him, so that he could not get away. He did

not then say what was in his mind to say, that he expected Ogmund to take vengeance on his own account, because the man was too ill to hear it.

But in the spring, when Ogmund was about again and seemingly as well as ever he had been, except for the dint in his skull, Wigfus waited for him to see what he would do. Ogmund went about his affairs, and had everybody in the haven laughing at him, and cracking their jokes. Some said that a sea-bird had made a nest for herself there, some brought eggs from the rocks to put under her. A man wished Ogmund to keep it filled with water, and promised him goldfish from his next voyage to the South. Everyone called him Ogmund Dint, even the boys who played about on the quay-side. But Ogmund managed to be very busy, and pretended that they were not talking of him. Whenever he met Halward in the course of business he looked sternly at him, but without greeting. To his intimates he said that Halward had taken him unawares and dealt a foul blow.

"But there's a time for all things," he would conclude; "and so he will learn for himself one fine day."

Wigfus was now at him, insisting upon his taking vengeance. He said he would help him in every way, risking outlawry in the act, for certainly the Earl would resent it. But Ogmund looked very thoughtful, and one day said fairly that he did not see his way.

"We may easily do wrong, I believe," he said, "and add wrong to wrong until we have a regular mixen of wrong at our house-door. But is that good sense? I don't think so. Now, to my thinking, I was as much in the wrong as Halward was. I am a proud man, and as quick to fire as a touchwood. Everybody

knows it who knows me. If I met Halward haughtily I am sure there's no wonder. We can't help our natures. We didn't make ourselves. Now that being so, what else could come of it, I ask you? The man being what he was, a common fellow, he took it amiss, and struck me a foul blow in the half dusk." He rubbed his hands together, then folded his arms over his chest. "That's the way of the vile. They do vilely, and the wise man lets them be, and the proud man scorns them. But there is another thing, which settles me in my opinion, and I will tell you what it is. This man Halward is befriended by the Earl; and here are you, my friend, my kinsman, my foster-brother, in the power of the same great man. Your father is my foster-father to whom I owe duty, gratitude, faith and service. It would be a strange way of paying Glum my scot and lot if I embroiled his son with an Earl, and got him robbed of life or member in my quarrel. No, no. My fingers itch to be at him; I lay hands on myself; I tell you I have to run sometimes lest I should fly at the dog's throat. He knows it, too. But I will not suffer harm to come to my fosterer's son—and there's an end of it."

At this speech Wigfus grew very red, and clenched his two fists.

"It is a strange way you have of doing service to Battle Glum. And you will get no thanks from me for being more careful of my body than I am myself. If you are not mad, you are something which I don't care to name. Whatever I may think of your head with a hole in it I have little doubt about your heart. You have a hare's heart, my man—and there's no driving a hare to meet a hound. And I will trouble you to talk less about our kinship than you please to do at present. You had a father as well as a mother, and he

was not of our blood. Now you may do as you please; but I should not advise you to hold these speeches with my father. You shall hold no more of them with me."

With that he walked off, leaving Ogmund to explain to Gerda that it was no use reasoning with an angry man.

"That's the way of it," he said. "You try to do a man a service, and he reviles you for it."

Gerda bit her lip; and at last she said, "You make me ashamed that I am a woman. God knows what sons you may have given me."

Ogmund boxed her ears; but she said that he should give her no more sons, and she meant it.

But Ogmund, whatever else may be said about him, was a good chapman. He bustled along with his affairs, made a great deal of money, and sailed away towards midsummer, for Iceland. He came prosperously into Eyefirth, and when he had settled his business with the ship he rode by the dales into Thwartwaterdale, to stay with his foster-father Glum. Now Glum had had news of the coming of the ship, and was told all about the affray with Halward. He said very little, but thought very much. Ogmund had a short welcome, but took no notice of it. He was so prosperous, he had such a store of good clothes that he felt that all was well, when it was by no means so. He began to take a great part in the affairs of the country-side, gave it out that Glum was getting old and wanted to be quiet, that he had no one to look to but Ogmund, in short that all matters hitherto referred to Glum's arbitrament were now for his handling—and so on, and so on. He had much to say about the management of the household; in fact he strutted, and clapped his wings, and puffed out his wattles very finely.

For a long while, Glum, who certainly was old, would not speak to him; but at last he did.

He said, "You had better know what I think of you, and maybe I had better have told you sooner. I think that all this strutting and crowing becomes you sadly. You have had my name in the dust, and proved yourself a poltroon, if not worse. A man may be a craven, but if he holds himself bravely when there is nobody in the way, then he is a fool as well. Now, for the disgrace you have brought upon me, I desire never to see you again."

Ogmund began at once with his excuses. "But look at this," he said. "How could I bring your own son into danger on my account? What is my revenge compared to such a life as his?"

"What the mischief had you to do with that?" said Glum. "And how the mischief did it concern you, if he had no concern about it himself? Do you think all men are such rats as you are? Don't you know that I would have seen the pair of you dead with gladness if I knew that you had died like men? Vex me no more, but let me be rid of you."

Then Ogmund began to plead in earnest, but Glum would hardly listen to him. He cut him short by saying:

"It comes to this, Ogmund. Either you are a man of long-mindedness and caution—and why you took such a high hand with Halward at first if you are not that beats me; or you are a bag of silly vapor, a bladder of dry peasen. I believe myself that you are a cur, and am forced to remind you that you come of base blood. A thrall deals like a thrall, they say—and so I say. But you shall not stay here any longer."

And Ogmund must needs go. He went away to his father in the north,

and there he was for two years or more.

### III

DURING those years, while Ogmund was faring prosperously with his father and was thinking of marrying a girl of those parts, misfortune overtook Earl Haakon, who fell out with some of his sworn friends, became suspicious of others, and at last took to his bed with a troublesome complaint, and died in it, but not of the complaint. He had a servant called Kark, whom he trusted inordinately, and used to have him to sleep in his chamber at the foot of his bed. The Earl had bad dreams and used to throw himself about and cry out against his enemies. One night he had a very bad dream, and sat up in bed, staring at the wall and screaming, "They are coming, they are coming, they are here!" Kark sprang up in a fright and with a sword in his hand, slashed about him. He slashed the Earl in the neck; and that was his death-blow. The deed was done, but being done, Kark thought he could make profit of it. So he cut off Earl Haakon's head and put it in a bag. Then he carried it with all speed over the mountains to King Olaf Trygvasson who he knew would be chosen king of Norway, as his right was. That was the end of the Earl, who was a great man. But his death made way for a greater.

King Olaf was still a youngish man when the *Thing* chose him. He may have been thirty years old, and the wife he had was his second, if not third. He was a great-grandson of King Harold Fairhair, and had been bred up in Russia, then in Vendland which is the country round about the Vistula; then he went Vi-



king and did great things in Orkney, in Iceland and in England, also. He sailed to Scilly at one time and there he was baptized and became a Christian.

The way of it was this! He heard tell of a prophet in those islands who knew everything that was going to happen, and he determined to see what the man could do. So he sent a fine man of his out to visit him, dressed in the best clothes that he had, rings, chains and I don't know what else.

"Now," he said, "go to the prophet, and say you are a king. Ask him what he has to tell you, and report it all to me."

The man went as he was bid, found the prophet and said: "Here is a king come to visit you and hear what you have to say."

The prophet, who was old and white, and had a loose, wrinkled skin and remarkable fingernails, like a bird's claws, plucked at the roots of his beard.

"You are not a king," he said, "but I advise you to be faithful to the man who is one, and sent you here. I have nothing to tell you, and if I had I should not tell it. Go away."

There was little else to do; indeed, there was nothing else. When Olaf heard the story, he said: "This is certainly a prophet. I will go to see him."

Olaf was a very noticeable man, very tall and broad, with a golden beard; he was high-colored and had bright blue eyes. The prophet was sitting in the mouth of his cave, which he had swept out and put in order. When he saw Olaf he bowed until his head was level with his knees. Olaf sat down beside him, and they had a long conversation.

The prophet presently began to prophesy. He said:

"You will become a notable king in a country which is yours, though

you have never seen it. And you will be a Christian king and cause all your people to become so before the end. And in case you doubt what I say, as you may easily do, listen to this token. When you take to your ships again, all of you, there will be a plot against you, and a rising by night. Then there will be a battle—but on land; and you will lose men, and be wounded. They will carry you on a shield to your ship, and in seven days you will be well. The first thing you will do will be to seek out a bishop hereabouts, and go down into the water with him and be baptized. After you all your men will go, and that will be the beginning of Christianity in Norway and Iceland."

Now the odd thing about this tale is that it all fell out as the holy man had foreseen. That very man of the king's whom he had warned against treachery was himself the beginner of a treacherous attack. There was fierce fighting, the king being sorely wounded. He was carried on a shield to the boats, and laid aboard his own long ship. There he lay for seven days, and on the seventh he was well. The first thing he did was to visit the man of God.

"You told me the truth," said Olaf; and the prophet said:

"That is why I am here and living in sanctity."

Olaf said: "The least I can do is to fulfil the prophecy which has so far fulfilled itself. I will go into the water when you please."

The man of God said: "The sooner the better. You will find the bishop very ready for you."

"I will send for him," King Olaf said, "but you shall tell me something of the religion which I suppose gives you the powers you possess."

The prophet agreed to that. "It is a very good religion for a king," he said, "because it may make him

humble-minded before God which he has no reason otherwise to be—or so he is apt to think. In any event it must make his subjects so, which is very useful to the king."

"Oh, very," said Olaf, and became attentive to what the wise man had to say.

To be short about it, King Olaf was baptized and all the men with him in the long ships; and soon afterwards he sailed for Norway where, in the time of Earl Haakon's sickness, he made a landing and gathered a company about him. When the Earl was killed by Kark, his head was brought to King Olaf in a bag by the malefactor. Olaf accepted it as his due; but he hanged Kark then and there on a convenient ash-tree.

I said that the *Thing* chose Olaf for king; and one of the first of his acts was to proclaim that he chose Christianity for the religion of Norway, and willed that all his people should be baptized. He had brought back priests with him from Scilly, and a bishop as well, so everything was in order.

The common sort gave him no trouble, for they either ran down into the water in herds, or withdrew themselves to the mountains and forests; but some of the great men were stiff about it, and did not choose to forsake their gods. They debated about it among themselves, and sent chosen champions to debate about it with the king. But in this they had mistaken their man. King Olaf listened to one or two, and then, lifting his large hand, slammed it down upon the board in front of him.

"Enough of this," he said. "It may be a good religion or a bad, but it is my own religion, and I desire it to be that of my people. See you to it, and let me have no more talk, for I am sick of it."

They went away, and a good many

of them were baptized, but by no means all.

There were two brothers living in a dale of Drontheim—Sigurd was the elder, and his brother was Gunnar. Both were called Helming. They were well descended, and neither of them was thirty years old, though Sigurd was near it. He was married and a friend of the king's. Gunnar was twenty-six years old, a cheerful, high-colored man with a reddish beard, though his hair was much darker and might have been taken for black. Sigurd was a counsellor. Gunnar was not, but he had been to sea, and fought in Scilly and as far as Micklegarth. When he was not voyaging he lived with his brother. The pair were great friends.

Sigurd Helming was one of those who followed Olaf's example, and went down into the water. When it was over and all his household had been made Christians, he said to Gunnar: "Now it's your turn."

Gunnar laughed. "Not for me," he said. "I will go into the water when my time comes, but that will be the end of me. I know too much about the water."

Sigurd said, "It's soon over."

"The sooner the better," said Gunnar, "when it is to be—and also, the later the better."

Sigurd said, "This is the king's religion."

"Why not?" said Gunnar.

"The king will be displeased. He loves his own way."

"We all do that, I believe," said Gunnar.

"What am I to tell him when he asks me of you?" Sigurd asked him.

"Tell him that I follow him because he is a man," said Gunnar. "Tell him that I will serve him all the better for following my own counsel in this business of religion. You will see that he understands me."

"I am sure he will not," said Sigurd, "but I will try him."

He made the best case he could, and King Olaf heard him out. When Sigurd had done he said:

"Send Gunnar to me."

So Gunnar went to the king's house.

King Olaf looked at him with his bright blue eyes like swords.

"You are a fighting man, I hear."

Gunnar said that he was.

"And now you will fight with me."

Gunnar said: "If you go fighting, King Olaf, I will go with you, if you will have me."

"My religion says that he who is not with me is against me."

Gunnar said: "That's a good saying. But I am with you."

"Not at all," said King Olaf. "Since you refuse to take my religion."

"If I were to take your religion I should be a liar," said Gunnar, "and if I were a liar I should not be worth your while. Better take me as I am."

"I will take you as you are sooner than not at all," the king said. "But I do not like a stiff-necked man."

Gunnar said: "The neck of a man is part of the back of the man. If he is too supple in the neck it is likely he will give in the back, and that at a time when stiffness may be useful."

King Olaf frowned. "Beware of talking too much. It makes me angry."

"I had much rather not talk at all," Gunnar said, "but I would be ill-mannered to be glum when a king speaks to me."

Olaf said, "Will you consult with my bishop, and hear what he has to say?"

"I will," said Gunnar, "but you must let me tell you that I am not a scholar, but a man of hands. There will be more talking. Heat will be engendered, and you will be angry again."

Olaf liked Gunnar very well, and was silent for a bit. Then he said:

"You are one of the few who gain-say me; yet I don't feel badly disposed to you. I think you are a fool; but you seem to know it yourself."

"The fact is that I do," said Gunnar, "your bishop alarms me."

"You will find out in time that I am right and you wrong," said the king. "Be off with you, and serve me as well as you can."

"Have no fear about that," said Gunnar.

#### IV

IT is time to go back to Ogmund Dint, who had now been two years and more with his father in the north. He had become something of a great man, and had impressed himself as such upon the people round about. But he was not easy in his mind, and more than once or twice he asked himself: "What am I doing, purpling here in a fine coat, when my foster-father, who is as rich as he is old, is perhaps dying in his bed without sight or memory of me, and with none of his kindred at hand either? Is this sense, is this pious? Here I am, for two years at a time, a great man and a great fool."

At another time he would reflect like this: "That was a very dastardly deed done upon me by Halward, to take me unawares on my own ship-board and knock a great dint in my head!" He would feel the place of it: there it lay under a growth of hair as snug as a wren's nest in the roots of a tree. "A foul blow!" he would say; and "A man may carry his magnanimity too far, to overlook such a shameful thing for the sake of a man only half akin, who moreover gives you no thanks." He shook his head. "Indeed, I let off

Halward too lightly. I daresay he thinks himself a lucky fellow—and so he is, by God.”

One train of thought led him into another, and he began to consider his affairs more narrowly. “It would be an easy thing, and very pertinent indeed, to carry this warfare on as it was begun. Two years, three years, is a goodish while. Halward will not be expecting such a long memory in a man who never did him any harm. But insults such as he did to me stay by a man and the prouder the man the quicker the soil in which they root themselves. I am astonished—I am fairly astonished that I have kept myself off him so long. There are not many men in Iceland who have themselves so firmly in hand—bitted and saddled.”

In any event, without saying anything of his private mind to anybody, he gave out that he must go to Norway upon his affairs. He furnished a ship with men and goods, and towards midsummer sailed from Eyefirth, and steered east-north-east.

He had a fair wind and came into Drontheim Firth in the morning light, sailed up the firth prosperously and brought his ship to under Nith's holm. There he cast his anchor, and bade them get out a boat, though the day was spent and a cool breeze was now blowing off the land.

“I must row up the river some little way and go into the town,” he said. “I have heard something of trouble in this country, and we must be sure of our footing before we go further.”

He dressed himself with splendor, and put over him, in particular, a very fine cloak of two colors. It was green on one side and golden brown on the other. It had trimmings of sable-tails which fluttered in the breeze, and over the back of it a dragon worked in gold thread: a very magnificent cloak. He took

a sword, and had two men to row him.

They came in to the hard with the last of the light.

“Stay you here for me,” he said, “and don't show yourselves. This is an urgent affair.”

Ogmund walked on the hard, up and down, and felt himself admired of the few persons who were about. By-and-by he saw one coming down from the town at a brisk pace; a man of his own height, but of sparer frame than his own. He wore a crimson cloak with a hood to it, and wore the hood over his head, shadowing his face. The oncomer, when he was close at hand, was struck by the splendor of Ogmund's appearance. Ogmund saw that and saluted him. Gunnar Helming, for that was the man in the hood, returned it, and stopped his quick step.

“You are the master of that boat, I take it?” said Gunnar. “A stranger in this water?”

“Not so much as that,” replied Ogmund. “I come now and again to see my friends here. But I am from Iceland myself. My name is Ogmund.”

Gunnar looked at him. “Are you Ogmund Dint?”

Ogmund said: “Some men call me that, and others who know me better call me Ogmund Ravensson. But that matters little to me. Now what might your name be, in fair return?”

Gunnar told him—but could not keep either eyes or tongue from Ogmund's wonderful cloak.

“Gunnar is my name,” he said, “and some call me Gunnar Helming, and some Gunnar Half-and-Half.”

“What do they call you that for?”

“Because I take pleasure in wearing clothes like that fine cloak of yours,” said Gunnar.

“Oh,” said Ogmund, “my cloak! It is an ordinary cloak, I believe.”



"I, too, like to believe that," said Gunnar.

Then Ogmund asked him for news of the country, "Since it is some years now since I was here."

Gunnar told him that they had news which they thought a good deal of.

"Earl Haakon is dead, and we now have a very notable king, whose name is Olaf Trygvasson. He is a Christian and drives all men, and women, too, into the water, to make Christians also of them."

Ogmund said this was greatness; "And do the people take kindly to the water?"

Gunnar said that they did.

Then Ogmund said, "And my friend Halward, how is he?"

"Oh, he!" said Gunnar, "I saw him just now."

"What, here?" says Ogmund.

"Yes," said Gunnar, "he is here sure enough. He is as good friends with King Olaf as ever he was with Earl Haakon, and yet he is not the man he was when he gave you your name."

"How is that, then?" Ogmund wanted to know.

"Why," Gunnar told him, "one of the last battles fought by Haakon was at Tomswicking; and in that battle Halward got a great whang by the ear, and rather below it. It cut the sinew of his neck, and made a bad healing. The good man now carries his head on one side, and will do it until his death day. And yet he is as well as ever he was otherwise, and in high favor with the king."

Ogmund thanked him for all this news; but saw how preoccupied Gunnar was, and how his eyes dwelt upon his cloak.

"You are pleased to admire my cloak," he said. "And yet I assure you it is by no means the best I have."

"I can believe it," said Gunnar, "but for my part I have never seen one so fine since I left the great city of Micklegarth. Now if I asked you to sell it to me, Ogmund, would you take it amiss?"

Ogmund thought for a while.

"I will not sell it to you," he said, "but I will ask you to accept it from me. It would be a pleasure to me to please you."

Gunnar opened his eyes. They were very bright.

"Give it to me by all means," he said, "and prosper in all your undertakings. But it is too much for you to do—and I am rather ashamed."

"By no means," said Ogmund Dint, "by no manner of means. Yet if it will set your mind at ease, and as the wind blows shrewdly off the mountains, perhaps we may make an exchange. How would that suit you?"

"Excellently," said Gunnar, "but my old cloak is dross for your gold."

"It looks a serviceable garment," said Ogmund. "It will keep the weather away."

There and then they exchanged. Ogmund put on the crimson cloak, and pulled the hood up over his head; Gunnar put on his bargain and was as pleased as a boy with a new top.

"Now indeed we shall see something," said Gunnar.

"Yes, indeed," said Ogmund, and saluted him.

Gunnar went his ways with his brisk step, and Ogmund turned back to his boat.

"I shan't be long gone," he said. "Stand by your oars, and be ready the moment I want you."

Then he went into the town with long strides, and walked briskly, swinging one arm, as he had observed Gunnar do coming down.

## V

OGMUND walked briskly into the street, looking for Halward. At first he could not find him, but that was because he looked in the wrong places. Then, after a time, he turned into a lane or byway which led to a creek, with a row of buildings facing it, and willow trees in front between them and the water. One of these buildings was an inn, and in the court of that inn there was a company of men washing their hands before supper. The tallest of them, by far, was Halward, and if Ogmund had not remembered him very well without it, he would have known him by the twist in his neck which made him poke his head out like a stork when she is stretching to pluck her wings. It was now dusk, and a lamp was alight in the court that men might see what they were about.

Ogmund, with the hood well forward over his face, stepped into the court. Before him was Halward, standing with his legs apart, and he was rubbing the soapsuds into one arm with the other hand. His face and beard were wet with rinsing. He saw him who entered and hailed him with a "God save thee, Gunnar."

But Ogmund laid a finger on his lip and beckoned him to come apart, with an air of having a secret to tell. Having done that, he stepped out of the court until Halward followed him.

Halward came to him with a "What's in the wind, then?" Ogmund drew into a doorway, and got his sword free of his cloak. The moment Halward came within range of him he stepped towards him and hewed at his neck. It was Halward's death-blow. He shook and groaned, and then fell. His head was nearly off.

Ogmund went away with all speed,

and was not long coming to the quay where he had left his boat. He found his men waiting for him, and jumped into the boat.

"Pull with a will," he said, "we will be out of this. There's war in this country. Up the street I saw men fighting. There will be no trading here."

"What," said one of them, "are we to see nothing of the sport, master? That will be a poor tale to take home with us."

"We are here to trade, not to go to peep-shows," said Ogmund testily. "Do you as I bid. There is a wind coming strong off the land which will hold the night out. By morning light we shall be in the open sea. Fortunate for us that it is so."

The men did as they were bid. One of them said: "It's plain you have been in the fray. You have changed cloaks with a foe, I see, and lost by the bargain. That is bad trading for such a keen merchant."

"Pull, man, pull, and hold your tongue," said Ogmund Dint.

They reached the ship and he swung himself aboard. Then, while the crew were busy hauling at the tackle, he got himself a great stone from the ballast. This he rolled into the hood of Gunnar's cloak, and then cast the thing into the water. As he saw the waves lap over the hole he had made, he took a long breath.

All went well with him; as he had thought, he was out at sea by the morning. Even then his luck held, with a quarter wind which carried him to Eyefirth. People were surprised to see him; but he made a very good tale of it, and spoke at length about the sad state of things in Norway, the risks, the frays, the bloodshed in the streets, burnings, ravishings, cutthroats, men hanging by the thumbs and so on. He did not forget to work into it much about the killing of Earl Haakon, and King

Olaf's baptizings. After a bit he rode south to Thwartwater to see his foster-father, Battle Glum.

Glum joined his shaggy brows and blinked hard when he saw him. Ogmund said he brought him news which he would be pleased to hear.

"I have avenged the insult done me by Halward the Strong, and though I have been slow about it I have done it surely. He will insult no man hereafter."

"What," said Glum, "have you slain Halward?"

"I have," said Ogmund.

"And yourself scatheless?"

"I am."

"That was a good battle then?"

"It was."

"Then," said Glum, "you have done well, and as I hoped it might have been at first. Did my son Wigfus help you?"

"He did not."

Glum was thoughtful. "He will be sorry not to have been in with you."

Ogmund said that he had not seen Wigfus at all, and rather thought that he was at sea; "Or he would surely have stood in with me."

"To be sure he would," said Glum.

Now Ogmund was taken into favor again, and stayed with Battle Glum all the Winter.

## VI

**A**FTER a bit somebody in the inn yard said: "Let us go in to supper"; and then another:

"Where is Halward, and what is he doing?"

A man said: "He is outside talking with Gunnar Helming."

Then another: "Let us have Gunnar in to sup with us. He is the best company."

They all agreed to that.

After a time of more waiting a

man went out of the yard to see where Halward and Gunnar were, and came back with a serious face.

"Come out with me," he said, "Here's a bad affair."

They all tumbled out together with the lamp, and there found Halward dead in his blood. He was stiffening already.

Then, after silence, all began to talk at once. Nobody could understand the slaying, nobody could doubt who had done it, for everybody had seen Gunnar come into the yard, or the few who had not took it from the many who had. Not a word of doubt was raised about it.

As Halward was a friend of the king's, certainly the king must have the news; but all hung back from the errand because all men liked Gunnar. The end of it was that, having brought the body into the yard and covered it with a carpet, they went in to supper and ate and drank thoughtfully and in silence.

While they were sitting at their drink in came Sigurd Helming to see if Gunnar were there. He asked for him and could not but notice how his question was received. Repeating it, he had no answer at all. A third time he asked it, and of one man by name. He was answered that Gunnar had been there, but had spoken to nobody.

"That is not like Gunnar," Sigurd said. "What did he do when he came in?"

"He beckoned to one of us, and went out again."

"And to which of you did he beckon?"

"It was to Halward Neck."

"And where is Halward Neck?"

Then there was silence, and after that another man, very red in the face and with gleaming eyes, spoke between his teeth.

"I will show you where Halward Neck is," he said. "Come with me."

He led him out into the yard, while the rest crowded at the door.

He showed him the dead man; he held the lamp close to his face.

"Who did this?" said Sigurd. Then, beginning with a low murmur, all voices rose and the name of Gunnar was cried in his ears. Sigurd lifted his head, and all were silent.

"I don't believe it," he said, "but somebody must tell the king of it."

They went back into the house and shut the doors. Sigurd was told what everyone knew, or thought that he knew. One man had seen Gunnar go down to the hard in his cloak and hood; half a dozen had seen him come into the yard afterwards; three or four had heard Halward greet him; some had seen the beckoning, others had seen Halward follow him out. Then they had gone out to look for them, and there found Halward slain.

Sigurd said: "It looks very black against Gunnar, but I cannot believe it. Yet I know that the king must be told, and that he will be ready to think the worse of my brother because he has been so stiff against his religion. Now my thought at first was that I would tell him myself, since none of you seemed ready to go with the news—but see here, my friends, you would not have me bear witness against my own brother?"

They all agreed to that. Then he said: "I will ask one or several of you to tell the king in the morning. It is late now, and he will not expect you to disturb him at this hour of the night. Yet I tell you fairly that I myself shall go to find Gunnar and warn him of what is astir against him. If I think, when I see him, that he is the guilty man it may be that I shall go with you to King Olaf. If I leave him still in the mind I am in now, then I shall not testify against him."

They all said: "No, no." They

said that he knew nothing of the matter, and that his name need not be in the business at all.

Sigurd said: "The king will speak to me about it, I know. But I shall have time for what I want to do." Then he left them sitting at their drink, and went to find Gunnar.

Now, first, I will deal with the embassy to the king, and then with what happened when Sigurd saw his brother. Olaf was in a great taking. He grew red and thumped the table with his fist.

"This is what comes of clemency. That rascal refused my religion and I let him go. He vowed that he would serve me and I believed him, like a fool. This is how it is brought back to me, sevenfold into my bosom. Now do you go and apprehend Gunnar, and hang him up on a tree. Don't let me see him, for I am in such a rage that I should insult him in his chains. Hang him out of hand, and let us get on with our affairs."

That was what the king said, and they left him with heavy hearts. But Gunnar was not hanged because he was not at home when they went to fetch him.

The very night of the slaying, Sigurd came to him. He went directly to him from the inn where Halward lay dead.

"Gunnar," he said, "what was the grief between you and Halward that you deal him a dog's death?"

Gunnar gasped at him. "Halward? Is Halward dead? Who did that?"

Sigurd said: "They say that you did it this very evening at the inn on Markfleet."

Gunnar answered him: "That be far from me." But he had no more to say.

"Well," said Sigurd, "you say what I believe, but it looks very black against you." Then he told



him what the rumors were, how he had been seen go down the street, then come up the street, how he had shown himself in the yard, said nothing but beckoned Halward out; how he had not been seen again, and how Halward had been found stiff in his own blood in the street.

Gunnar heard all this in silence, and remained silent so long that Sigurd had to make him speak.

"Well, what are we to answer them?" he said.

Gunnar lifted his head and looked at him. "I can only tell you," he said, "that I am innocent of this deed."

"Do you know nothing at all of it?" he was asked.

"Ah," said Gunnar, "that is where you touch me. Now I must tell you fairly that I can say nothing more to you or anybody at this hour."

Then Sigurd said: "You had better be off. The king will certainly hang you for it."

Gunnar thought. "Yes," he said, "I must go. All may be set straight some day; but not by me." Then Sigurd left him, and Gunnar made his preparations.

He took very little with him, for he knew that he must go far, and most of it afoot. The King's hand stretched to the confines of Norway, and even in Iceland his power was being felt. Gunnar thought that he must travel east—on horseback so far as he could get, but after that, he must cross the mountains and get down into Sweden. He took a sword and a sack of provision, and those were all that he took. No, there was one thing more. He could not bring himself to relinquish the fine cloak he had had from Ogmund Dint. Besides, if it were found when men came to look for him it might be witness against the man who had done the deed. It was against Gunnar's religion to betray a man's se-

cret. He rolled up the cloak, therefore, and stuffed it into the saddle bag.

Then he got out his sorrel horse and rode out in the dusk. He went east by a dale which he judged would bring him soonest out of King Olaf's holding; and he rode all night and till noon the next day.

## VII

IT was slow going in the dark, but the sorrel picked up her feet, and the road was well known to Gunnar. He had not much time to think, but found little to regret except Halward's death. He had liked Halward, as he was ready to like most men. Nevertheless, he had now to admit that he had little esteem for Ogmund Dint.

"That was a dirty trick to serve a man who had done him no harm. And I took his bait down like a codling, and served his turn finely. A sharp practicer is Ogmund Dint, and gets by foul means what he dare not try for fairly." So he thought of it—and then he said to himself, justifying the man: "When all's said, a man must look after himself. Halward had many friends to avenge him; and if Ogmund had been caught red-handed he was done for. I am thinking King Olaf would have been cheated of his rope-work. Somebody or other would have hewn him down before news ever got to the Court. Yes, I don't see what else he could have done—and yet I would not have done it myself. Well, I am a fine cloak to the good, which I will keep in case I want it some day as testimony."

He chuckled over his great gain, glad that he had brought it with him, though he had had another purpose in his mind when he packed it into his bag. "Maybe the Swedes will

take me for a king's son." He knew nothing of the Swedes, who were believed to be a dark and savage people, a people of forests and swamps; but he must venture among them if he wished to save his neck. "Oh, yes, certainly I wish to save my neck."

He found himself to be passably happy, riding under the stars up the dales which grew ever narrower, and more intricate. There was little cantering ground, and the way difficult to find. Knowing the stars well, he steered by them. Besides that, the season was still fair and it could never be called dark.

He rested not until the sun was warming the snow on the peaks above him, and then not for long. But he had to go very slowly now, up the bed of a water-course which he must cross and recross half-a-dozen times in the half-hour to get tolerable going ground. The sorrel stretched her neck and blew through her nose. She was tired and he knew it, and felt heavy at the thought that he and she must soon part. She was his dearest possession. He thought that he loved her as much as his brother. Both of them had served him well in this affair. "It was a generous thing of Sigurd, so near as he is to King Olaf, to come and warn me. He may get into trouble over it. All depends on the king's mood. If he is in a rage he may tie Sigurd up and keep him in bondage on my account. But no! I trust that king. He was good to me about his religion." He laughed over the memory of that; and looking up into the clear sky, which the sun was burning to whiteness, watched the soaring eagles, marking up the glittering snowfields, the herds of deer stretched out in thin lines of travel like trees in file, he felt happy.

The time came when he must send

the mare home. He freed her of saddle and bridle. He loaded himself with the pack-bag, cut himself a birch-sapling for staff, and stood ready. Then he kissed the sorrel's nose, and turned her face westward.

"Home with thee, dear one," he said, "and keep thy counsel when thou art there. We shall meet again if the luck holds. Neigh at thy stable door and Sigurd will befriend thee. Farewell." He gave her a hearty smack on the buttock, then held his arms wide and said: "Off." She looked round at him, pricked-eared and close-eyed. She whinnied to him, then turned to nibble the grass. "What, thou wilt not? But I tell thee, go. One kiss more perhaps." He kissed her again, and whispered in her ear, "Home, my dear." She looked forward down the rocky vale she had climbed and then walked soberly down. Once or twice she stopped and looked around, and then she neighed after him. "Shoo, mare!" he said, "Shoo, girl!" and opened his arms. Sorrel went down the valley and he lost sight of her.

He turned to his way, which asked him to cross a mountain shoulder deep in snow. That was heavy going, for it was soft in the sun. From the top he saw his work before him, fold within fold of snow; brown valley-bottoms, and over all the great ridge of white with pines like scars upon it, which was the boundary between Norway and Sweden. Heavens! What a job had he got. But he went on, nothing doubting, and kept a stout heart. "A lonely place to be hanged in, and few trees fit for it. But I doubt I should have a fight for it here."

I need not delay over his journey, which took him two days longer, and two nights. By the time he had climbed the great ridge he had come near the end of his strength and his provisions for it. Yet he must go

on; for that was no place in which to spend the night, a waste of snow and a line of torn pines driven everlastingly by a cruel wind. When he saw what was now in front of him and below, his heart might sink, though it did not. It was like looking upon a dark sea, featureless except for the lines of light and shadow which ran over it when wind and sun played together. He saw no ways, no clearings; there rose no chimney smoke anywhere. Not a bird sailed above, not a wolf grieved, not a fox stirred. "And is that Sweden then? And are there people dwelling in the dark beneath? There are two worlds there, and there might be dwellers in the tree-tops, who know nothing of the inhabitants of the deep, and are themselves unknown. How am I to guide myself through that thicket, and who is going to feed me or give me drink?"

Looking into it, he shivered in the wind. "Outlandish country, you must do better for me than this," he said. He had to traverse a league of snow slope before he could enter the forest. To that he addressed himself now, with a prayer to all the Gods in Valhalla.

### VIII

THE course of the snow slope brought Gunnar to rocks and a precipice from a gorge in which descended a river of ice. Far below him he heard the thunderous crash of water, and judged that in following that, if it could be done, he would find his best chance of guiding his way through the forest. The river would join another; that other must in time reach the sea. So he determined to do; but it was easy talking. It took him the best part of a day to get down the cliff. He spent a miserable night crouched under a

rock, and started off again in the morning almost fasting. There was coarse grass now, growing wherever there was hold for it. In one of these he saw a white hare lying flat, and by a trick he knew, he fell his length upon her and secured her. He had no fire, and made what he could of her raw and sinewy flesh. So replenished, he went on his downward course, reached the waterfall bathed in sweat, and followed it, as nearly as might be, down into the chill and silence and darkness of the forest.

Day and night were alike to him now. For a time whose duration he took no pains to guess at, he worked his way downwards, a more fearful toil, with more of peril in it, than any he had spent in climbing the ridge. So far, the forest was untouched by the hand, unvisited by the foot of man so far as he could perceive. He saw no living thing, though high above him he sometimes heard the battling of wings, and once or twice hoarse cries which he judged must come from the air. He listened for wolves or foxes, but heard none; he kept his eyes aware for the track of roe-deer or bear, but vainly. All was silent and accursed. Except on the banks of the torrent there was little vegetation to be seen, for among the pine stems the needles lay close and deep upon the ground, and nothing could live in such a soil or in such chill and dank air. Whither he went, or how far he had come, he knew not; for all his steady mien of heart, the conviction turned him sick that if he did not soon meet with men there would be one man less in the world.

"Better to have been hanging on a green tree in the warm and living air than to slowly fritter away into corruption, and become bleached bones here in the dark and cold." He looked back with wistfulness to such a genial death. "Sigurd would have piled a cairn for me. He would

have grieved for me, and said prayers to his new God in the king's new temple. Well, hanging is a man's death, as battle is. But to fight the dark, to grow weak by chill and hunger. To be so lonely that not a raven troubles about your dead eyes. This is a death for wolves—but not for men who love to lie snug among their fellows."

These were his thoughts at the worst; at the best he felt that before long he must hit upon a sign of life.

He was now on level ground, and true it was that he came at last upon a clearing. A broad green road ran on either side of a ford in the river. Here he stood and looked up at the blue sky, and saw how the sun made the tree-tops seem cut out of gold. He forgot his emptiness, his loneliness and dark forebodings. "Oh, now I see that the sun is a God who loves men!"

As if that were true, and he were to be assured of it, a shaft of sunlight struck the ford and turned his eyes that way. It clarified the water and brought the stones into sight. Presently he saw a better thing: a goodly fish lay in the deeper part, faintly swaying his tail. Gunnar made a wide cast over the river and crawled up the bank on his belly. He lay motionless, watching his prey, and then inch by inch approached his hand to the belly of the fine fish. Inch by inch he went upwards to the head; then, judging his time, snapped his fingers together into the gills and jerked the fish out of the water. Here truly was a prize awarded him by the sun. The fish was good eating. He ate him all.

Now he must decide what to do, whether he should follow the river or the road. If he followed the road, by which hand should he be guided? He was not long in deciding the first issue. The sun and the sky were too dear to him to be lost again. For

the second, he was for following the sun, which was high in the heavens. If it were noon, the road which ran into the sun would lead him to the south. On the north was the sea. Besides all that, there was to be said that the road had been cleared by men, and must lead to the dwellings of men.

Strong in this assurance, he went briskly along a good green track. Now he could tell night from day; now he saw birds flying overhead; presently a fox trotted across the way in front of him, saw him and sat up to watch. He barked shortly once or twice and then galloped into the thicket. But Gunnar felt enheartened by the sight of him. After that he heard wolves howling afar off, as their custom is at sunset. But the great event of all was on the next day, when he saw two things, one after the other, which made his heart beat. The first was a dog, which, the moment he caught sight of Gunnar, pelted away up the track with his tail clapped to his hinder parts; the second was a young woman. As he came round a curve in the road she was standing in the middle of it at a bowshot's distance. She was very pale, black-haired, short-kirtled and barefoot. He stopped immediately to watch; but at that moment she saw him and stepped among the trees. Gunnar ran with all his might; he called; he shouted. No answer. He couldn't find her anywhere. No matter, Sweden was inhabited. He would not die lonely. His heart was high to be sure of that, and he went on rejoicing.

Next he came to an open place, a clearing in the trees where men had lately been. He saw the ashes of their fire; bones; the skin of a goat. He saw leaves and branches which had been slept upon; he saw the prints of hoofs—ponies' or donkeys' hoofs. So he journeyed on, and at



last smelt the friendly smell of burning wood.

"Now to accost the Swedes," he said. "What will they make of me? Or I of them?"

Guided by the smell, he was not long on his way before he saw men about a great fire. There may have been eight of them there. They looked black, and he knew that they were charcoal burners—which in fact they were. Taking his life in his hands, he went directly towards them, and when they saw him and scrambled to their feet in amazement he lifted his hand in greeting and came among them. They had food cooking over their fire; a great pot was bubbling. Their dogs came smelling about his calves; but they themselves stood speechless where they were. "Do these blacks intend my death?" he asked himself. He hoped not, but did not draw the sword.

Seeing that they did not move, and that their very dogs had now withdrawn themselves and were barking uneasily at a distance, Gunnar advanced with friendly gestures. Hereupon the men with one accord fell to their knees and stooped their bodies until their faces touched the earth. "Good souls, they take me for a God," he thought. He was now fairly within the line of them, and stretching his hands over the fire. The smell from the pot tickled his nostrils and brought water into his mouth. How long was it since he had tasted cooked food? It was too much for him. Forgetting the dangers of manhood and the honors of godhead alike, he fished in the pot for a morsel, sat down and began to eat. He found himself ravenous, and in good case to better himself; he might have eaten the contents of the pot, but that by cautious degrees the charcoal burners began to consider him. He found bright eyes

peering at him from between sooty fingers. Finally one bolder than the rest lifted his head, and fairly asked him if he were a man or a God. He spoke hoarsely, but could be understood.

"Friend," Gunnar said, "you may see by my procedure that I am a man and a hungry one, though not near so hungry as I was."

The man, at this, punched his neighbor of either side, and said, "Up, for this is a man like ourselves." Presently they were all up and about him, very curious.

"You come from afar off? You are not of this country? Whence, then, do you come?"

Gunnar said that he was from Norway. They had never heard of Norway. One of them said that he had lived all his days in the forest country and had never seen a stranger before.

Gunnar pointed to the west. Norway, he said, lay over there, beyond the mountains. They replied that he must be mistaken, because on the level of the mountains was a great lake of snow and water in which the sun dropped every night and was quenched with a furious hissing. They said that you could hear it when the wind came that way, and that the mountain tops were covered with steam thrown up by the dying sun, which sometimes stayed there for days at a time.

"And yet," Gunnar said, "every day the sun comes up again. How do you account for that?"

They said that was easy to understand; for the lake had no bottom. Therefore the sun dropped through, and when it had emerged, kindled again upon its flight through the air. And this went on forever.

Gunnar said, "You tell me marvelous things. Now let me tell you some." So he spoke of Norway and Iceland, and of the great ocean be-



yond Orkney; and of Iceland, and the poets and holy men there. Then he went on to talk of the inland sea where there were no tides, but only rushing currents, and whirlpools and desperate storms. Lastly he spoke of Micklegarth and of a sea beyond that again, which is called the Black Sea, and of the terrible folding rocks which are on the edge of that. To all of this they listened with open mouths.

When they inquired what had brought him into Sweden he frankly told them how it was. They said that he was safe enough here, and that nobody would do him any harm.

"Few men fight here," they said. "The worst that may happen to you is that you will go into the cage and be offered up to Frey. But that is reckoned an honorable way of death. You serve Frey, and you serve Frey's people, and you may be sure that Frey won't forget it."

"It may be true," Gunnar said, "that Frey won't forget me, but we know very little about Frey, never having seen him at any time; and for my part I should not care to risk it."

They all looked at him in wonder.

"But," said one of them, "everybody has seen Frey."

"I assure you," said Gunnar, "that I have not—for one. And I'll answer for every man in Norway."

"We know nothing of the Norwegians, of whom we hear for the first time," he was told; "but the people of this part have good reason to know Frey, and to fear him, seeing he lives among them, and is now a day-and-night's journey from here. I myself," the speaker said, "saw him but fourteen days ago, in his holy place."

"What is his holy place?"

The man said, "It is his temple where he lives when he is not upon his rounds. All the winter he lives there with his wife, and the people

worship him and make feasts for him. But when the winter is over, and the rains come to wash the world clean for the sun, Frey goes off in his wagon and visits all the villages in turn, and blesses the grain and makes it fertile. That is how the world goes on, and men get food for their pains."

Gunnar was amazed. "Do you say that Frey has a wife?"

"I do say so, since it is true. But as yet she is not fruitful, which vexes Frey."

"Let Frey consider himself," said Gunnar. "It is not always a wife's fault if she is not fruitful."

"You may be sure that the fault is not Frey's," they said.

"I am not at all so sure," said Gunnar. "Does Frey do his duty by her?"

They said: "For certain he does. He has been married to her these two years."

"There's time yet," said Gunnar; "these are early days. Is she a young woman?"

"She is in the flower of her age. She must be sixteen years old."

"And is she of this country?"

"It is not certainly known. A woman from the South had her. She said that her husband had been slain on the seacoast; but no one here can say anything of it because no one has ever seen the sea. Well, when the girl was of marriageable age Frey chose her; so she was given him."

"And how did Frey choose her?"

"He took her."

Gunnar thought all this very remarkable, and said that he should himself go to see Frey. They answered to that, that undoubtedly he would; for if he did not they would be bound to take him, as an offering, since that was Frey's pleasure.

"Does Frey demand human sacri-

fice?" Gunnar asked. They said that he did.

Gunnar said, "He shall be balked of me; but I have a very handsome cloak about me, which I shall give him as a present if he pleases to be benevolent to me."

"All depends upon his wife," they told him. "She has the power of choice in these matters."

## IX

DIRECTED by the charcoal-burners, Gunnar made his way to the village where he was to find Frey in his temple. He reached a fine clearing in the forest by the late afternoon, and was soon remarked and almost as soon beset by the inhabitants. Young and old, mostly women, they came about him like a cloud of gnats. They were a wild, dark-haired and pale people, well made but not tall. They were all barefoot, and had fierce, husky voices; but they were harmless, touching him by the prompting of curiosity, and delight in a thing so rare. His beard especially moved them. They must by all means touch that. "It is like Frey's beard. He is Frey's brother. Bring him to Frey then." So they spoke to each other. As they came into the village they formed a kind of procession. A young woman took him by either hand; children danced in front of him, singing a shrill song; the older ones shuffled behind.

Wooden houses, built clear of the ground on piles, formed the village. It was full of dogs and children, with one or two old men peering at the entry from the shelter of trees. Gunnar saw the roof of Frey's temple, a long building with a steep gable. The roof was of heather. They entered a forecourt and stood before the temple. In the midst was

an altar of stone. There was a gallery to the house sheltered by the eaves of it, and held up by trunks of trees, smoothed and painted with zigzags in red, blue and yellow. A curtain hung over the doorway. He saw neither Frey nor his wife.

The women who had conducted him sat upon their heels and began their song again. The rest of the village crowded the entry of the court. When they had sung for some time, the curtains of the doorway moved; Gunnar thought that he saw the outline of a shoulder, and then was positive that a hand was at the opening. He could not answer for it, but he fancied that he was being looked at.

In the meantime the crowd began to draw away from him and to form two companies, one on each side. He found himself standing alone, and looking presently around, saw an old bearded man coming towards him with a long, bare knife in his hand. He had glittering eyes and a determined expression.

"This old man is going to shed blood," said Gunnar to himself. "He chooses for mine, but there are two parties to a bargaining of that sort."

The old man, being now beside him, produced from the bosom of his gown a coil of cord.

"He will truss me like a fowl!" said Gunnar; then he greeted the man fairly, giving him the time of day.

"You are welcome," said the old man. "It is the hour of the evening sacrifice."

"Is that so?" Gunnar answered. "I hope you don't take me for your offering. I have not escaped one kind of death to fall into another."

"Frey must be contented," said the old man.

"He shall be," Gunnar said; "I will give him my cloak."

He opened his pack, and brought

out the famous cloak. Shaking out the folds of it, he put it on and displayed it. The assembly murmured applause; even the old knifer was moved.

"I have brought this cloak as a gift for Frey," said Gunnar. "Set open the temple; let him show himself and he shall have it. It will last him longer than a blood-offering, which is a beastly thing, not at all suitable to a great God. In my country we serve Frey, but not with men's blood. Oxen and sheep are pleasing to him; dogs also and hens. But he has other uses for men."

The old man was fingering the cloak. The gold work on the back was a delight and wonder to him.

"Frey has never had so much gold as this. You are fortunately come. He shall have the cloak and you, too."

"You are mistaken," said Gunnar. "But in order to make sure, I will go and ask him."

With these words he stepped sharply forward and went up the steps to the temple before anyone could stop him. The curtains opened and a young woman came out and stood before them, closing them behind her.

She was frightened, but bore herself with great dignity. She could not check the shortness of her breath, however; nor the fear in her eyes. She was not tall, and she was very young; she was dressed in blue, which had red embroidery round the neck. Her black hair was plaited, and on her head she had a double band of gold wire with thin leaves of flat gold between the wires. Gunnar saw that she was a pretty girl, and thought that he could deal with her if he had the chance.

He saluted her civilly and told her what was the matter.

"This old man wishes to cut my throat," he told her, "and I, on the

other hand, am strongly against it. I have come to appeal to you or to Frey against such a breach of hospitality."

She did not answer him at first; but her eyes were upon his own, and her lips moved as if she were uncertain what to say.

Presently she said, "Who are you, and whence do you come?"

He said, "My name is Gunnar Helming, and I am from Norway over the mountains of the West. I am outlaw-faring as you see, and have no friends in these parts, unless you are inclined to be one."

She hesitated, but had already made up her mind. "I will send the people away," she said, "and then we will ask Frey."

Gunnar said, "I am sure that Frey will be guided by you," but she had not waited to listen to that, being already down the steps and among the people.

"There can be no blood-sacrifice of this man," she said to them, but not in Gunnar's hearing. "This man is the friend of Frey, and it is lucky for you, I can tell you, that you have not shed his blood. I was just in time to prevent a dreadful thing which Frey would never have forgiven you. Now you must go away and leave the two together. They have not met for a long time, and have a great deal to tell each other." With that they dispersed, and Frey's wife came back to Gunnar.

"Now," she said, "we must see Frey."

"I am going to offer him this cloak which I am wearing. It is very fine, as you see."

She touched the gold, and then took one of the sable tails in her hand.

"It is beautiful," she said. "Where did you get it?"

"I had it from a great rascal," Gunnar said, "who made a pretext

of it to do me the wrong which brings me here. I will tell you the tale if you care to listen to it."

She had fixed and considering eyes, and still held the sable-tail. Then she said shortly:

"We must go in to Frey. Come with me."

Frey stood in the middle of the temple. He was a young man of Gunnar's height and proportions. His beard was red and his hair was brown. He had staring blue eyes, and scarlet nostrils. His lips also were scarlet. On his head was a crown of golden oak-leaves and acorns. In one hand he held a golden cone, like the fruit of a pine-tree, but much larger. In the other he had a staff which was tipped with a bud. He had a green tunic upon him and red hose. His legs below the knees were bound in leather, and he was shod with soft leather dyed red. He himself was made of wood and painted all over in colors brighter than life.

"So this is Frey," said Gunnar to himself with great astonishment. "I would rather have the friendship of his wife."

This wife of his did not take much notice of her husband, it seemed to Gunnar. She drew a settle out a little way from the wall, and sat on it, inviting Gunnar to a seat beside her.

"Now tell me the tale," she said. So he did.

She said, "The man is not your enemy. Neither is the king. The man acted basely, but the king could not do otherwise than he did, for appearances were against you. But I see that you are an unlucky man, because Frey has no liking for you."

"How can you say that?" said Gunnar.

"I can tell by the look of him. He will not say anything. It is not his way. But he is no friend to you."

"If I give him my cloak," said

Gunnar, "he may think better of me."

She shook her head. "I doubt it. But certainly he must have it. There is no other way. Besides when the people see that he has accepted your cloak they at least will be contented."

Gunnar gave her the cloak, and she cast it over Frey's shoulders, and touched his beard while she whispered to him what it was. In order to whisper in his ear she had to stand tiptoe.

"Well," said Gunnar, "and how does he take it?"

"Very ill," she said.

"Then do you send me away?"

She hung her head, and thought about it. "No," she said, "I can't do that just yet. You shall stay here for three days, and maybe he will like you better. I will talk to him about it to-night when we are in bed."

"Do you go to bed with Frey?" he said in astonishment; but her own was equal to his.

"Where else should I go if I am his wife?" she said. Then she grew red and turned away her face.

Gunnar said, "I will ask you what your name is, Frey's wife. I can't call you that for three days."

"Why so?" she asked him, rather fiercely.

"Because it seems to me foolishness."

"I am called Sigrid," she said.

"Then I shall call you Sigrid," said Gunnar.

## X

GUNNAR was a friendly man and made himself pleasant about the place. He used to sit out in the sun and converse with the village-people. He told tales to the children and played games with them. The old man who had been



wishful to sacrifice him bore him no malice; but Gunnar told him plainly that he did not approve his practices.

"In my country, and in Iceland also, we have much devotion to Frey, who is a great God; but human sacrifice is not required by him, nor are we profaned with it. Prisoners of war may not be used that way. We think it barbarous and abominable."

"Well," the old man said, "it has always been the custom here. And you must remember the services Frey performs. He is resting now. His work is over. But when the Spring comes there will be no man in the country busier than Frey. There is not a tilled field he must not visit; and the grass-lands and the gravid sheep, and the lambs and sucklings of all sorts; the sick draught-animals; the ewes who are to go under the rams; the bulling cows; the reindeer—well, you can see for yourself that he must be propitiated. And how else, pray, would you have it done?"

"The Christians, who are to the fore in Norway just now," replied Gunnar, "have a God who has given them another law altogether. Their God has a Son who said to his Father, 'Enough of these human sacrifices. I detest them and will have nothing to say to them.' 'What will you do then?' his Father asked. 'Why,' said he, 'I will be made man myself. I will be born of a woman, and put to death. That will be a sufficient sacrifice for every one in the world.' And so it was, they say, and their God accepted it as sufficient. But the Christians have a strange power which is resident in their priests; and that is, that the priest does sacrifice every day, and makes anew the Son of God into a man of body and blood. Every day he offers it on the altar. So the

prime sacrifice is every day renewed and all goes well. That is what they say."

The old man was very much astonished. "You are speaking of marvelous things," he said. "It is the way of you travelers. But I do not believe that the Swedes would be content with such a sacrifice, and I am sure that Frey would not."

"We shall see," Gunnar replied, but said no more at the time. He was determined that while he remained in Frey's house Frey would go without human blood upon his altar stone.

Sigrid liked him to be there. She found him very good company. He made her laugh, which Frey, she said, had never done yet.

"He will though," Gunnar told her, but she shook her head.

At the end of three days, he asked her what he was to do about staying on. They sat together under the gallery outside the house. Frey was inside behind his curtains. It was the hour before the sacrifice, when his curtains would be opened, and himself shown in his fine new cloak. So far there had been no attempt made to sacrifice a man or child, for which Gunnar was glad, because he was not yet sure enough of his footing.

Sigrid frowned and nursed her chin. "Why," she said, "I don't know what is to be done. Frey doesn't like you at all; I can see that."

"But what do you feel about it yourself?" said Gunnar. "I believe that you find me well enough."

She nodded. "Yes, I do. I like you to be here. You make me laugh. I feel younger than I did."

"That is good news," said Gunnar. "I understand that you are sixteen years old. Do you now feel that you are twelve?"

She laughed. "Sometimes I do."

"Then," said Gunnar, "keep me

here a month or two longer and I shall rock you in your cradle."

She asked him suddenly, was he married, had he children?

"No, sweetheart," he said, "but I should like a wife if I could get one to my mind."

Now she reproved him. "You must not say that. I am not to be called so."

"Why, what is the harm in that?" he said. "It's what I used to call Sorrel, my mare."

"It may be so," she replied, "but I am not your mare."

"No, indeed," he said. "But what, then, shall I call you? Shall I say, 'Pretty one' or 'Kind lass'?"

"No. Frey would dislike it."

"But," he said, "all these names are true of you."

She said, "Frey will like it all the less."

Gunnar said that he would risk it. And certain it is that he did, and that she said nothing more about it.

She decided that he should stay on until the Winter feasts began.

"And then we will see what can be done. Maybe he will be more used to you by then."

"Oh, as for him," Gunnar said lightly, "he has had a fine cloak from me, and I suppose that is enough."

She frowned, and tossed her foot. "You don't know Frey yet."

Then came the hour of sacrifice and a leading-in of sick animals to be blessed by Frey. Gunnar was very useful here, for he was skilled in farriery, and could do much, too, with sheep and cattle. The people called him the new priest of Frey and held him in great honor. But the more that they thought of Frey on his account, the less, naturally, Gunnar thought of him on his own. He did not now believe that even a devil resided in him, or, at least, he found it difficult of belief. Frey had an appearance of frowning some-

times, and sometimes there seemed to be a red flame in his eyes. Another thing he could do with his eyes: he could cause them to follow you all over the room. Those eyes of his were forever upon Gunnar and Sigrid, so that they used to say to each other, "We can't talk here. Let us go into the gallery."

She never said, "Let us go into the chamber," and it never entered Gunnar's mind to propose it. But it had entered into hers.

After a while she told him what she knew about herself. She had never known her father, nor even what his name was. Her mother had been called See Kind; and Sigrid remembered being carried on her back, slung in a shawl. Her mother had had black hair and yellow eyes which looked black in the dark, and as pale as the palest amber in strong light. She was rather tall, whereas Sigrid—who also had black hair and amber eyes, though of a darker tint—was a little woman. She thought that she remembered her mother saying that they had crossed the sea; and that somebody, her mother or an old man who used to be with them sometimes, had spoken of a city called Prag. She thought that this must be true, because she had never heard anybody in Sweden speak of Prag, and doubted she could have made up the name for herself. Gunnar told her that she had not.

"There is a city called Prag, on a mighty river. I have seen the river," he said, "but not the city of Prag."

Well, then she told him that the Swedes had ill-treated the old man who used to be with them. They had put him into an osier-basket, and pierced that through and through with swords; she remembered the bright blood welling out between the plaited wicker. That had been done upon the altar of a God—she believed it was Frey. As for her moth-

er, some man had taken her to live in his house, and she herself had lain about with the cattle, and had been sent to keep swine in the woods. Nobody had hurt her, but she had gone in terror of wolves, which in Winter were dangerous, and came sometimes into the villages and carried off children from the doorways. They were so hungry that even when they were beaten off they only ran to a little distance, and then came back again to snuff about for what there might be in their way.

Then she remembered a day when her mother brought her into the house, and took off her rags, and put a new gown on her. She twisted up her hair into a long plait, and made her see if she could still sit upon it. That was easy. After that she was kept at home with the children of the house; and men used to take notice of her, kiss her and take her on their knees. She had liked that for a time, because she liked people who were kind and friendly; but there was too much of it, and she used to run away and hide herself.

There had been a lad, she said, called Tostig, belonging to the household of her mother's husband. He had been in love with her, she supposed. At any rate, he was always in her company, and she had liked him very well. One day when they were all in the temple before Frey, with garlands of flowers, Frey's eyes had burned fiercely, and by and by he fell forward upon Tostig and knocked him down. They picked up Frey; and the priests said that Tostig was to be sacrificed. That was done. They put him in an osier basket and transpierced it with their swords. After that Frey's eyes were cool and steady, and nothing more occurred until the following spring when Frey was to have started on his rounds to bless the vegetation. Then again when they were in the

temple his eyes burned, and again he fell, this time upon herself. She was thrown backwards and Frey upon her. Then she believed that her last hour was at hand; but her mother was shrill and urgent with the priests, calling them fools. She said that Frey had been jealous of Tostig and fell upon him on that account; but he fell upon Sigrid for no reason of that sort, but to mark her for his own. Sigrid, she said, was now marriageable. Frey wanted to marry her, and to disoblige him would be at their peril. There was high debate about all this, and other priests from other villages were called in. Frey was asked, and they say that he nodded his head. She herself was not asked; but she was taken into the temple one night by her mother and told what she would have to do. On the next day was the wedding as well as great rejoicings all over the forest country.

Gunnar stopped her here. "They married you to that block of painted wood?"

She said, "They married me to Frey."

Gunnar said, "But—" and then he stopped short himself. "There is no more to be said."

"No," she said, "that is the end of it. We set out in the ox-wagon soon after that."

"How long ago was this?" he asked her.

She replied, "I was marriageable, my mother said. I don't know when it was." The she thought aloud. "One, two, three . . . yes, it was three springs ago last spring."

"And you say you are sixteen years old?"

"I don't say so," she replied, "the people here say so. My mother died two springs ago when I was away with Frey on his rounds."

Gunnar got up from the bench where they were sitting.

"Wait here for me," he said, and went into the temple, folding the curtains behind him. There stood Frey, crowned and standing, with his shining scarlet nostrils. Gunnar went up to him and took him by the nose. "God or devil," he said, "I'll get this out of joint before I've done with you, or you with Gunnar." Frey rocked under the force of his passion, but said nothing.

Gunnar came back and found Sigrid where she was. She did not look up. He stretched out his hands towards her, then dropped them and began to whistle a tune.

That made her look up, smiling. "You seem in good spirits," she said.

"I feel considerably better than I did," he told her, "but there is much to do before I am perfectly myself again."

## XI

SIGRID told Gunnar that the old priest of Frey who lived in the village, and who had been the man wishful to slay him on the altar, intended to have a sacrifice on the morrow.

"Oh, does he so?" said Gunnar. "And what is he going to sacrifice?"

She said, "It is a boy."

"We will see about that," Gunnar said. "It may be that it will be himself who gets the worst of it."

The next day before the hour of sacrifice Gunnar told Sigrid to go into the court and leave him to draw the curtains. She did as she was told. The people assembled, and he heard their singing, and the stamping of their feet as they danced about the victim. Then they all called on Frey, and he peeped through the curtains and saw the old man in a crown of leaves, with his knife in his hand, and the victim naked except for a loin cloth, bound up tightly with

cords. There also was the basket of osier. Having done what he wished to do in the temple, he drew the curtains. To their great consternation they saw that Frey had his back to them instead of his face. Gunnar, who had come out by a side door, joined Sigrid in the gallery of the temple. They sat close together looking at the amazed people.

The old man gave a shrill cry. "Frey abandons us! He is angry." Then he turned to his flock and spoke vehemently, but Gunnar could not hear his words. Sigrid watched them with keen and bitter eyes.

Presently the old man turned again and beckoned to Gunnar. He, however, sat where he was. Then he was hailed by his enemy.

"You, stranger, come down."

Gunnar said, "I am a servant of the temple, and will not come down. Do you come up rather, and say what you have to say."

The old man then came shuffling up, with his gown dragging at his ankles. When he stood before Gunnar, he was out of breath, and that added to his rage.

Gunnar asked him what the matter was, and Whitebeard gnashed his gums together.

"The matter is that Frey is angry—not because of sacrifice, but because there has been none since you came here. There must be much more blood shed—and the sooner the better."

"I assure you," Gunnar replied, "that there will be bloodshed if you persist, and that blood will be your own."

Whitebeard looked fiercely at him. "You are talking foolishly. Who would shed my blood? And how would that be pleasing to my master Frey?"

Gunnar replied, "I will tell you the answers to your questions. To your first: I would very willingly shed



your blood, and your blood is the only blood that I would willingly shed. And I believe that all these people would dip their hands in it and show it to Frey who would then turn his face to them again. As for your second, it is plain that Frey is displeased with your present sacrifice."

Whitebeard was in a great rage. He put his face close to Gunnar's and said whispering (but Sigrid heard him): "It was you who turned Frey about."

"It was," said Gunnar.

"You own to your blasphemy. For blasphemy it is, though you said nothing."

"Take it so," said Gunnar.

The old man looked about him, not knowing what to do next. His eyes fell upon Sigrid who sat stiffly by, with fixed looks.

"Mistress," he said then, "Frey's wife, what say you?" She shivered.

"There must be no sacrifice," she said. "Frey will not have it."

"But you heard this man tell me that he turned Frey about?"

"I did," she said. "He did so at my desire."

"You own yourself party to his wicked mind?"

"His mind is the mind of Frey in this," she said.

The old man frowned deeply. "You avow that?"

"I do."

"Did Frey confide it to you?"

"He did."

"When this man Gunnar was not there?"

"He was not there."

The old man tossed his arms up. "There is no more to say."

Then Gunnar, even while his enemy stood by him, addressed the people. He said, "I come from a distant country, where Frey is had in honor, but not in your way. Your way is beastliness and great shame to

you, because you read into the mind of the God what is the secret pleasure of the vilest of you, such as this old toothless man here. He, loving to see men's blood flow, believes that Frey takes joy in it also. But Frey knows very well that a man is better than a beast, and if he love the smell of beasts' blood, that is his affair, but the blood of men is more honorable than that, and reserved for better work. He says that I put into the mind of Frey to be done with the slaughter of men. Have it that I did; did I not well to bring his mind to what is excellent in men? Of what use to Frey is there, or what pleasure can he have in the blood of base or craven men? I said that I would shed the blood of this vile old man, and so I would if I thought that Frey would be the better of it. But the fact is that it would make the ground sick, and Frey would curse you for the gift. Have done with that, and be sure that Frey does not need blood at all, but honesty and the good works of your hands. If you have children, offer them to Frey, but alive, not dead. Shed marrow rather than blood, and Frey will approve your fruitfulness and bless the seed and the seed-plot. And if blood must be shed, let Frey shed his own for you, as the God of the Christians did, who gives his people every day his body to eat and his blood to drink—which turn in their breasts to milk and in their veins to courage. Let Frey show himself such a God, and you will have no need for lascivious-minded old men to lead you into their own nasty vices." Then turning to Whitebeard, he said, "Get you gone, old monster, and gnash your gums apart where none can see your impotent malice."

The people applauded him when he had done. Some brought branches of trees, and some nests of eggs to Frey. Then Gunnar turned

him round to face them, and they rejoiced.

But Sigrid was pale and trembling, and would not look at Gunnar or speak to him all the rest of the day. She stood about by Frey, and put her hand in his, and talked to him, sometimes touching his beard.

Gunnar made the best of it, and let her alone; but seeing her next day in the same mood of alienation, he asked her what the matter was, and said: "Is there anything I can do about it?"

She began to tremble again, and violently; but she used all her force to control herself, and presently told him that all he could do was to leave the place.

"If you seek my happiness," she said, "that is what you will do."

"Well," said Gunnar, "I do wish you happy, sweetheart."

"Ah," she said, "it is your sweet-hearting of me that has made this trouble."

"Well," he said again, "and it does make trouble, my dear; but it is a pleasant trouble when all's said; and there's a remedy for it."

"It is that which I desire," she said, and he said:

"So do I desire it."

Then she said, "Do you know what you did yesterday? You made me untrue to Frey?"

"How so?"

"Why, you drove me to say what was untrue. He did not speak his mind to me. That is not true. Or if he did, what he said was quite otherwise."

"You mean," said Gunnar, "that the mind of Frey, as you understand it, is not my mind."

"Certainly it is not," she said. "He hates you. He does not rest because of you."

Gunnar looked at her. "You mean, I believe, that you do not rest."

She stamped her foot. "It is the

same thing. If he does not rest how can I rest?"

Gunnar said, "It is not at all the same thing. And do you think you would rest better if I went away?"

She shook her head, but did not speak. He saw that she was crying.

"Well," said he, after a while, "then I shall not go, but will stay here and make Frey a little more friendly."

"Ah," she said in her tears, "you won't do that. He is jealous of you. You can see it."

"I see nothing of it, I assure you,"

Gunnar said, "and he has no cause. But there are many ways of curing jealousy, one of which is easy."

She waited to hear what it was, but without asking. Gunnar did not tell her what it was. So after a while of waiting, she said, "You are hateful; I hate you," and walked away.

Gunnar went out into the sun; and by-and-by she came back with needlework and sat where she could see him at his business of tending the temple-garth.

THE season wore to the winter. With the first snow and the fall of the leaf, men began to make ready for the winter feasts. There was now no question of Gunnar going. No man could travel that country in the winter when the days are but a few hours long, and the snow is deep and bends the trees to the earth.

## XII

THE custom of the winter, when no man could work, was to make merry with what you had gained in the summer. Men killed pigs and sheep, and drank their mead out of horns. This was the time for skalds and story-tellers.

But the village where Gunnar was now settled was a holy village, be-

cause of Frey's house. It was proper that no feast should be held unless Frey were present at it. He was carried from homestead to homestead; and where he was there was Sigrid, his wife, and there now was Gunnar also. Those three always sat on the dais with the giver of the feast, and when the tables were ready they had the chief seats. Sigrid was waited upon as if she had been a man, and great respect was shown her, which she sullenly received. Once she had told Gunnar that she disliked being noticed. She had said that she had been happiest in the days when she was keeping pigs in the forest; and he had said that he understood that very well. Now he put that down as the reason why she had a hang-dog look at these merry-makings, ate little, drank less, said little and laughed not at all. When the drinking began she always left the hall and sat with the women in the bower. Frey was left—and then it was that Gunnar in his cups used to take liberties with Frey—to clap a clout over one of his eyes, or stick an apple on a spike of his crown. He was wary how he played these tricks, for in some company it would have been taken very ill; but in some, and when men were far disguised in drink, his japes went well enough, and gave him satisfaction.

He was by now out of conceit with Frey. That a God should be throned in the world he sincerely believed—and could swear to a hundred or more; but that one should be caged in a painted block he did not believe. As for Frey's marriage, that made the hairs on his back bristle, and his neck to swell. A good deal of talk went on when Sigrid was gone with the women. He listened to it and raged, but outwardly he was still, and found nothing to say. The people expected—or some of them—that Sigrid would bring Frey a child. Things

were said and tales were told of Frey which amazed him while they made him angry.

"At this rate," he said to himself, "I shall be an atheist or a Christian. Would that King Olaf could hear me say so. He would countermand his rope and make me one of his household."

Then he found out that it interested him more to hear tales of Sigrid than it disgusted him; and he said to himself then, "Frey and I shall be fighting for Sigrid one of these days. I learn that I am in love with her." But he knew that it would be a shame to tell her so, and resolved that she should learn nothing about it.

There was never a merrier winter in that village, and never a man more beloved than Gunnar was. He was no skald, but his tales were without end, and so were his jokes. He had had his share of travel, and now they had their portion in it. He told them of Micklegarth and of the great King of the Greeks. He said that there was a temple there dedicated to divine wisdom, which was a paragon and wonder of the world. The king did sacrifice there every day to his God—and there was nothing in the temple less precious than gold. He spoke of that other Garth in the North, a Russian city, which was envious of the Greek kingdom, and wishful to rival it. Then of Frey's worship he had something to say. In Iceland, he said, Frey was worshiped, and there had been a priest of his there called Ravenkeld, who had not only built a house for him with five or six images of Frey set round in a circle, but had had a famous stallion which he shared with the God. No one but Ravenkeld or Frey might ride this horse, which also had a stud of twelve mares for his own use and pleasure. Ravenkeld had made a vow that he would have the

life of any man who should ride the horse; and he kept it, though it cost him all that he had. For once there came to him a certain man called Thoreir, who was wishful to serve him. Ravenkeld made a shepherd of him, and set him also to keep guard over Frey's horse and his mares, warning him of the vow he had made. Then, on a day, thirty sheep were lost and Thoreir must ride far to find them. Never a mare of the twelve could he come near, but Frey's horse stood; so he saddled him and rode him all day. Ravenkeld came to know about it and went out to find Thoreir, who was lying on the stone wall counting his sheep over.

"How came you to ride my horse," said Ravenkeld, "when I warned you to ride any other but him?"

Thoreir told him how it was. Then Ravenkeld said:

"I am sorry, but we make vows one day and find them heavy another."

Then he drove his spear through his back and slew him. He paid for doing that, for he was outlawed by Thoreir's kindred at the *Thing*, and they came upon him unawares, and pierced his legs at the tendons of the knees and hung him up by them for a day. When they came to take him down the blood was in his eyes and he was as near dead as he might be. Then they banished him with hardly any money or goods; but yet he prospered and got his own back again. But he said that he had no opinion of Frey at all, and would have no more to do with him. He broke up the images and turned the God's house into a byre for his cows, and had no religion thereafter that ever Gunnar heard tell of.

"And that," he said, "is the way of men. They make a God first and unmake him afterwards—and all that is foolishness."

But the people said, "How can that be when we know very well what Frey here does for us, sending the rain in proper time upon the earth?"

"Now tell me this," said Gunnar, "do you pray to Frey for rain when the wind is in the east?"

"We do not," they said, "for that would be waste of breath."

"So it would," said Gunnar, "and so also if the wind blow from the south. For then the rain will come of itself."

"That would be Frey's doing, we hold," said they. Then Gunnar smiled.

"You are lucky," he said, "and so is Frey."

They always took Frey back after the feasts, two or three men bearing him up between them; and many a tumble they had in the snowdrifts, if they were not very sure-footed, through drink or otherwise. One night when they had some way to go, Gunnar picked up Sigríð and carried her through the worst of the drifts.

"Oh, you should not, you should not," she said, but he laughed.

"You are so small a thing," he said, "it would be a shame."

But she hid her face in his shoulder and said again that he should not carry her.

"Well," said Gunnar, "let your husband carry you." And he called out, "Hi, you Frey, come and carry Sigríð through the snow."

But just then Frey and his bearers were all rolling in the snow together.

"You see how it is with poor Frey," Gunnar said, "he can't carry himself, so what would he do if he had you, too?"

After that he got into the way of carrying her, and she grew accustomed to it, looked for it, and held her arms out for him to lift her when they came out of the feast.

Gunnar enjoyed himself, but did not tell her so, or speak of it at all.



He took it as a thing of course that he should serve her, and she accepted it. But there was no love-making, even though the days were dark, and there was nothing to be done out of doors.

They were thrown very much together, and found nothing amiss with that. Gunnar talked to her of his travels and told her stories as they sat by the fire. He had a happy way with him which made all people like him and give him their confidence. He neither took liberties nor allowed them; but if you were simple and gave yourself no airs he was very gentle and good-humored. Sigrid had no suspicions of him, nor need for any. He would have been incapable of doing her any harm. It was because he was afraid of making her unhappy that he left off teasing her about Frey. At first he had been rather given to it, but he saw that she was troubled by it, and did not know what to say. Then he stopped his gibes and mockery.

### XIII

**B**Y slow degrees the winter wore out; the clouds broke up, and the thick snow-fleece was pitted all over, as if it had been a blanket which moths had fretted. The days grew longer; men looked up, feeling the sun; the thatches began to drip, and then to run, and to dig for themselves deep channels in the snow. Then began roof-slides by broad blocks at a time, and a man might be buried in slush before he knew it.

Sigrid said that they must make ready Frey's wagon for the road, and told Gunnar where it was stored and asked him to fetch it out. As soon as the buds began to swell on the trees they must be off. Gunnar was glad of some work, and soon had the

wagon out of the shedding and haled it into the forecourt.

This wagon was a gaudy affair, being painted all over in red, blue and yellow. The wheels were red and so was the pole. White oxen drew it, which had red trappings and brazen stars on their foreheads. Upright poles at the four corners of the wagon carried a wooden canopy, and held rods also for the curtains which shut Frey off from mortal eyes until such times as he would appear and, having been propitiated with offerings, suffer himself to be carried into the fields. Over these curtains Sigrid was now busy. They were green and had dragons, the sun, the moon and stars, and runes also sewn upon them, of red and white colors. The inside of the tent which these curtains made was a fair chamber. In the forepart Frey stood when he was traveling; in the afterpart was his bed where he lay at night. But the parts were not divided off. The men who went with the wagon, and tended the oxen, must lie out in the open to sleep, or in the sacking slung beneath, where the beast-fodder was carried.

Gunnar thought that he would have no men to help him, and Sigrid said, "Oh, no, we want no others. With you to help all will go well."

"You trust me, I see," said Gunnar, and Sigrid looked at him with friendly eyes.

"How should I not? Are you not the trustiest of men?"

"If you were not so kind to me," he told her, "perhaps I should not be so trusty. And it may be that we should both be the better of it. But I have a soft heart, and you have found that out."

"I know nothing of your heart," she said. "That is the last thing that I know about you."

"So be it," said Gunnar. "Now tell me what you wish me to

be at with this wonderful affair."

It did not suit her very well just then to be talking of the wagon. So she crossed her knee and clasped it with her hands.

"The heart of a man is like the snow just now, I think. It is quickly melted where the sun strikes it or the rain falls upon it. It is easy to make a dint in it. But below that there is ice. In small matters a man will be kind enough; but there may be great matters which may break themselves to pieces against him before he will be moved."

Gunnar made no answer, but busied himself examining the wagon. He broke a bubble of paint with his thumb, and said:

"Look at that now. There's bad workmanship for you."

"It is exactly the contrary with women," said Sigrid. "A girl's heart is like a spring which is guarded by overhanging snow and a thin film of ice. The first thaw breaks that through, and the water wells up warm. But the film, while it remains there, is respectable; for it denotes that the spring beneath is to be guarded from defiling hands."

Gunnar was very busy. He ran his hand up and down the pole.

"The man who painted this machine," he said, "was a botcher. He has never so much as planed this pole. It is as rough as an Earl's tongue. Just you feel it, sweetheart."

She was offended. "If you don't care to listen to me, I don't care, either, to observe your wagon. It is a strange way to woo a sweetheart to have her in contempt."

"My dear one," said Gunnar, and now he looked at her, "it is true that you know nothing of a man's heart, which moves him to do things rather than to talk about them. And this wagon is not mine, but Frey's, and I am to work upon it by your desire." Her eyes filled with tears. "Ah,"

she said, "do I not know whose wagon it is? Is this a time to remind me of it?"

Gunnar looked quickly about him. Nobody was by. So then he went to Sigrid, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't cry, pretty one," he said, "otherwise there will be the mischief between Frey and me."

Then he kissed her; and that was the first time that ever he did it, strange as it may appear. She sat very still, and all drawn up into a bunch, as if she felt chilly, which she did for a minute. Then she went into Frey's house and stayed there for a good time. Gunnar shook his head, and went to fetch the tools that he needed for cleaning the paint off the wagon.

He took a long time over it, and was very happy to be so busy. He cleaned off all the old paint, which was many coats thick, and smoothed the wood to his fancy. Then he set to work with new colors and was at it many days, from dawn to dusk. It began to look very splendid, with a green ground, and yellow wheels and pole, and with flowers, trees, birds and beasts upon all that in blue, red and white. He painted also the sky and the sun, and rivers winding among meadows. Then he had the sea, with ships upon it, because Sigrid did not know what the sea was like. And he wrote runes all round the panels of the wagon, sayings such as were common in his country, such as "Bare is Back without Brother behind it," and so on.

Sigrid was much the better for being kissed, though she was very careful not to say so. She thought that Gunnar would not perceive it, but he did. Her eyes were larger and softer; her color was higher; she was quieter in her ways, not so restless, and certainly not so testy. She used to sit contentedly with her cur-

tains while he worked at his painting, and could now admire what he did. She talked no more about the difference between a man's heart and a woman's, perhaps because she knew more. It was not hard to discern these changes in her.

"This wagon," said Gunnar, "is a paragon. It is my masterpiece." The time had come when all was done, even to the hangings of Frey's bed, and the containing boards of the same.

"Now, sweetheart," said he, "it is for you to consider whether we shall not give your lord a lick of paint. To my eye he would be the better for it, but you know his fancy better than I do."

She said shortly, "He is well enough."

"He is not then," said Gunnar. "He will look shabby in his new wagon. Just try him for yourself and see."

She was unwilling, but she allowed him to put Frey up in the forepart of the wain.

"Look at him," said Gunnar. "Look at the brown blur upon his neck; and see how smeared his cheeks are. There is no shine left. To my thinking he is failing in one eye. It is like the eye of a dead fish. There should be new gilding on his cone. Strange, how a new wagon shows him up."

She was not looking at Frey at all; but when Gunnar had him down in the court and was about to take his clothes off, she sprang forward with flaming cheeks and dangerous eyes.

"I dare you to touch him."

Gunnar stood. "As you please," he said. "It is nothing to me. Let him go bleary to work."

She shifted about, and paced the court uneasily. "He is very well as he is. If anything is to be done to him I will do it."

"As you please," said Gunnar

again, and left the court. He went out into the forest where the birds were singing. He looked to see if any were nesting yet, and was away three or four hours.

When he came back Frey was in his house again, and he examined what Sigrid had done. She had washed him; Gunnar thought he looked sadly bleached about the chaps, and there were flaws in his beard. His neck was pinker. She had tried to repaint his right eye.

While he was looking at Frey Sigrid came in. She was flushed, and prepared to be angry in a moment.

"I suppose you think I have made matters worse," she said.

"What do you think yourself?" he asked her.

"He will do well enough," she answered; but he told her:

"You have not helped his eye-works. He is looking two ways at once."

"It is what you would say."

"It is what I do say," he answered, "because it is true."

"I know what you think of him," she cried out sharply. "You have no need to tell me."

Gunnar replied: "He looked shabby before, and in want of a lick. But you have made him look like a boiled goose."

Sigrid was seriously vexed. She looked as if she were all over spines, like a teasel. But the worst of it was that she knew Gunnar was right, as well as he did himself. Meantime Gunnar walked comfortably about, by and large, while she stood opening and shutting her hands.

"You are hard to please," she said at last, in a dry voice. "Yet I think that I have mishandled his right eye. Perhaps you will mend it for me."

"Ah," said Gunnar, "and for him, too, I will mend it, though he has no liking for me. Look at him, I ask you, from where you stand, and then

from where I do. Whereas his eyes used to follow us about to see what we were doing, now he sees nothing of us at all. Kindly look for yourself."

She did as he told her. She examined Frey very carefully from where she stood and then crossed the floor and stood by Gunnar, and looked at Frey.

"Well?" said Gunnar.

Her answer was not in words, but she looked up at Gunnar with a faint smile. So then he kissed her again, and that kiss was a long one, and lasted some time.

"Frey cannot see," she said presently, "and it is my fault. Mend his eye for me."

Gunnar said that he would, and more than that, he would freshen him up altogether. He pointed out many flaws in his painting.

Sigrid was not in the mood to deny him anything just now. She agreed readily, and was going away. But she came back again.

"Promise me one thing," she said.

"I will promise you a dozen things," said Gunnar.

"One only. It is that you will only paint what you can see."

Gunnar, who was very quick, said, "I will obey you; but in that case you must cover him in a blanket, lest I spoil his clothes."

She brought him a blanket, and left him. Gunnar put Frey's eye in order, and touched up his cheeks and scarlet nostrils for him. He sized the cone for gilding, and put a tinge more red into his beard.

Then he looked at him with his head on one side, and one eye shut.

"You are a fine figure of a God, Frey. We are something alike, I believe. But for all that I can see that you don't love me."

He was at the end of the room as he stood; but for all that Frey had him in view, and looked furious.

After that there was nothing to do but wait the moment when Frey should start on his rounds.

#### XIV

THE weather was mild and open when Frey set out in his wagon, and the roads were heavy. They plunged into the forest ways, where the tracks were swimming in melting snow, and the air was rife with dripping trees. But the birds were all awake, the buds were shining, there was spring in the air. Gunnar walked beside the oxen and touched their necks now and then with the nodding point of his switch; Frey kept his bed, and Sigrid trudged beside Gunnar, heedless of the wet and mire. Sometimes she took his hand, sometimes his arm; sometimes his arm supported her. She was very happy, and talked and laughed as she had never before.

Now she could laugh at Frey, it seems. "Frey is snoozing," she said. "He doesn't see what we see."

"No," said Gunnar; "but let him alone. He will have to work by-and-by. It is no light matter to order the yearly affairs of the earth."

"No, indeed," she said. "Besides you have cut off his blood-offerings, which he loves."

"He will be all the better for that," Gunnar replied. "Such food makes fat."

The first village which they reached received them with acclamations. Children with flowers, women with their children, men with their women, were there to receive them. They crowded the green track, they came flying through the forest on all sides. The oxen trudged over budded boughs and the first-born of flowers. The curtains of the forepart were open. Sigrid sat in the wagon by the side of Frey, who shook on his



perch. The people were frantic, and many tried to climb the cart that they might touch Frey's new cloak, or kiss the budded staff in his hand. Gunnar had all to do to keep them free of the wheels. The elders of the village were before the first house and turned when the wagon drew nigh to walk before it to the God-house. It was late by the time they had reached it and got Frey carried in; but there was torchlight everywhere flaring about like fiery serpents, and burning all the pools of water till they looked like melted gold.

The people told of great sacrifice in the morning, a boy and girl who were but just mature, and a foreign woman who had been found lost and benighted in the time of snow. Then Gunnar made it plain to them that these things were not to be.

"Frey," he said, "utterly abhors this bloodshedding, which, if you persist in it, will fairly ruin your tillage of the year. I know what he will do, for he has done it already. He will turn his back upon your fields, and nothing will move him. Be warned, therefore, before it is too late."

The people were dismayed, and many murmured. Then Gunnar said, "Bring me your victims, and I will show you the mind of Frey."

Which was done. The victims, bound tightly with withy-bands, were set before him. With his knife Gunnar cut their bonds.

"You are free," he said, "and no one dare touch you, for Frey wills it. He will bless these fields, seeing that he has blest you, who are more to him than fields."

Sigrid, who was standing close by, now said, "He speaks truly the mind of Frey, as I myself can testify."

So that year there were no bloody rites, but all other things were done as they had been from time out of mind. They carried Frey about their fields, and said prayers and

sang his praises; and so they went on their way through the forest from village to village. Everywhere Gunnar stopped the sacrifices, and everywhere Sigrid upheld him. In time she was even beforehand with him, and much more vehement than he had ever been. He admired the spirit in which she did it, but advised her to be prudent.

"If you say too much," he told her, "they will believe you to be under my thumb."

She did not reply to that at first; but presently she said, "If they charged me with that I should not gainsay it."

He smiled with his eyes as well as his lips.

"You might find it a softer one than Frey's," he said.

She turned away her face, but gave him her hand to hold. He began to talk his nonsense, setting himself the task of making her laugh; for he thought to himself, "They are better when they laugh. For they cannot do it unless their hearts are light."

## XV

**A**FTER many weeks' journeying in dense woodland country, Frey's wagon was now to cross a range of high mountains. The forest grew lighter, the way was steadily uphill, the wind blew cooler, the trees were more backward. At last they were fairly in the uplands among boulders of rock, with here and there a few pines, or a grove of birch. It became like winter again, except for the length of daylight.

There was a rough road by which the mountains were to be passed. They reached it at sunset, and it seemed likely they would have to spend the night upon the top, where the snow was still deep. It began

to blow fitfully from the east and north, and Gunnar did not like the look of things at all.

"Sweetheart," he said, "we had best shelter hereabouts, for I doubt it is coming on to blow, and we might have snowstorms up above."

"No," said Sigrid, "I feel sure we had best get on. They await us on the further side of the mountain, but a little way down."

"As you will," said Gunnar, "only keep yourself warm inside, and make your curtains as snug as you can."

He had spoken truly. The wind increased, and the powdery snow began flitting in wreaths over the frozen ground. Gunnar put a blanket round Sigrid and drew his coat closer about him. The oxen plodded on without taking notice. But both wind and snow were in their faces, and it was a slow business.

Gunnar kept his eye on the look of the sky. He saw masses of dark cloud behind the mountain range, inky towards the middle, brown at the edges.

"There's a mort of snow to come," he said.

It grew dark quickly, and he sent Sigrid into the wagon.

"Get to bed," he told her, "and wrap yourself up warmly. The first good rock I come to I shall shelter the cattle."

"And what will you do yourself?" she wanted to know.

"I shall turn the wagon back to the wind," he said, "and cover the oxen. Then I will do the best for myself I can."

She wasn't satisfied and seemed unwilling to leave him, but he told her again to go to bed.

"Well," she said, "I will go, but you shall kiss me first."

It was the first time she had ever asked that of him, and he gave her what she wanted, though he had

other things to think about then, and plenty of them.

She went away after that, and he trudged along. The snow was coming thick now; he felt it like gnats against his face, and knew that his beard was stiff with it. The front of his clothes was like a board, and his knees ached with the strain. The oxen stopped several times; but he lured them on, and often gave a hand to the wheel. But he had to stop as often to let them breathe themselves; and every time he did so, they were the harder to move. The fury of the wind drove the snow in wreaths; banks of it formed, through which the cattle stumbled, or failed to stumble. When they failed he had to kick a passage for them.

The point came beyond which he could not get them to move. It was at a bend of the road between high rocks. The wind came down the channel in fury, the snow was blinding. He felt, for he could not see, the trembling beasts, and understood that there was no moving them. Sigrid within the curtains made no sign. Gunnar considered that here they must remain until the storm ceased.

He found stones for the hind-wheels of the wain, unyoked the oxen and led them out of the fury of the weather. He sought in the choked underpart for their coverings, but could not find them there. They would be in the wagon and he must have them by all means. He gave them fodder, however, and then wondered what he should do to get their clothing, and to help himself. He was not cold, for his exertions had been too severe, but he would soon become so. Should he make himself a rampart of snow and crouch under that? He knew there was danger of swooning, and rejected the thought. Should he then stamp up and down, flapping his arms until day-

break? He knew that he could not.

"It seems I am to perish for the sake of a wooden God!" His heart grew hot within him. "Accursed idol," he said, "if I had you here I would fight it out with you. And I vow that if I come through this pass with safety, and see again my own land, I will take King Olaf's religion, which does not send fair women to sleep with painted stocks."

"Sigrid has little love to spare for the like of me," he said aloud. "What knows she whether I live or die? There she snuggles asleep, with Frey in her arms."

He heard the voice of Sigrid then, with tears in it. "No, no, I do not. Come in and you shall see."

He stared before him. "Sigrid, are you awake?"

She answered, "I am awake, and wait for you."

"Then," said he, "I come, but first give me covering for the cattle or they will perish, for they are now running sweat."

"Stay," she said, "you shall have them; but then you must come."

He was now on fire, and trembling, but he waited, while she struck tinder, and blew a flame from which she lit a candle. After a time which was enough to cool anyone, but did not cool him, she handed him out the wrappings. He made the beasts as snug as he could, and when he had done, the candle was still burning fitfully.

## XVI

**G**UNNAR stood by the wagon, backing the storm. He waited for Sigrid to call him. He could see her shadow moving about, and that she seemed very busy. His temper began to rise. "What is the matter now? Have I not earned shelter

yet? Or does she wait until I am frostbitten?"

Her voice came scared from the curtains. "Are you there, Gunnar?"

"Ha! Am I here? I am a hillock of snow. There is nothing left of me that is not ice. Have you no ruth, then?"

Her voice had great fear in it. "I am afraid of Frey. He is very angry."

Then Gunnar's wrath overflowed and was bitter in the mouth. "What, is Frey angry? Ah, but I am angry, too. I'll deal with Frey. Let me get at him."

He climbed the wagon wheel and put his head and shoulders in the curtains. He saw Frey standing in the cart. With a lurch forward, he got him by the beard and pulled him over towards himself.

"Now, Frey, you and I are at grips. Come, out with you."

He now had Frey under the arms, and was hauling him out. When he had got so much of him out as was enough, he let go, and Frey overbalancing fell upon his head into the snow. The gleaming of the candle showed him the axe hanging on its accustomed nail.

"I'll take that," he said, and got down with it in his hand.

Now he set Frey up in the snow and took him by the ears. Frey had his crown on, but none of his clothes.

"Dangerous, malignant idol," Gunnar said, with his teeth clenched, "whether you are devil or stock you shall be neither within these few minutes. To what monstrous pass have you brought us to keep true lovers apart! To what shameful drudgery you turn this sweet woman. Ah, block of abomination, the one good thing you have done is to turn my heart to a faith that is cleaner than yours. If you have set me free, now it is my turn. Here's for Sigrid—and to let the fiend out of the tree."

With that he swung the axe high in the air and brought it down true upon the head of Frey. Frey was cloven from the crown to the chine, and fell neatly in halves on either side of him. Gunnar looked up. The cloud-wrack had blown over, the sky was clear and gemmed with stars.

"Frey has ridden off on the storm," he said. Then he called aloud, "Sigrid!"

And her faint voice answered, "Gunnar."

He climbed into the wagon.

### XVII

THE storm had abated in the night, the weather of the morning was fair, with a wind from the south. Gunnar, when he went out and looked about him, thought that it would be possible to take up the journey by noon.

But there were more serious things to consider. Frey was dead and in two halves, and how could they go without Frey? How could they go with him, either? He did not know what had better be done.

But Sigrid knew very well. When Gunnar came back to her she told him.

"We must go on," she said, "and it is for you now to be Frey. You are strikingly like him. You would do much greater miracles than ever he did—as," she said, "you have already done."

Gunnar thought about it. "It could be done, I daresay. But we have no wagoner. You would not have Frey drive his own team."

She said, "We shall easily find a teamster in the country. And until we have one I can drive the beasts."

Gunnar said that that would not suit him at all. But they settled it this way, that he should drive until they were nearing the village, which

lay upon a shoulder of the mountain, not far from the pass on the further side. Then Sigrid would go and find a wagoner and return with him.

It was necessary to mend Frey's oak-leaf crown, which was in two pieces. Gunnar joined them neatly together, and gilded the edges of the fracture. The axe had been very sharp, the cut very clean. There was no trouble with Frey's clothing; Gunnar was happy to resume his cloak.

Scarlet paint to his nostrils was all that he needed to make him as like Frey as need be; but he did not need as yet to change his nature and attributes. There would be time enough for that when Sigrid was gone for the wagoner.

They took up the journey again through the fast-melting snow. It was hard work, but the sun was shining, the sky without a cloud; they made way and reached the top of the pass without serious delay. Thence they could see the village below them. They saw also that on that side of the mountain the snow had not drifted so much. It had been exposed to the full fury of the wind, which had blown the snow off as fast as it fell. Gunnar considered that this would be a good place to wait for the teamster, but Sigrid told him that a little way down there was a better.

"There is a shelter there," she said, "and a little birch wood. You will be more concealed, and I shall not have so far to come back to you."

Gunnar laughed. "Now that you have me, you are glad of me."

Her answer was a long look, and a sigh from a full heart.

They found the little wood and steered the team there. It was in the full sun, with very little snow. Flowers were blowing there, and the birds were very busy. Gunnar kissed Sigrid and saw her go on her errand.

As for her, she went on her way



rejoicing. She did what she could not remember to have done before—for she was by nature grave and silent: she sang snatches of little songs—at first with no words to them, but afterwards words came of themselves—names which she had had for Gunnar a long time stored in her heart, and others of the kind. After a few turns of the road she saw a group of men in a walled close, and went to them.

They said that they were expecting Frey and his wagon, fearing that the storm would have stayed him.

"Frey is quite well," she said, "but we have lost our wagoner, who was a Norwegian, and Frey's priest, also. He disappeared in the storm, and we suppose him perished in a drift."

"Better men than he have perished last night," said one of the men, "But who may you be, mistress?"

Sigrid said, "I am Frey's wife." And then they all knew her and saluted her with great respect.

"Frey sent me," said she, "to find a man of yours to lead his wagon into your village. Afterwards we must let him choose one who will continue with him on his rounds. It is not likely he will have a new man from every village. He would not be pleased with that."

They talked together, and then said they would all come gladly.

"Very good," she said. "You shall all bring us into the village. Now we will go back, for Frey is alone, and I don't know what he may do. He is very strange this morning, and I believe might be dangerous if he were vexed or in any way put out."

They struck off up the mountain, and when they came to the wagon in the birch wood there stood Frey with shining nostrils, very fierce, in the cart. He had drawn the curtains so that he might look out over the country. Sigrid called their attention to that.

"You see how it is with him," she said. "Now I tell you that when I left him those curtains were closely drawn."

One of the men said that a night out on the mountain in such a storm was enough to make anybody angry.

Gunnar stood up very regally while the men stood before him bare-headed. One man said a kind of prayer, deprecating his anger; but Frey took no notice of him.

Sigrid said, "Better get on as soon as may be. He will be hungry, and will do no work until he is satisfied."

She got up into the wagon and sat beside Frey, and put her hand within his arm. The men urged the oxen down the road, and so they came to the village.

As soon as Sigrid saw the course which was out to meet them she drew the curtains, and was immediately in Gunnar's arms. But then, after that, she had to learn what were his intentions.

He said, "I will have no blood-offerings at all. If they must slay oxen and sheep let it be for a good dinner. I will join them there and they shall be the better of it, as I shall be. But their offerings shall be gold or silver, or clothing if they wish to serve me. Eggs, too, I will take, or cheese, or milk, or bread. Therefore, Sigrid, you must make them understand, and more than that, you must drive it into the head of the man you choose for priest that blood-sacrifices are an abomination to me."

She promised him that she would see to it all; and so they came into the village with the people flocking about them. When they had taken up their place and the oxen had been unyoked, fed and watered, Sigrid took the headmen apart and told them the mind of Frey. They were disappointed. They said that they had many victims whom they were anxious to dispose of, and not much

gold or silver at any rate, and none which they could spare. They hoped, therefore, that Frey would accept of the accustomed sacrifice, which was a great interest to the people.

Sigrid said, "I see how it is. You wish to glut yourself at Frey's charge, and to rid yourself of what you don't want, nor Frey, either. But Frey knows this better than you do, and is not to be deceived. You will find out very soon that I am right."

They said that he should have eggs, bread, cheese and milk, and went away very discontented.

The hour of the sacrifice was now at hand. Trestles and boards were laid before the wagon to hold up the altar and to make degrees of approach to it. Then when songs had been sung and prayers offered, Sigrid drew the curtains apart and revealed Frey to them.

They brought baskets of bread, cheeses in the round, milk and eggs. With a bearer of eggs Frey worked his first miracle.

A certain man came up with a basket full of eggs; there may have been two dozen of them. He knelt before Frey in his place in the row, waiting his turn. Gunner watching him, saw him fingering the eggs while he waited, turning them over, lifting one and weighing it in his hands. Presently he saw him take two from the basket and slip them in his pocket. When he put his hand to them again Frey brought his budded staff smartly down upon the back of it, and smashed it into his eggs. The man gave a yell, and fell down upon his face. All the rest shrank away in consternation, and there was great commotion down below. The man, sobbing and blubbering, drew out of his pocket the stolen eggs. Never had been such a miracle as this within the memory

of man. The immediate effect of it was to bring out treasure to the shrine. Women brought their marriage crowns, men their rings and armlets. Fine cloth was offered, and stuff embroidered with silk and gold. In the evening there was a feast, to which Frey himself came, and to their wonder and satisfaction ate and drank with the best. He said little; but he listened, and nodded his head when he was pleased, or knit his brows when he was angry. Next day he was drawn in his wagon to their closes and fields, and blessed them all very graciously. He gave them to understand through his wife that by banking up a torrent they could easily turn it and make a head of water enough to keep them green all the summer through. Another thing he told them was how to make conduit pipes of the split trunks of trees, hollowed out. All these things were wonderful, and carried the name and fame of Frey before him. The offerings poured into his treasury; he was rich, and had no more trouble with blood-sacrifices. By the end of the sowing season, Frey was so rich that the wagon would scarcely hold him, his wife and the treasure.

He talked to Sigrid about it, and said, "Sweetheart, I am thinking that we should do well to have a body-guard before we get into our own country."

Sigrid, who was sitting on his knee at the time, said that no one would dare to attack Frey; but Gunnar nodded his head.

"Fame is a strange thing," he told her; "it takes the guise that is most in men's fancy. Now, for one man who has heard report of our miracles, there will be twenty who know that we have a full treasury. I am minded to have a guard before we cross the river and come into the parts where we are known best. And do you know what I am thinking is go-

ing to be the crown of Frey's achievements?"

She said, wonderingly, "No." Then Gunnar kissed her.

### XVIII

IN Norway under King Olaf Trygvasson, affairs were prospering all this while. The king had settled his kingdom into his own ways, and being of a restless and acquisitive mind, he was already thinking how he could better himself. He had thought more than once of Iceland as a heathen country stocked with fine people well worth the pains of conversion.

"To drive them to the water may cost me five hundred lives," he said, "but you may take that as a sowing of which the harvest will be a thousandfold. Christ will win souls and I a new realm." The more he thought of it the more he desired to do it.

Then there came strange news out of Sweden, of painful interest to King Olaf. He heard of mighty stirrings of the pagan people out there, of miracles wrought by their chief God, Frey, which overcast any which his own priests could do. What struck him most in these accounts was that the manner of devotion had been changed. Frey, he was assured, was milder-mannered, and would have nothing to do with human sacrifice. More than that, blood-offerings of all sorts were utterly done away with. The king could not understand it, and talked it over with the lords of his council.

"It looks to me," he said, "as if Frey were halfway to being a Christian. Not only will he have no bloodshed, but all his works are those of mercy. He heals the sick, comforts the fatherless, gives sight to the blind, sets captives free! There is

something in all this which I cannot fathom. But let me tell you that the baptism of a heathen God would be a thing to root the true faith in the rock, as it should be. Then it would stand fast forever."

Some said one thing, and some another. But Sigurd Helming looked down at his finger-nails with his brows drawn up very high, and said nothing at all.

He was so pointedly silent that the king observed it. "Well," he asked him, "and what are you thinking to see in your finger-nails?"

Sigurd held up the forefinger of one hand. "There is a white fleck in this one," he said, "which warns me of a stranger in Sweden."

"Well," said King Olaf, "and that is true to report. What next?"

"Sir," said Sigurd, "a stranger, to my knowledge, went into Sweden a year ago, and has not been heard of as coming out again. That was my brother Gunnar, who went for a good reason."

The king frowned. "You did no service to this country when you warned him of my anger."

"Sir," Sigurd said, "I know that. But I was very sure then that he had no part in Halward's slaughter, and I believe that you had an inkling of how the case stood. Otherwise you had not kept me on your council, but had expelled me the realm."

"Well," said the king, "what I have heard since has softened my resentment; but I know nothing. What makes you see the mind of Gunnar in these heathen doings?"

"The knowledge I have of his mind," said Sigurd. "He is a merry man and a mild-mannered man until he is vexed. Now, he never would sacrifice beasts to the Gods in the old days when the Gods required it. And he always said that it was better to kill a man outright than to keep him in chains or darkness. These are

two reasons. Lastly, if it is true that Frey had a woman for his wife, I believe that Gunnar has her now, and that the next miracle of Frey's we hear about will be that she is to give him a child."

The king took hold of his chin under his beard, and considered. Then he said, "Sigurd, do you go into Sweden and witness some of the doings of Frey. If you are right in what you suspect—and I think that you are—you will see Gunnar, and maybe he will tell you the truth of the matter. It is an old story by now, but I don't say that I shall not have a word with the slayer of Halward hereafter if I happen to meet with him."

Sigurd said that he would gladly go to Sweden. It was settled that he should set out in the summer when the passes were open, and Frey at home again.

## XIX

SIGURD said that he should go to Sweden by sea, as that was the quicker way for one who did not know the land ways. He had a ship fitted out, and was often down on the hard, either going to his ship or coming from it.

One day he saw, or thought he saw, Gunnar sitting there in the sun. It was a man of about his size in a cloak which he had been fond of wearing; a faded red cloak with a hood to which stuck out in a bunch upon his shoulders. After a good look at him he knew that it could not be Gunnar, but was still curious about the cloak. He went up to the man until he could touch him, and then did touch him by lifting up the hem of the cloak to see if the braid was like that of Gunnar's. It was the very same.

"Good-day to you," Sigurd said, and the man, seeing a lord beside

him, rose up and saluted him. He looked like a fisherman or seafarer.

"I was interested in your cloak," Sigurd said. "I think my brother Gunnar will have given it you. But he left the country more than a twelvemonth ago, and I see that you have worn it hard."

The man laughed. "Not so hard, then," he said, "seeing I have not had it in my hands more than a few days, and this is but the second time I have worn it."

"From whom did you receive it? I must needs know, for a good deal hangs upon what you tell me."

The man stared, and then looked rather sullen. "It is fairly mine," he said, "as a thing is that comes from the bottom of the sea."

Now it was Sigurd who stared. "You fished it up from the sea-bed?"

"It came up with my anchor six nights ago or seven."

"Where were you moored?"

He pointed out to sea. "I was lying just off the Ness, having been out with the nets. But the wind shifted at sunset, and I was not hurried, so stayed there snug enough till morning. It is a soft bottom there. In the morning I shipped my anchor, and up comes this cloak with a great stone in the hood of it. It had been cast there by somebody who wanted it to stay there, but you see things went awry with him."

"They did so," said Sigurd. "Now I will give you three crowns for the cloak as it stands."

"If you do that you do a foolish thing," said the man, "but it is not for me to stop you."

"It's not so foolish as you suppose," Sigurd answered. He paid over his money, and went away with the cloak.

"I take you with me to find your master," he said to it, very well satisfied with his morning's work.

He made a good journey in his



ship, coasted the land of Sweden and ran up a long way into the land. He arrived there towards the middle of the summer, and made inquiries of the whereabouts of the woodland Frey. Hereabouts, they told him, he was not worshiped, though great tales were told of him which had shaken many, and moved some to go into the forest country to judge for themselves. They gave him certain information where that country was. He was to follow the course of the river up into the land. When it ran finer he would come to a good ford. On the west of that lay the country of the woodland Frey.

Sigurd set off on horseback with a good retinue, and made long journeys. In about ten days or a fortnight the river began to run brokenly; in a day more he should be at the ford. So it proved. The country ran flat in a broad valley, on the west of which, climbing gradually to the mountains, so far as the eye could see, there was forest.

They kept a lookout for the ford, and presently a man of theirs, riding in front, stopped, looked earnestly, and then held up his hand with a spear in it. They came up with him.

"What is it you see?" Sigurd asked him.

"I see the ford," he said, "and I see also men fighting about it. And it seems to me that twenty are attacking a few."

Sigurd was looking as they all were. "What are those white animals I see on this bank?"

"They are oxen," said the lookout man.

"I see also a great wagon they have behind them. And I believe that Frey is in the wagon. What I marvel at is that he should be there at all and not among the fighters."

"Would Frey fight men?" he was asked.

"If he is what I believe him," said

Sigurd, "he would gladly fight men."

They rode on cautiously, taking what cover they could, and came up within a bowshot of the fight. Then they saw that there were eight men against the twenty, of whom some were fallen into the river, and some fell even as they looked. Nevertheless, the greater party was prevailing. They had pushed back the eight to the close neighborhood of the wagon, and it looked as if it would go hard with them. Frey, they could see, stood fixedly in the front of the cart with his crown on his head, and his cone and rod in his hands. Sigurd wondered at him, and could not think it was Gunnar.

But even while he thought, he saw Frey drop his cone and reach stealthily behind him. He found what he wanted and held it behind his back, staring all the while fixedly in front.

Then all of a sudden Frey roared aloud, making a terrible booming noise, and leaped from the cart into the midst of the fight. Sigurd now saw that he had in his right hand an axe, and remarked with pleasure how doughtily he laid about him with it, and how men fell before him. Frey kept up his roaring, which was like the noise of a great buzzing windmill, and seemed to paralyze his enemies, who gave back in confusion until they were at the water's edge.

"Now is our time," said Sigurd, and gave the order to set on.

So they did, with spears, and completed the rout. All the remnant of the assailants was slain. Then Sigurd turned him to Frey.

"This is the last of your miracles, brother," he said, "or the last but one. You had no need of us."

Gunnar turned upon him in wonderment. "Ah, it is you, Sigurd! I cry you hail!" Then they shook hands and embraced each other with great joy.

Gunnar told Sigurd that he had

had suspicions of some such thing, "since the people on this side of the river have no love for Frey," and knew what a treasure he had in his wagon. He had prepared himself beforehand with a tolerable company; but the marauders were in greater force than he had thought for. "So it was needful for Frey himself to make an example of them."

Then Sigurd asked to be shown the treasure; "and they tell me, Gunnar, that you have more than gold and silver with you."

"So I have," said Gunnar, "as you shall see."

He called Sigrid, who then came down from the cart and greeted Sigurd with gravity and timidity mingled. She stood very close to Gunnar all the time. Sigurd approved highly of her, and said, "I see that the crowning wonder of Frey's life on earth is to be accomplished in her." This he said to Gunnar when they were alone, and Gunnar did not deny it.

When they had eaten, drunken and rested themselves, Gunnar desired to know what had brought his brother adventuring into these wilds. Sigurd said, Well! He had heard rumors of Frey's doings which put him in mind of Gunnar. These had been spoken of in the king's council, and authority given to him to go out and satisfy himself.

"And I may tell you," he continued, "that King Olaf's anger with you is over, and that you need not fear the sight of a tree any more. But we will talk about that another time. Let me see this fine treasure of yours which your magic has drawn from the Swedes."

Gunnar said, "I don't know that there was much magic about it. I gave them what they wanted, they gave me what I wanted. It seems a fair barter. And let me tell you, it

is no light matter for me to be silent when men are feasting; and to fill up your nostrils with red paint every morning—that is worth its price also."

"But you had a pretty wife to talk with," said Sigurd.

"To be sure I had," Gunnar replied, "and a great to-do before I had her."

Sigrid brought out the treasure to show to Sigurd. He was amazed.

"I had not believed there was so much gold and silver in Sweden," he said. Then he saw the cloths, the tissues of silk and linen, and the raiment. By-and-by he turned over the green and brown cloak which Gunnar had brought with him from Drontheim. "Here is a notable cloak," he said, "the like of which I have seen before."

"Have you, though?" said Gunnar, and laughed. "That is Frey's own cloak, which I vowed to him when I took service under him, and long before I made palings of him."

Sigurd said, "Wait a little. I think I can match it." He went away to his company and came back with Gunnar's red-hooded cloak in his hands. "Here," he said, "is a fellow to it, somewhat tousled and time-worn. Do you know it?"

Gunnar handled it with affection. "That is an old friend which I never thought to see again," he said. "The last time I saw it, it was on the back of a dirty rascal."

Sigurd told him the tale of its recovery, and how a great stone had come up in the hood of it. Gunnar said:

"I see it—but I saw it all at the time."

"I did not," said Sigurd, "but now I do. I shall keep both of these cloaks by your leave," he said. "King Olaf requires to be convinced."

Gunnar said that he was ready to go back with his brother the way he

had come, but that he would send Frey's wagon home across the ford.

"If they need a new Frey," he said, "they will make one for themselves."

"There's a new Frey on the road," said Sigurd, "who would give them great satisfaction," but Gunnar said that he had had enough godship.

So they returned along the river road, and Sigrid had her first sight of the sea, and a taste of its quality when she was upon it. She disliked it excessively, but Gunnar was very kind to her, as he always was.

## XX

**G**UNNAR found himself rich with all his Swedish treasure, and bought land in a dale of Drontheim, and set to work building a fine house. About Christmas time Sigrid gave birth to a son, which was a great affair. But before any of these things happened to him he had to see King Olaf, who received him with a wry smile.

"So you are not only contumacious, but inveterate in sin," he said, but Gunnar could see that he wasn't angry. "You not only deny my God, but set yourself up as His rival. And now you are in my hands, what am I to do?"

"Sir," said Gunnar, "it is rather true that the only way I had of escaping your rope was to run among the heathen. As for my godhead, that in a sense was forced upon me. I would have you remark that I slew a God before I became one myself."

"You slew a God and took his wife," said the king. "I should like to see Frey's wife. You shall bring her to me, if you please. I have many questions to put to her."

So Sigrid was brought to King Olaf, who questioned her alone. But he found it one thing to question, and another thing to get answered.

As for her origin, she was quite willing to repeat all that she had told to Gunnar early in her acquaintance with him. King Olaf knew her country, and the city of Prag, from which it seemed she had come, very well. Then he wanted to know about her marriage with Frey, and she became dumb. How long was it before she knew that Frey was nought? No answer. What sort of communication had part between her and Frey? No answer. Was Frey kind to her? Did he beat her? Was it his eyes which dominated her? No answers.

Lastly, he said this, "Have you told Gunnar everything that there is to tell?"

To that she answered, "Yes," and her eyes were unclouded and not afraid of the king's.

"Well!" said Olaf; and that was all there was to say about it.

The king told Gunnar that he was not married at all, to which Gunnar answered, "Ho, am I not?" But he went on to say that he had vowed himself to Christianity on the night of his marriage, and that he and Sigrid were very ready to accomplish the vow. The king agreed to it; so the pair of them went into the water with the Bishop of Drontheim, and were afterwards married again by the laws of Christendom and Holy Church.

Men sat still then for the winter, and in the spring King Olaf gathered his hosts and fitted out his long ships for work in Iceland. Gunnar excused himself, saying that he was busy with his new house and his child; but he spoke more freely to Sigurd.

"I know one thing which you intend doing over there," he said, "and I will have no share in it myself. I owe no grudge to Ogmund Dint, though it was a dirty trick he played me for his own beastly ends. But I got Sigrid out of the adventure and

everything I possess, and that's enough for me."

"Plenty," said Sigurd, "and I am with you, and should do the same if I were in your place. But the king won't have slayings done in Norway unavenged. He is very bitter against Ogmund, and I fancy it will go hard with him."

"I don't doubt that," said Gunnar. "King Olaf is a hard nut to crack."

The expedition sailed, and sailed North. The landing was made in Shaw Firth, where Ogmund's father Raven was a great man. But Ogmund himself was not there. Wigfus, who was in the host, told the king where he would be found, and when matters had been settled in the North, the fleet sailed about to the East of Iceland, and made a new landing, not far from Thwartwater.

Ogmund was one of the first of the chieftains in those parts to submit himself to King Olaf's baptism.

The king received him coldly and put him on one side,

"I will consider of it," he said, "but first I wish to see old Battle Glum, who is a man after my own heart."

Battle Glum was brought before him, and refused to have anything to do with Christianity. "I am an old man now," he said, "looking out for my end. It is late for me to change my opinions. That is the God I worship, and in that faith I will die. It matters very little to me whether I die at your hands, or in my bed. I have settled all my affairs. Wigfus will take Thartwater after me. He is young and can follow what Gods he pleases. So also can Ogmund, my foster son."

"Wigfus, your son," said the king, "is a Christian already; but Ogmund your foster son is not. He is here at hand, and I will have him in before you that you may know something about him before you die."

Ogmund was brought in, and Sigurd also was present. Sigurd said, "The last time you were in Drontheim you left something behind you which I desire to give back. But there is some doubt left as to which of two things is yours, and I would have you settle it, Ogmund."

Ogmund said that he would do so with pleasure.

Then Sigurd said, "You left a dead man lying in his blood, and a cloak."

Ogmund Dint said that he left no cloak, "and as for the man, I slew him fairly."

Sigurd said, "You left two cloaks, one in the water with a great stone in it, and one on the back of my brother Gunnar. Here they are. Which do you say is yours?"

Ogmund was very troubled. He touched the fine cloak. "I say that that is mine."

"You lie, Ogmund," said Sigurd. "That was in Gunnar's keeping. He gave it to me."

Then Ogmund was for justifying himself to the king; but King Olaf told the story at length to Battle Glum. Glum listened to it, and said little.

"Thrall's blood will show itself," he remarked, finally. "I expected something of the kind." Then he turned to King Olaf, and said, "Do you propose to have this man baptized?"

The king said, "I do."

Then Battle Glum said, "And do you ask me to be of the same religion?" The king told him he could do as he pleased.

"You are a credit to any religion," he told him.

Ogmund Dint asked vehemently for baptism.

"You shall have it," said King Olaf. "You shall be baptized first and hanged afterwards, lest your punishment be eternal as well as temporal."

Which was done.



# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

*How the soul of an artist grappled with the corresponding member of a soap manufacturer—and of the sparks that flew from the mixed metaphor*

*By*

DANA BURNET

SHE lost her job at four o'clock of a blistering summer day. It was the only job that she had ever possessed, but with the thermometer at 90 she was almost happy to be rid of it and its attendant evils,—the chattering typewriter, the hard, low chair under the artificial light, the shorthand hieroglyphics, the smell of John Hooge's smoldering cigar. Of course, she was not completely happy because she was alone in a great city—which is melodrama if you have never tried it. If you have, you know that it is straight tragedy.

Her name was Elizabeth Lynne, which is quite ridiculous for a stenographer. Stenographers should be named Mabel or nothing, with the last name preferably Jones.

Miss Lynne had other handicaps. To mention the first of them, she was extraordinarily pretty. There were lights in her hair that should have belonged to some Princess of the Blood—the poor, dear Princesses are so exceedingly plain!—and her eyes had a trick of changing color suddenly, like an April heaven. Her voice, too, was clear and sweet and unspoiled by the Manhattan *patois*. She did not use the words "swell" and "grand" except in their primordial sense, from which you will deduce that she was a Balkan Countess in disguise, and not a stenographer at all. But alas, for romance! She was precisely what I have stated her to be.

She had come out of the West a year before, with an aged Aunt and just enough money for a brief course in a Commercial College. The Aunt had died and the money had vanished, both with startling abruptness. Miss Lynne, armed with a little learning (which is a dangerous thing), and trembling violently, walked into the private office of a man who owned a soap factory and asked to be entered upon the payroll as a competent stenographer.

The man, a large, flabby, business-like personage, with the stump of a smoldering cigar between his lips, glanced up from his flat-topped mahogany desk as she entered the room, noted the trim cut of her suit, the propriety of her hat and the sobriety of her boots and said that he was not interested in the relief of the Belgians. Nor, added the large man, did he care to contribute to Fresh Air Funds, nor was he concerned about Suffrage.

"If you please," said Elizabeth, which was not what she had planned to say, "I would like a job as stenographer."

The large man said that he would be damned, as doubtless he will be. Then he looked at Elizabeth, coldly, deliberately, with a calculating stare that brought confusion to her mind. All that she could think of was percentages, and profits, and overhead charges, and double-entry book-keeping, and bloodless epistles begin-

ning: "Dear Sir, Yours of the 15th inst. received," and hopeless young people beseeching employment at the shrine of some evil-smelling cigar. . . .

"You may report to-morrow at eight," said the man who owned the soap factory.

"But you haven't asked me any questions!" cried Elizabeth.

The man chewed his cigar.

"I can tell by lookin' 'em over," said he. "To-morrow at eight."

So she had gone to work for John Hooge and Co., High Grade Soaps and Toilette Preparations, and had held her position, despite professional shortcomings, for six weary and friendless eternities (called months by a lying calendar). Then, upon a boiling hot day, with the thermometer at 90 and her courage at zero, Miss Lynne had lost her job.

Let me assure my young and tender readers (and their ever-watchful guardians) that the scene in John Hooge's office which ended in Miss Lynne's dismissal is the only indelicate point in this story. The rest of it is upon an exalted plane, which will both uplift and improve the minds that traverse it. But life, alas, is so often fraught with indelicacies, and the poor author has only life to draw upon, unless he thrust his fingers into the crevices of Mr. O. Henry's ubiquitous garment, where are plots as good as life, if not better. . . .

John Hooge was an excessively wealthy man, and that, of course, was very bad for him. Moreover, he was a business man, body and soul; and that was even worse for him. Mr. Hooge had got his place in the world by the strict application of mercantile principles to life. He had bought what he wanted, and had considered himself absolute master of what he bought. The people in his employ were his, because he hired

them. He had got his wife, not by open purchase indeed, but by pecuniary suggestion. And then he had endowed her with a staggering domestic establishment, dressed her out like a peacock, and told her to go ahead and—advertise. She was his, because he paid her earthly keep.

So when he happened to want poor Elizabeth Lynne, as he did at the end of six months, he saw no reason for taking other tactics with her than those upon which his whole success had been founded. He made her what he termed a "proposition"—an apartment in upper Park Avenue and a thousand a month, with an extra allowance for her motor—and ended by saying that she must look at these things in a practical way. Business was business, said Mr. Hooge, meaning that life was a matter of dollars and cents.

But poor Elizabeth, who wanted only to be happy in the world, did not look at those things in a practical way. She put on her one and only hat with shaking hands, and then, from sheer hysteria, or temper, or the heat, or all three, she slapped Mr. Hooge's puffy face with both hands and literally ran out of the soap factory.

Which is the beginning of our story.

Ten cents is not a great sum under the most auspicious circumstances. When it comprises one's entire fortune, it shrinks to infinitesimal proportions. It becomes contemptible, mean, mocking.

Miss Lynne stood upon the blistering hem of a blistering downtown street and gazed almost tearfully at her last dime. It presented a problem greater than the problems of the fictitious young men who must squander a million dollars in five minutes to inherit more millions. She realized that she should spend this dime in the cleverest way possible, spend

it in such a way, indeed, that other dimes should come of it, and dollars from those dimes, and half eagles from the dollars and eagles from the half eagles, and so on—

"Oh!" gasped Elizabeth.

The problematical dime had slipped from her fingers and was now engaged in rolling briskly toward an open sewer. Elizabeth, faint and sick, watched it with fascinated eyes. But even as she watched, she considered that now of all times was the moment for some dashing hero to snatch up the dime and enter her life for better or worse, the runaway bit of silver in his outstretched palm. She had actually got as far as having The Ring made of that same bit of silver, when a negro newsboy picked up the dime, handed it to her, grinned widely and fled away through the traffic, shrieking his wares. . . .

With a sob Elizabeth turned and walked grimly toward—a sodawater fountain. There, clutching her fortune, she ordered a five-cent soda and consumed it slowly, recklessly. . . . Three minutes later she was clutching a strap in an uptown subway train. Never was dime so casually, so prosaically spent! Never was young woman so desperate as Miss Elizabeth!

At Astor Place she left the closed oven of the subway for the open oven of the streets, heading toward Sixth Avenue and her boarding-house. Her head ached and her feet dragged like lead. She seemed to be walking through continual mists, hot and stifling.

Then suddenly she found herself staring in at a dingy shop window filled with trinkets blatantly personal, pathetically deserted. Beyond the glitter of the trinkets, in the dusk of the shop, she saw a small, bald man leering at her and twisting his hands. . . . She drew a deep breath and

stepped quickly through the door.

"What will you give me for this?"

A finger ring, set with a single diamond, fell tinkling upon the glass counter. The bald man bent over it with hawk-like intentness.

"You want a loan on it?"

"Yes."

He held it up to the light, turning it this way and that, studying it with his little hawk's eyes. Then he looked hard at Miss Elizabeth, and smiled commiseratingly.

"It iss nodt a good stone. You know that?"

"Oh, I'm sure it must be. It belonged to—It is worth two hundred dollars. My Aunt told me that before—"

"She vas cheated. That iss too bad—to cheat a lady. I will let you have fifty dollars on the ring."

"Can't you give me a hundred?" pleaded poor Elizabeth, who had intended to ask for a hundred and fifty.

"I would do anything for a lady. But business is business. Fifty dollars. Vat you say? Yes?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, dully.

In the musty, naked hallway of her boarding-house Elizabeth paused and glanced mechanically through the heap of letters lying loosely upon the decrepit stand against the wall. There was no mail for her (there never was), but the shuffled white pile had always fascinated her. Now, as she ran through it, she came upon a long, thin envelope addressed to one Richard Drake, Esq. Richard Drake, she knew, inhabited the rambling studio known as Top Floor Front. Elizabeth herself was Top Floor Back. She did not enjoy the friendship or even the acquaintance of Mr. Drake. He was rather a dour individual, with untidy clothes, who spent his life daubing at canvases behind a closed door. But she picked up the envelope as she faced the

stairs. It was a daring thing, for Elizabeth; nor did she analyze the motives which prompted her to do it. She was in such need of kindness, of small favors herself, that this act, which was undoubtedly meddling, seemed to her to be quite natural and even obligatory. We humans invariably give what we ourselves desire. . . .

She began to creep up the interminable stairs. At the end of the third flight it occurred to her that she was about to faint. She saw herself lying spread over the steps, a man's letter clutched in her fingers, her face a white blot in the gloom. Terror shook her. She thrust the letter into her waist and clung to the railing, pulling herself upward with her hands.

At the top step she stopped short, and screamed. A man lay in the little hall . . . his arms flung wide, his face a dull blur against the dark, bare floor, absurdly like the picture she had just imagined of herself. She thought that he was dead, and ran into her own room for Eau de Cologne, which was not logical.

Returning, she knelt beside him and bathed his face with the virulent liquid. There were paint daubs on his shirt and even more paint on his trousers. It was her taciturn neighbor, Richard Drake. She wondered if there would be persons to care that he was dead, and was trying to find voice to scream again, when the man sat up and said:

"You are putting out my eyes."

Then Elizabeth laughed; laughed and sobbed and rocked herself to and fro upon the floor. The man sat crumpled against the wall, his head on his knees. He did not seem to notice her. So finally she stopped laughing and began to pat her hair into place, which is the prelude to feminine sanity. She had not realized that this queer neighbor of hers

was so young. He could not have been more than twenty-eight. Elizabeth herself was twenty-five.

"Are you better now?"

He lifted his head with a dazed, half-angry look.

"I'm—all right. Sorry I made such an ass of myself. Never did that before—"

"Do you want a doctor?"

"Certainly not. I've been working too hard . . . and the heat . . ."

"I know. I was going to do it myself—faint, I mean—and then I stumbled across you—"

She rose from the floor and extended her hand to him.

"Let me help you to your room."

The young man got painfully to his feet. He was tall and gaunt, with a square, heavy chin and grim lips. There were bitter lines in his face.

"The truth is—I've been deserted by the ravens. They forgot—to bring me—any luncheon—"

"You should *never* go without food this hot weather! Put your arm across my shoulders. . . . There!"

"Good Samaritans—are still plentiful, I see. What a fool I am!" This as he stumbled against her.

"Is there a place where you can lie down?"

"The couch—if you'll throw the rubbish off—"

He sank down on the untidy lounge, doubling up suddenly like a mechanical toy. Elizabeth thrust a painting coat beneath his head, and, turning, ran out of the room. She was back in an instant with a box of crackers and a bottle of milk.

"I always keep something for emergencies." (It was to have been her dinner.) "Can you sit up?"

"I can—but I won't. Do you think I'm going to rob you?"

"Please don't be silly. You can pay me back to-morrow."

"That's the joke—the ghastly



joke. I can't pay anybody—for anything."

Elizabeth stamped her foot. Angry tears glistened in her eyes.

"What difference does it make? Do you always have to *pay* for things? Isn't there anything in the world but *business*?"

"Not much else," said the young man, with a bitter laugh.

"But there is something, isn't there? If there isn't, then I've made a great mistake. I gave up my job to-day because I didn't choose to be a—business woman. I'm not a New Yorker. I'm from the West, where the rules are—different."

She made her confession proudly, with flashing eyes. Richard Drake looked at her in grim silence. Then, abruptly, he sat up and took the crackers and milk from her hands.

"I'm from Ohio myself," he said.

Elizabeth sat down upon the edge of the couch and smiled at him so wistfully that he stopped eating and said:

"Let's abridge the rules of this God-forsaken prison, and be friends."

Elizabeth laughed, a trifle uncertainly, and held out her hand.

"I am Elizabeth Lynne," she said, "ex-stenographer. I am twenty-five years old, and have fifty dollars in my own name."

"You plutocrat!"

"It's a tremendous sum, for one person. I'll go halvers with you."

"Would you really?"

"I would—really!"

Richard Drake smiled, and shook his head.

"You're a brick! Of course I won't—Hello, what's wrong?"

Elizabeth sat clutching her waist, an expression of startled guilt upon her face.

"Your letter! I've forgotten to give it to you."

"My letter?"

"It was lying on the table down-

stairs, and I thought—I'd bring it up—and slip it under your door—"

"You *are* a brick. . . . By Jove, it's from Windermere. . . . He handles my canvases, you know. . . ."

Drake tore open the letter with assumed calm. But his fingers trembled. He glanced at the contents, then leaned back against the wall, and grinned weakly, and looked at Elizabeth, and made strange noises in his throat.

"What is it? Oh, do tell me?"

"I—I've just sold a picture for a thousand dollars!"

"A thousand dollars!"

"I—I can't realize it myself. I've never sold — anything — before — though I've always *known* my things were good."

"Who bought it?"

"Some discerning Unknown. Windermere doesn't say."

"It was probably a woman. Women are much cleverer than men about such things."

He laughed, and gazed at Elizabeth with dazzled eyes. The bitterness had vanished miraculously from his face. He seemed almost gay.

"Have you that fifty dollars with you, Miss Lynne?"

"Of course. You don't think I'd trust it to a *bank*."

"Please give it to me."

Smiling, she placed the soiled green bills in his hand. Richard rose from the couch, and standing before her bowed unsteadily.

"Miss Elizabeth Lynne from the West," he said, "will you go on a party with me to-night?"

IT was a very exalted Miss Elizabeth who stood, an hour later, peering into the cracked mirror of her cell-like room. From the bottom of her trunk she had unearthed a dark blue dress so simple that it quite escaped the pitfalls set for it by a cruel changing fashion.

"It's so old," said Elizabeth, "that it's almost in style again."

She turned slowly before the mirror, surveying herself with naïve approval. From the tips of her well-polished shoes to the crown of her one and only hat she was a transformed and radiant being. Her fatigue had disappeared. Her face was touched with color, her eyes smiled with a reckless happiness. She was so lovely, indeed, that Richard Drake, meeting her in the hall, stopped and said:

"By Jove! You're stunning!"

"Hadn't you noticed it before? Never mind. You're looking rather gorgeous yourself."

"Found these duds under the couch. Do they dazzle you?"

Elizabeth glanced with exaggerated admiration at her companion's slightly wrinkled, but still jaunty, dinner coat, his expanse of white shirt front, his badly arranged bow tie.

"Can't you see?"

Mr. Drake looked into Miss Elizabeth's eyes, and then looked hastily away again. He, too, had experienced a remarkable recovery from fatigue, a recovery not altogether due to crackers and milk. . . .

They descended the stairs, aware of doors opening noiselessly in their wake, of whispers roused by their passing. The boarding-house was a-flutter with the news. Top Floor Front (who had always been thought a recluse) was taking Top Floor Back out to dine! Those boarders who rejoiced in front windows thrust out their heads and observed a taxicab chugging richly at the curb. They saw Top Floor Front cross the sidewalk with a proprietary stride and open the door for Top Floor Back, who hesitated for a breathless moment, then hurriedly entered the chariot. Top Floor Front followed, the driver touched

his cap (to the deep gratification of the audience) and the vehicle bustled away, bearing with it the combined curiosities of the boarding-house.

"You shouldn't have done this," said Elizabeth, sinking into the faded cushions with a luxurious sigh. "That's why I enjoy it so."

"It pleased the boarding-house," said Mr. Drake, with a chuckle. The dour look had gone from his face. Glancing at him in the half-darkness of the cab, Elizabeth decided that he had nice features, though he was not handsome. His nose was straight, but a trifle too long; his forehead broad and high. She thought it was the chin that gave him his certain grim air; but now there was a whimsical droop to his lips that relieved him of all somberness.

The taxicab drew up before a florist's shop, and Mr. Drake leaped out, returning shortly with a corsage of summer flowers, sweet peas and lilies of the valley, bound in a lace of fern.

"Oh, Mr. Drake!"

That gentleman waved a lordly hand.

"It's to impress the headwaiter," said he.

"I know now how Cinderella felt. . . . Must we come home at twelve?"

"At twelve," said Richard, "we shall just be entering a gilded roof-garden, where they have electric beverages and iced fans. More headwaiters will grovel at our feet, and the orchestra will play divine melodies stolen from last year's divine melodies, which were stolen from the divine melodies of the year before, which were stolen from Richard Strauss. And I will ask you to dance, with fear and trembling, and you will say 'No,' that you prefer to watch the others—"

"I will say 'Yes,'" cried Elizabeth. "What else do we do?"

"Insatiable Westerner! We go home in a pumpkin shell."

Their chariot, with a complaining groan, drew up before a canopied entrance ruled by a liveried tyrant who contrived to scowl at the driver and smile at the guests with one and the same expression. Mr. Drake descended, paid his fare and escorted Elizabeth up a small flight of carpeted stairs to a glittering foyer, where a kingly headwaiter received them with cordial condescension. They traversed a room of clustered tables, whose occupants stared at them in the polite manner of the public cafés, and were ushered at last into a cushioned corner which combined the virtue of seclusion with the advantage of a complete observation point.

A pale waiter took Mr. Drake's order with an air of doing him a great favor. The orchestra expressed itself in a waltz. Delectable dishes arrived, to be followed by more dishes and a musty bottle in an ice-filled pail.

"Will it make your head swim?" asked Mr. Drake.

"If it does," said Elizabeth, "I shall send out for smelling salts. . . . Have you ever been a capitalist before?"

"Never!"

"What have you been, then?"

"A little of everything," said Mr. Drake.

"Tell me," suggested Elizabeth.

So Richard Drake put his arms on the cloth and told his next-door neighbor of the things that he had been. He told her of his home, and of his leaving it to conquer the earth; not an unusual story, as stories go. But Elizabeth thought it intensely interesting.

"Have you always wanted to be a painter?" she asked.

"Always," said Mr. Drake.

He told her a little of his struggles, and much of his aspirations, his dreams. He sketched for her his one great year in Paris, his winter in Spain, where he had found faces quite unspoiled. He told her of his return to America, of his struggles renewed, of his slow recognition by artists, of his utter rejection at the hands of the public.

"I would not paint to please," he said, simply. "So I did not sell. I have my own ideas about art, and they are very strong ideas. They may be wrong, though I do not think so; but they are right for me, because they are the standards I set myself to attain. I could have made money, I suppose, by painting glorified photographs of millionaire's wives. You would be surprised to know how much money a painter can make who does that. But for me it was—impossible. I have been a clerk, an errand boy, a school teacher, an insurance agent, a stoker on a ship, a night watchman in a bank, a newspaper correspondent, a tutor and a tramp, but I have never been a faithless artist . . . and I never will be. I made up my mind, long ago, that if I went down I would go down with my colors flying. The only decent way to live is by sticking to your standards, and it's the only decent way to die, too."

"I'm glad you said that," cried Elizabeth, leaning toward him, "I'm glad you said that. It's what I wanted to hear."

Mr. Drake looked at her keenly.

"You said something about losing your job to-day, because you didn't choose to be a business woman—"

Elizabeth nodded.

"I have standards, too. They are not as individual as yours, because they are only every woman's standards. I had never thought much about them, until this afternoon. I

had always thought that they would be taken for granted. But I found that there were people in the world who lived without standards of any sort except money. They have a phrase, 'Business is Business,' which covers the whole case for them. They make up their rules as they go along. . . . It isn't fair!"

"It's a curious survival of jungle law," said Richard. "Only more contemptible. For that, at least, involved a trial of strength, and this is pure barter and sale. . . . Who was your particular beast?"

"It wouldn't do any good to tell," said Elizabeth. "I'll never see him again, and somehow it doesn't seem fair to tell even his name."

"What a brick you are!"

"No, it's only that I see the necessity of being fair to everyone. Now tell me more about your work. What was the picture that you sold?"

"A girl's head. One of my best things, I think. Windermere said it would sell. But I never dreamed—"

"And you don't know who bought it?"

He shook his head.

"Pictures are often sold on that basis. My check will arrive to-morrow morning. That's the main thing. Here's to the discerning Unknown."

They drank together, and the gods smiled in their alabaster sleeves. And afterward they went to a theater, and saw a play of sorts, which they enjoyed because of the long intermission when they could talk. Elizabeth's future was planned and planned again. (Richard's was already assured.) She was to be private secretary to a kindly old gentleman of high ideals, who would pay her ten thousand a year to dispense his many charities. And Richard predicted that she would marry into the family, and have a country place where he could come and paint during the summer months.

They were interrupted in the construction of Richard's studio by a sniggering usher, who informed them that the play was over and apologized for having to close the theater. Blushing, they arose and repaired to Richard's roof-garden, which was all that he had claimed for it from the electric fans to the stolen Strauss. And Richard asked Elizabeth to dance, several times, which she did in spite of his professed ignorance of the art. They got along very creditably, too, and Richard found it a pleasurable matter to hold Miss Lynne in his arms, and said so bluntly, for which he was duly reproved.

"You have known me since five o'clock," said Elizabeth.

"It seems longer," sighed Richard.

They went home in their pumpkin shell at two of the summer morning, when the great Avenue lay empty under the stars and the street lamps marched in even rows to the end of the world. . . .

"It has been a beautiful night," said Elizabeth, softly. "And I am two whole hours richer than Cinderella."

"To-morrow, I suppose, you will sit in the ashes?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but I shan't mind. I am quite sure of myself now. . . . because I know that there is someone else who thinks it worth while to . . . stick to the rules."

Richard put out his hand and touched hers.

"It's the only thing that counts," he said.

THE next morning Elizabeth was awakened, not by the familiar jangle of an alarm clock, indeed, but by a loud and unfamiliar knocking. She rose, slipped on a dressing-gown, and opened the door a modest half-inch.



"Are you hungry?" said a masculine voice beyond the portal.

"I shall be soon," responded Elizabeth, with a sleepy laugh.

"Having borrowed your entire fortune, it occurred to me that I ought to invite you to breakfast."

"Thank you. I'll be dressed in ten minutes." There was a slight pause.

"I don't suppose," said the voice, doubtfully, "that you care for home cooking?"

"I prefer it."

"There's a kitchenette in the studio. . . . Will you come?"

"I'd love to, if you think Mrs. Tompkins won't be shocked." (Mrs. Tompkins was the *châtelaine* of the boarding-house, a creature of perennial sorrows, beloved by none.)

"She'll never know. I'll run down and get the raw materials. Hope you can cook. . . . I can't."

Elizabeth laughed again, and closed the door. The ten minutes which she had allotted herself for dressing proved sadly insufficient. But the results justified the additional expenditure of time. She emerged glowing from her room, an early morning Cinderella, who gave no hint of being about to sit among the ashes.

Richard was standing in his door, a white envelope in his hand, and this he waved as she came toward him across the little hall.

"My check has come," he said.

"May I look at it?"

"Not now. I'm going to save it till after breakfast. It would ruin my appetite. How long do you boil an egg?"

"It depends," said Elizabeth. She entered the disordered studio, which, contrary to the studios she had read about, did not have Persian scarfs flung gracefully over Japanese screens, nor crossed daggers on the wall. It looked like a work-shop, which it was. A pile of canvases lay

in one corner. A huge landscape, vivid and startling as a thing alive, hung upon the cracked gray wall. An easel stood in the center of the floor, as unbeautiful as a gallows. But the landscape dominated the room. Gazing at it Elizabeth felt that Mr. Drake's square chin must have played an important part in his painting. She looked at him now with a new understanding; saw him in the light of his work, which is always a revelation. And somehow she was glad and proud that he had stuck to his colors. They were colors worth sticking to, she decided.

"The water is boiling over," called Richard from the kitchenette. "Does that mean anything?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, hastening to his side. "Where are the eggs?"

"Here."

"Do you think that you could cut some bread?"

"I'll try. I used to be quite handy with tools."

"That's the back of the knife. Oh, do be careful!"

So the business of getting breakfast went forward quite merrily, with Elizabeth in full command and Richard boasting of his prowess in bringing the water to a boil. They ate every crumb of their precious repast (precious because Richard had employed the last penny of Elizabeth's fifty dollars to purchase the ingredients of it); and afterwards washed the dishes together, finding it a congenial task.

Then Richard, with a laugh and a dramatic flourish of his hand, tore open the white envelope and shook its contents into Elizabeth's lap.

"Where's the check?" asked Elizabeth.

Where, indeed, was the check? A letter had fallen from the envelope, to be sure, but no thin strip of paper with perforated edges came fluttering after it.

Richard's hand shook as he picked up the letter. He read it through, while Elizabeth sat in an agony of suspense. His face lost color, then reddened hotly. His eyes blazed.

"The unspeakable idiot!"

"What is it? What has happened?"

"Windermere says . . . he didn't know yesterday . . . the fool who wants to buy my picture . . . is some sort of a . . . business man. He wants me to alter it for—an advertisement."

"What!"

"An advertisement—for *toilette soaps*."

"I can't believe—oh, I'm so sorry for you, so sorry—"

"He had the nerve," said Richard, staring at the letter, "to suggest to Windermere that I paint the girl in the act of washing her hands with a cake of his infernal soap!"

"What will you do?"

"Do? I'll write Windermere such a letter that he'll come crawling downtown on his hands and knees to apologize. I'll find out who that fool is, and tell him a few things he ought to know! I'll make him eat his *toilette soap*! I'll—"

Suddenly Richard paused, with a queer choking gasp, and looked at Elizabeth.

"By Jove, I'd forgotten. . . . I owe you fifty dollars."

Elizabeth had risen from her chair, and now stood facing him.

"Have you no money at all?"

"Not a penny."

"You counted on selling the picture to pay me back?"

"Yes, of course. Windermere's letter—"

"You realize that the fifty dollars I loaned you was all that I had in the world?"

"I . . . realize it."

"I will tell you something else. I got that money by pawning the only

ring I ever owned. It was a ring that belonged to my dead aunt, and to my Mother before that—"

"Oh, good God," said Richard, dropping down by their breakfast table and burying his face in his hands.

"I am telling you this," Elizabeth went on, quietly, "so that you will know how important I think it is for a person to stick to his standards. . . . Is there pen and ink anywhere about?"

"I think so. Why?"

"Because I want you to write that letter to Windermere, and I want you to say just what you had planned to say, every word of it! And then I want you to find the *toilette soap* person, and tell him the things that he ought to know. And if you starve in this room, and if I starve across the hall, I want you to do it! I want you to go down with your colors flying. . . ."

"You little brick!"

He leaped up and caught her arms in a compelling grip.

"I'll do it on one condition."

"Well?"

"That you marry me?"

"Are you mad. . . . ? Let go my arms. Oh, please let me go. We've only known each other since yesterday. It couldn't happen so soon. . . . It *couldn't*! I only wanted to help you, because you had helped me . . . because I thought you were brave and fine. . . ."

He dropped his hands, ashamed, boy-like, of the storm that had swept him; but, man-like, in some way proud of the thing that he had said to her.

"I'm sorry. I'll write the letter. But I won't take back what I said. I love you, love you—"

"Oh," she cried, "how could you, in a day?"

He laughed at that.

"Men are born in an hour, and die

in a breath. Why shouldn't I love you in a day?"

"You don't know me. . . ."

"I know all I want to know. I have had my vision of you . . . Elizabeth!"

"No, no! I am not sure. Please don't touch me again."

"Very well. Until you are sure—"

"I cannot tell. It may be . . . never. It may be—"

She stopped. A heavy knock had sounded at the door. Now it came again, more insistently. Drake strode to the small alcove where he slept, and drew aside the curtain.

"It's probably old Tompkins," he said, "it might be better—if you don't mind—"

She nodded, and slipped into the tiny room. Drake went to the door and opened it. But the figure of old Tompkins did not greet his eye. A large man stood puffing upon the threshold, a flabby, prosperous-looking man with the stump of a cigar between his lips.

"You Mr. Drake the artist?"

"Yes."

"I've called to see you on a little matter of business."

"Come in, please."

The man followed his host into the studio, glanced about him with a slightly contemptuous smile, and extended his card.

"I guess Windermere didn't mention my name. I'm the man who bought your picture."

"What picture of mine have you bought?"

Richard's tone was quiet; so quiet that the large man entirely missed the warning note in it.

"Why, that red-headed girl. Didn't Windermere tell you it had been sold?"

"He wrote me this morning that someone had *tried* to buy it."

Again the man missed the note that should have warned

him of impending embarrassment.

"That's what I came to see you about. I thought you might kick up a fuss if he told you what I wanted done with it, so I came to see you pers'nally. When I do business with a man I do business with him direct. Here's your check for a thousand. I'll pay extra for the alterations."

Richard took the slip of paper from the man's hand, tore it across the middle, and returned it with a smile.

"Your education has been neglected," said Richard, "as well as your manners."

"Why, you—what d'you mean by—"

"I mean what I say. Your education has been neglected. You have probably been so busy making money—and toilette soap—that you don't know there is such a thing as art in the world."

"Sure I do, and I'm willin' to pay for it. I've been lookin' for a picture like yours, with that pale sort o' complexion, for years. I believe in buyin' the best—"

"And you have never found a thing you couldn't buy?"

"Never!"

"You must have had a beastly life," said Richard, pleasantly.

"I'm no saint, I guess. I know what money will do."

"The trouble is," said Richard, "that you don't know what money will *not* do."

"Every man has his price," said the visitor, with a sophisticated grin at the particular man he had come to buy.

"I am interested in your education," said Richard, "what do you think my price would be?"

The flabby man drew out his check book and a fountain pen.

"I knew you'd get down to brass tacks before long. You can't fool me in a business deal. Suppose we

say three thousand for the picture, including all changes?"

"You're a cheap sport, aren't you?"

"Five thousand?"

Richard laughed. The thing had begun to appeal to his sense of humor.

"Six?"

"No."

"Seven?"

"No."

"Look here. I want that picture—with alterations—and I'm goin' to have it. I'll give you a check for ten thousand dollars—"

"Shall I show you the way to the door? Or do you think you can find it alone?"

"Eh?"

"Get out of my studio. You aren't funny any more. You are an abominable boor, and an insult to the God who made you."

"See here, damn you—"

"Get out, or I'll kick you out, Mr.—Mr. Hooge."

"I won't go, you damned cub. I'll stay here till I've bought you, if it takes all day. I've never found a man I couldn't buy, nor a woman either—"

"You lie!"

At that sudden cry, both men wheeled. Elizabeth stood before the swaying curtains of the alcove, staring straight at the man who had come to purchase his fellow man. John Hooge fell back a step; then pointed a shaking finger at the girl.

"So it's you . . . again! You're at the bottom of this, are you?"

Blind rage shook him.

"I'll buy you both," he shouted, in a rasping treble. "Both of you, in a job lot. I'll buy—"

Then Richard sprang. His fist cracked against the distorted mouth. John Hooge stumbled back, striking out with both hands. Richard stood straight and cool, waiting for the brute rush that he knew would come. It came the next instant. With a roaring oath, Hooge hurled himself at the artist. Richard laughed, and stepped aside, driving his hands hard against that loose-hanging jaw. . . . John Hooge went down like a slaughtered ox.

Stooping swiftly, Richard caught the man beneath the arms and dragged his heaving bulk across the length of the studio, opened the door and cast it like so much carrion into the outer hall.

Elizabeth heard the door close again. Then, before the chaos of her mind had cleared, Richard was coming through the room. . . . Behind him she saw the startling landscape, big and vivid and beautiful, and it seemed that he came toward her from the very heart of it, a naked man. . . . As he had had his vision of her, so now she had her vision of him. The mists of ten thousand years fell away. She was the Woman in the Garden, and he the Man, naked and unashamed. . . .

"I am sure now." The words were no more than a breath on her lips.

He stood before her; calm, strong, contained.

"Life is not certain for a man . . . without things. There may be no place in it for you and me. We may not survive—"

She put out her hands to him, with a cry.

"I am not afraid!"





# JAPAN'S PROGRESS— MYTH OR MARVEL?

A People plunged full-grown into Civilization—The Struggle  
for National Greatness and what it costs—The  
Social Climber among Nations.

BY CARL CROW

Author of "Japan's Great Illusion"

*[Time and again we have exclaimed over the advances made by Japan in the last fifty years; we have thought that her progress overshadowed that of all other peoples. In this article Mr. Crow examines the substance of this legend showing in what this progress consists and—more important—what and how great its cost has been both economically and socially. His findings are significant and surprising.—EDITOR.]*

SO much has been written about the wonders of Japan's progress and the miracle of her modernization that one can hope to say little about it that has not already been said. The story of how this secluded nation of Asiatics was awakened by the appearance of Commodore Perry's fleet, set in to remake herself after the European pattern, and has succeeded so well that she is now able to compete successfully with her teachers is, as it is usually told, a narrative which lacks only the presence of an Aladdin and a wonderful lamp to make it plausible. Each new writer has found it more wonderful than the last. Each has added something to a tale already pleasing until we finally have a story so fascinating that it has convinced the Japanese themselves, and they have told it over and over again with embellishments of their own. To the average person, who has not studied the details of Japan's progress, compared it to the progress of other countries, and inquired into the means of accomplishment, the story is one of almost superhuman achievement which proves the Japanese to be a superior people and makes their competition

a menace which may well fill the Westerner with terror.

Captain Brinkley has summed up Japan's achievements as follows:

"When an American squadron arrived to break down her isolation, she did not possess even the beginnings of a national fleet or a national army; of an ocean-going mercantile marine; of a telegraph or postal system; of a newspaper press; of enlightened codes; of a trained judiciary, or of properly organized tribunals of justice; she knew nothing of occidental sciences and philosophies; was a complete stranger to international law and the usages of diplomacy; had no conception of parliamentary institutions or popular representation; and was divided into a number of feudal principalities, each virtually independent of the other, and all alike untutored in the spirit of nationality or imperialism. In thirty years these conditions were absolutely metamorphosed. Feudalism had been abolished; the whole country united under one administration; the polity of the state placed on a constitutional basis; the people admitted to a share in the government under representative institutions; an absorbing sentiment of patriotism substituted for the narrow loyalties of fiefs; the country intersected with telegraphs and railways, and its remotest region brought within the circuit of an excellent postal system; the flag of the nation carried to distant countries by a large mercantile marine; a powerful fleet organized, manned by expert seamen, and proved to be as capable of fighting scientifically as of navigating the high seas with marked immunity from mishap; the method of conscription applied to raising a large military force,

provided with the best modern weapons and trained according to western tactics; the laws recast on the most advanced principles of Occidental jurisprudence and embodied in exhaustive codes; provision made for the administration of justice by well equipped tribunals and an educated judiciary; an extensive system of national education inaugurated, with universities turning out students capable of original research in the sciences and philosophies of the west; the state represented at foreign courts by competent diplomatists; the people supplied with an ample number of journals and periodicals; the foundations of a great manufacturing career laid, and the respect of foreign powers unreservedly won."

So rapid has been the modernization of the country that new institutions have followed fast on each other's heels with confusing sequence. A chronology, which must necessarily be incomplete since the particulars of Japan's progress in the past fifty years would be as voluminous as the particulars of Europe's progress for the past five centuries, may give some idea of the rapidity of the progress:

1870. The feudal lords and barons, a few voluntarily, some under compulsion and some through ignorance of the consequences, gave up their possessions to the Emperor and relinquished all sovereignty to him. In return they received government bonds to the value of their property.

1871. A bureaucratic centralized government set up. A mint established, posts and telegraphs inaugurated, Buddhism nominally disestablished, all social disabilities removed.

1872. Building of railways begun. Imperial University founded.

1873. European dress for officials adopted, along with vaccination, meat eating and photography. Persecution of Christians stopped.

1875. Brand new orders of knighthood created. Torture abolished and steamship companies established.

1877. National exhibition held.

1878. Stock exchange and Chamber of Commerce established.

1880. All old laws abolished and replaced by a set of new laws drawn up by foreign authorities.

1883. Supreme court established.

1884. English introduced into the curriculum of the public schools. An aristocracy created by official order.

1888. Local self-government granted, with reservations which leave the central government in power.

1889. Constitution formally promulgated.

1890. Imperial Diet formally assembled.

1896. Subsidies granted for ship-building and navigation.

1897. Gold standard adopted.

This is truly a remarkable record. Stripped of all of the fanciful trimmings which have been added by superficial and imaginative foreigners and perpetuated through Japanese conceit, it is still remarkable—a record which, as we have often been told, has no parallel in the history of the world. But the story is only half told when this list of accomplishments is catalogued. It is important to know not only what was done but also why and how it was done. Whence came the desire for it and whence the means? How was it possible for this nation of little brown men to accomplish so much with the tools of the white man, of which they had been in entire ignorance a short time before? It is a very ungracious task to spoil a pretty story and prove that the fairy prince did not exist. It is a task for which one gets much abuse and little thanks, and I would not attempt it were it not for the fact that the myth of Japanese accomplishment has grown to such huge proportions that a large part of the world is deceived by it and because of this deception it is difficult to form correct opinions on current Japanese questions.

The motives for Japan's modernization should not be difficult to understand or to appraise. It is not necessary to credit her with any qualities that we do not ourselves possess. We need only note our own interest in the story of the world's progress, as told in the daily papers, to visualize the effect which the sudden opening up to Japan of the wonders of modern civilization must have had on that secluded people. A German physician makes a discovery in surgery; an Italian teacher perfects a new and successful method of teaching children; a new novel by a Russian author is published; a comic opera is presented in Vienna; a French aviator does with an aeroplane something that was never done before, and at once the cables are busy. We read of it with eager interest next morning.

Japan has for centuries been cut off from contact with that progress which we follow from day to day with such intense interest. At once the new world was opened to her as dramatically as though a theater curtain had been lifted. The wonders of mechanical invention dazzled her just as we might be dazzled if we were cut off from the rest of the world for a decade and then suddenly acquainted with what had been accomplished in the meantime. Japan displayed no more eagerness to master the ideas of the West than we display in our daily efforts to keep up with the progress of the world.

This was illustrated in the attitude of foreigners toward Japan. Many appear to have overlooked the fact that while Japan has been industriously studying the West, the West has been with equal industry studying Japan. The zeal of the Japanese students who were trying to master western learning was matched by the zeal with which foreigners sought to master Japanese learning. Of the

two, the achievements of the foreigner have been the more remarkable. Without hope of lucrative employment and official honors, of which the Japanese student could be confident, the foreign student worked with equal energy. Thanks to him, the history of Japan, its literature, its art and its social and political systems were disclosed to the West quite as rapidly as the things of the West were disclosed to the Japanese. Japan's adoption of the tools of western civilization was because of the same discrimination that led us to adopt Japanese decorative art. We have taken from Japan all she had that we believed to be superior to our own. Japan has done the same thing. Japan has taken more only because we had more to offer.

#### A NATION CLUBBED INTO PROGRESS

There was, of course, a strong reason for Japan's haste in the adoption of western civilization. It came to her in the form of battleships and threatened her national existence. Foreign merchants and investors flocked to the country. There were demands for concessions, for extra territorial rights, for treaties which left Japan with her sovereignty sadly impaired and with the way open for foreign aggression. She believed that she must adopt the tools of the foreigner or lose her national existence and she wisely chose the former course. The motives for the modernization of Japan were those which would have been shared by any intelligent people placed in a similar situation. It is only when we come to a study of the means employed to secure her progress that we see revealed the great difference between her people and our own.

The program for the modernization of Japan was worked out by a small group of men. It would per-

haps be better to say that the decision that she was to be modernized along European lines was made by a few men, while the program, down to the minutest details, was worked out by a group of foreign experts employed for that purpose. The Japanese people had little or nothing to do with it. It was their duty to obey in haste and approve at leisure. Before they knew what railways were, they were compelled to pay taxes for the building of them. New laws, patterned after the European fashion, and actually written by Europeans, were adopted faster than the judges could learn them. Everything was made over as rapidly as the foreign experts could do the work and the docile Japanese accepted the new order of things because they had been told to do so by their superiors.

It may be descending from the sublime to the ridiculous to compare the modernization of Japan with the introduction of forks into Europe, but it happened that soon after reading an especially enthusiastic story of the rapidity of Japan's transformation, I read Disraeli's amusing account "Of domestic novelties at first condemned," and found that the introduction of forks into general use in Europe took a longer time than has been occasioned by the entire transformation of Japan. Forks, it appears, were known at the time of Queen Bess, but such was the opposition of the independent English to this Italian invention that they did not come into general use before the Restoration. "Here the use of forks was, however, long ridiculed; it was reprobated in Germany, where some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom 'as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers.' It is a curious fact that forks were long interdicted in the *Congrégation de*

St. Maur, and were only used after a protracted struggle between the old members, zealous for their traditions, and the young reformers, for their fingers."

Thus it has always been with all progress in the West, whether it be the introduction of forks or philosophy. Nothing has won its way until it has been proved and accepted from the highest to the lowest. In Japan no such tedious process has been necessary. Several centuries ago, when Jesuit missionaries came near bringing Japan into the boundaries of the Papal Empire, the Japanese became nominal Christians in this way. A feudal lord, having been converted to belief in this strange religion, would send out word that all of his retainers were to assemble on the following day at a certain hour and be baptized in the new faith. These new converts, baptized in lots of thousands, would burn down the Buddhist temples where yesterday they had worshiped. Trained from the beginning of their history to that slavish obedience to superiors against which American civilization is a protest, the Japanese people have adopted western notions for no better reason than that they were told by the officials to do so.

The belief that the masses of the Japanese people were in favor of these innovations is a common error. Here ignorance and superstition were to be found as elsewhere; it was not an impediment to progress here because of the weakness of the individual. A Japanese writer, describing the construction of the first telegraph line, says: "This pioneer line suffered much from the persecution and maltreatment of the ignorant masses, who betrayed their simplicity by regarding telegraphy as a sort of witchcraft, and taxed the patience of the government by frequently injuring the line. The task



of guarding it alone was no easy matter." Viscount Inouye, writing of the early building of railways, says: "What was then the public opinion concerning railway construction? Naturally there was a universal cry of opposition, and it is not to be wondered at, for the people were not yet able to appreciate its benefits. Even after the work of construction began, opposition was still heard."

Had the Japanese nation been composed of subjects with the independence and spirit possessed, let us say, by the average Chinese, who will be bullied into no reform of which he does not approve, Japan's progress would have been a vastly different story. It would have been accomplished by that slow and tedious process with which reform is accomplished elsewhere. No matter from what angle Japan's progress is studied, one must come to the conclusion that it has been effected quite as much through the docility of the people as through the wisdom of the leaders.

If I appear to go out of my way to bring out this point, it is not through a desire to discount the progress of Japan, or to underrate the capabilities of the Japanese. Sooner or later Japan will demand of us certain privileges in the way of immigration and citizenship which make it important that we know what the Japanese people are. Criticism here of the Japanese people is not intended to stir up animosity between the two people. I desire quite as much as any one to see good relations between the two countries, but I do not believe any good will come of a friendship based on a false idea of Japan's progress, and the false ideas of the Japanese people which have been spread in America by Japanese press agents and by Japan's misguided and deluded American

friends. The contrasts between Japan and America are not set forth to prove American superiority but merely to indicate some of the differences between the people which appear to be important. The methods of progress indicate one of these fundamental differences.

In our own Republic, before any reform can be effected we must have public approval, not only approval of the educated public, but of the ignorant as well. Then there must be a careful consideration of all of the thousands of rights and prerogatives which would be infringed by the innovation. We are always reforming, always progressing, but the advance is tedious because it must overcome the weight of ignorant opposition. It is permanent because this opposition has been overcome. In Japan no such considerations have been necessary. Once a change is decided on by the little group in power, it is as good as effected. There is no need to wait for tardy public approval, nor to consider the private rights which such a change might injure. Banks have been opened, railways built, schools established—all without waiting for the approval of any but the little group of rulers. Thus it has come about that Japan is the contemporary of America in her equipment of the tools of civilization, railways, banks, schools, telegraphs, shipping lines, etc.—and socially and politically is far behind the Europe from which the American colonists fled.

We must always remember that in governmental affairs particularly, the people of Japan are the materialists, and we of America the idealists. We sacrifice a certain amount of efficiency to the ideal of democracy, personal rights and liberties. The progress of the Japanese in material things is hampered by no such sentiment. Her guiding rule is expedi-

ency, and the expedient imperialistic idea has formed the dominating policy in everything that Japan has done. Our republic has been built up as a dwelling place for its citizens. Japan has been built up as a glory to the Emperor. Between these two motives for national progress will be found a great deal more than the color line and the race prejudice which separate the two people. In it is found the only phase of the yellow peril that deserves serious consideration. We can stand the introduction of yellow labor into the United States, and survive, but we cannot survive the introduction of yellow political, social, and moral ideas.

#### WHEN ALL THE WORLD'S WAKING

There remains one more point of view from which to consider Japan's progress, a comparison with the progress we and others have made during the time in which her modernization has been accomplished. Those who tell of Japan's progress during the past half century too often ignore the fact that it is not Japan alone that has progressed during this time. The world, as is its habit, has been moving rapidly, and a large part of that progress for which Japan has been given credit is but a part of that forward impetus which has been shared by all the world. In many phases of her progress, political, social and industrial, she has not equaled the progress made by the United States during the same length of time; in actual and potential wealth and strength, she is relatively as far behind the United States to-day as she was at the time of the visit of Commodore Perry. When we wonder at Japan's reformation of her social system, we should not forget that during this time America has abol-

ished slavery, a social reform far greater than any which has been accomplished by Japan. The Japanese have not yet succeeded in ameliorating the condition of the two million *Etas*, who, though of pure Japanese blood, are to-day socially ostracized quite as relentlessly as we ostracize the negro. The American women, who have in so many States gained the right to vote, have advanced socially and politically far more than the Japanese women have advanced during that period. It is still against the law for a Japanese woman to attend a political meeting. To go farther afield, the individual Filipinos, through American aid, enjoy far more personal freedom and a greater participation in governmental affairs than is enjoyed by the individual Japanese subject. Japan has abolished the old form of her feudal government, but in operation the feudal government remains. She has a constitution, but the real rulers of the country, the *Genro* or Elder Statesmen, have no constitutional status. She has an elective legislative body which can in its own constitutional right do but one thing, vote money for the maintenance of the Imperial Household. A quarter of a century after the opening of this body, it has not yet developed any political party founded on principles.

When we come to an appraisal of Japan's material progress—and it is to this that Japan has given the most careful attention—we find the brilliancy of her achievements lessened in comparison with the achievements of others. In this phase of the story of Japan's progress, as in that dealing with social and political reforms, the chroniclers have frequently overlooked the fact that a large part of it has been merely incidental to the progress of the rest of the world. The marvel that

Japan to-day has telephones, battle-ships, automobiles, ceases to be a marvel when we remember that fifty years ago no one had any of these things and now no country is without them. Commodore Perry's fleet, which startled the Japanese out of their seclusion, was made up of boats of insignificant tonnage as compared with the battleships of to-day. America had not at that time a line of railway west of the Missouri River. The telephone, the electric light, the phonograph—all these things were yet unknown to the world and their invention and development by America is a far more wonderful feat than their adoption by Japan. Who is it that has not adopted them?

Japan's progress, even in material things, has been more dramatic but no more important than the progress of America during the same period. During the time she has been making such wonderful strides, she has not contributed as much to the material progress of the world as has Thomas A. Edison; she has not built as many railways as James J. Hill; her expenditures for education have not equaled the educational endowments of Rockefeller and Carnegie. Japanese capitalists have organized many companies, some of which are now competing with American shipping lines, while others have driven American cotton goods from portions of the Far Eastern market where formerly America was dominant, but the total of their labors is small as compared to some individual enterprises in America. The total paid up capital of all agricultural, industrial, commercial and transportation companies in Japan, embracing practically every enterprise in the country, is \$878,000,000, being but slightly in excess of the capital of the New York street railways alone, and far less than the

amount invested in public utilities in the island of Manhattan. Two of the leading life insurance companies in the United States could buy up every ordinary partnership, joint stock company, and limited partnership company in Japan, thereby taking over every industry in the country except farming and fishing, and still have millions left in their reserves.

#### THE COST OF PROGRESS

Japan's development, from the point of view of an American, has been as contrary to established principles as the Japanese way of doing things is, to us, wrong and topsyturvy. Just as a Japanese book begins where our books end, so, it appears to Americans, has Japanese national policy begun where it should end, and what should be the effect of progress has been made the cause. Imperialism, the standing of America and Americans, the relative size of our fleet, the opinion of our country and ourselves held by other people—these are things in which Americans have a certain vain and idle interest, but they have seldom been considerations which would outweigh questions of domestic policy. The occasional sneers and jeers of foreigners have aroused the ire of the individual, but even at this late day have never driven Congress to appropriate enough money to put our diplomatic and consular service on a basis suitable to our size and importance. The pacifist who would scrap our navy and keep the army infinitesimal has his most potent ally in the citizen who believes in a big navy, but believes even more strongly that the local river should be dredged and a federal building erected at the county seat. In his eyes it is more important that Hick Center outstrip the rival city of Maple

Grove than it is for the United States to maintain an adequate fleet. If the rest of the world does not appreciate the greatness of the United States, as exemplified by a thousand resplendent and growing Hick Centers, then it is the fault of the rest of the world, which is wallowing in the mire of ignorance and prejudice.

Exactly the opposite is true in Japan, for from the very beginning of her modernization, her ambition, her guiding policy in all things has been national glory—the recognition of the greatness of Japan and the equality or superiority of the Japanese people in the eyes of the world. Japan is, among the nations of the world, the social climber, and she has worked to achieve her ambition just as the social climber works. The ambition has been the same in both cases, recognition of equality by those who hold themselves superior. I know of no comparison which will better explain and visualize Japan's efforts and policies during the past fifty years than to compare her to the woman whose husband has an income of \$3000 a year, trying to break into a social set with an average income of three times that amount. In each case the effort means sacrifice of home comforts and pleasures for outward show. In one the climber must do without the luxuries of the table, must forego all expensive private comforts in order that she can maintain a motor car and other outward indications of wealth and luxury. In the other the climber has sacrificed the comfort and health of her subjects, has piled on them an oppressive taxation and conscription, has denied them the protection of factory laws, in order that Japan's army and navy, her mercantile marine and her diplomatic and consular service may gain for her recognition in the eyes of the world.

The struggle is one which must arouse pity, derision, or sympathy, according to the point of view. Much as we, as Americans, must condemn Japan's policy as one which is diametrically opposed to our own ideals of democracy, no one who has studied her sincere efforts to make a place for herself among the nations of the first rank but must applaud the success she has so far achieved. We certainly cannot approve of all of her methods, for some of them have been unscrupulous and she has never hesitated to sacrifice personal rights for imperial ambitions. But we must admire the pluck and determination which has made her progress possible, has gained for her the recognition of the great powers as one on whom it is necessary to count in all questions of world politics.

Foreign approval is still a very important consideration in all matters of state policy, and the administration pays a great deal more attention to the comments of foreigners and of foreign newspapers than is generally known. Doubtless many editorial writers in America would be both surprised and flattered to know that their comments on Japan are cabled in full to the Foreign Office in Tokyo and there given out for publication in all the Japanese newspapers. During the past year I have seen comments from practically all the New York, Chicago and San Francisco newspapers and from several papers in cities of less than 100,000 cabled to Japan for publication. Very often the cabled comments, even if they could be known to represent American public opinion, could be of no conceivable value in deciding governmental policy. Their sole object was to answer that question which Japan is so insistently putting to the world: "What do you think of us? Have we advanced



far enough to be recognized by you on terms of equality?" We have a glimpse of the sensitiveness of the people when we think of the great and powerful Japanese government putting its consular and diplomatic machinery to work to collect these expressions of opinion, which can do little more than flatter national vanity. The simile is inevitable: the social climber listening to the gossip of servants to learn what her rich neighbors think of her.

In every phase of her progress toward the goal which she hopes soon to reach, Japan has paid a price which Americans would refuse to pay, even if they shared the Japanese motives for progress. They would like to see American factories the largest and most prosperous in the world, but more than that they want the small independent manufacturer to be protected and they want the factory laborers to be well paid and to be protected by wise factory laws. A big national army and a big navy would please the vanity of some and quiet the fear of others, but most Americans have preferred low taxes and a policy which would make for peace. A system of conscription in America such as that of Japan would possibly result in a rebel army before it would form a national one. Most Americans believe that an American mercantile marine which would carry the American flag into the principal ports of the world would be a fitting advertisement of our national greatness and a valuable commercial asset as well. But a desire to protect the sailor has outweighed the desire for ships and until the European war forcibly brought home to Americans the great need for a mercantile marine, public opinion was overwhelmingly against any plan which would tax the people for the encouragement of shipping.

### JAPANESE SHIP SUBSIDIES

Japan's policy is in striking contrast. One of the most noteworthy achievements of the country, perhaps the one achievement outside of her wars that has brought on her the most favorable comment of the world, has been her progress in shipping. When travelers were able to go to Japan from the principal ports of the world in Japanese steamers, owned by Japanese companies and manned and managed largely by Japanese, the skeptics were willing to admit the abilities of the little brown people. As the steamship lines under Japanese ownership have grown in size the belief in Japanese capabilities has grown. Yet this success does not mean all that it appears to mean, for if it were not for the lavish subsidies of the government there would not be a Japanese steamer farther away from home ports than the China coast.

There are two of these Japanese steamship lines, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which compete seriously with American lines across the Pacific. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha's steamers sail from San Francisco for the Orient and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's steamers from Seattle. The first has been for years the most serious competitor of the Pacific Mail and the second is the most serious competitor of the Great Northern Steamship Company. The American lines not only receive no subsidies or grants, but are compelled to compete with the Japanese lines for the United States mail contracts.<sup>1</sup>

It is illuminating to see how these Japanese lines continue an apparent

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written the Pacific Mail line, a pioneer in Pacific shipping, has sold its ships and retired. This action was followed by the announcement that the Great Northern company would also retire, thus leaving no American mail boats in the transpacific trade. Though American legislation is blamed for this, Japanese shipping subsidies have been the more important cause.

success. In 1913 the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, which has a paid up capital of \$6,500,000, enjoyed a gross revenue of \$2,855,000, while its gross expenditure was \$4,107,000, leaving an apparent deficit of \$1,252,000—a deficit amounting to almost 20 per cent of the capital stock. However, the state subsidy of \$1,650,000 for the year enabled the company to wipe out the deficit and pay a dividend of 7.7 per cent. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, for the same year, made a better showing. Its gross revenue was \$14,588,000 and gross expenditure \$14,079,000, leaving net earnings of \$509,000. The government subsidy of \$2,417,000 for the year enabled it to pass \$1,696,000 to the reserves and pay a dividend of 10 per cent on the capital stock of \$11,000,000.

There are ten Japanese shipping companies which receive subsidies, these comprising all the companies which do a foreign carrying business. These ten companies have a combined capital stock, paid up, of \$29,945,000, and they receive an annual subsidy and bounty amounting to \$5,760,000. In other words, they can operate with a loss of almost \$3,000,000 a year and still pay a dividend of 10 per cent on the capital stock. In the ten years ending with 1913, these shipping companies were granted subsidies amounting to more than \$43,000,000, the average annual subsidy being more than 15 per cent of the paid up capital.

It is largely because of these companies and the subsidy which they receive that the American flag is of so little importance on the Pacific and if American legislation continues in the course it has recently taken, it will be of still less importance in the future. The principal American steamship lines are debarred from the use of the Panama Canal, while it will be open to these Japa-

nese lines which, through the support of their own government subsidy, will be able to carry goods and passengers at a loss and still earn large dividends.

Unless something is done in America to relieve the situation, Japan will dominate the traffic from the Atlantic coast to the Orient through the Panama Canal. At the time the American Congress was enacting laws denying steamship lines owned by American railways the right to use the canal, the Japanese authorities were drawing up a system of subsidies which would enable the Japanese lines to run at a loss and compete for Panama traffic. The scheme provides for the payment of the following state bounties to Japanese lines which maintain a service through the Panama Canal: for 1915-16, \$718,000; for 1916-17, \$841,000; for each of the three following years, \$875,000.

Let us quit complaining of American shipping when it must meet such competition as this. If the United States, following the example of Japan, would spend for shipping subsidies an amount in proportion to the value of her farm, mine and fisheries products, she would offer her shipowners an annual subsidy of about \$75,000,000. If the expenditure were in proportion to the volume of American foreign trade, the annual shipping subsidies would be about \$40,000,000. The expenditure of either amount would certainly carry the American flag into every port in the world.

#### FACTORIES AND THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THEM

The products of Japanese factories are finding a constantly increasing market. She has driven American cotton goods from the fine market they formerly held in Manchu-

ria; she sells matches and toilet articles in all parts of the Far East. The chances are that the toothbrush you used this morning was made in Japan, for we buy seven million Japanese toothbrushes every year. In a recent year we bought from Japan eight hundred thousand tablecloths, two hundred and thirty-three million cigarette mouthpieces, sixty-seven million paper napkins, two million imitation panama hats and twenty million bundles of braid. In addition we bought more than \$50,000,000 worth of silk in various forms. Chinese purchases of manufactured products are even larger, for the Chinese take a large part of the cotton goods which Japan's million factory girls produce. It is in the barbarous treatment of these factory girls that Japan is paying a price for her increasing foreign trade which would probably not be paid by any other country. These girls are overworked, underfed and underpaid to an extent that the average American would find unbelievable. In almost all of the factories in Japan, the dormitory system prevails, the girl being kept in barracks on the factory grounds, under the direct control of the superintendent. Usually the regulations are so strict that even the visits of parents are regulated to a certain number a month and the girls are allowed to leave the compound of the factory only with the permission of the superintendent. The visits of foreigners to these factories have been followed in the past with such harrowing stories of conditions under which the girls worked that at present it is impossible for a foreigner to visit any of the large factories.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact that the conditions prevailing in these factories are fairly well known to the Japanese, but there is no public sentiment against them. It is

only another of the hundreds of facts which might be brought to prove that the impulse we feel to work for the welfare of man is not to be found among the Japanese. However, this spirit is awakening and occasionally one can find in the Japanese papers a reference to bad factory conditions. One of these appeared in the *Tokyo Asahi* in the early part of April, 1914. A physician who had looked after the health of a number of factory girls in Nagano prefecture said:

The number of girls employed by all the filatures in this prefecture is 80,000, of whom 58,000 have their homes here and the others come from adjoining prefectures. Most of these girls work from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. They are often compelled to work for fifteen hours a day. As regards their health, the illness most prevalent among them is the illness of exhaustion—a species of illness peculiar to them which may be called "factory girl sickness." The great majority of the girls are more or less affected by this distemper. But this is not so formidable an illness, for two or three days of quiet rest will generally set the patient to rights. What is really dreadful is consumption and its rapid dissemination among them. The constitutions of factory girls grow weaker and weaker. Excess of labor combined with absence of nutritive food causes disorders of the stomach and intestines. The poor quality of the food, which is furnished by the factory management, and the extraordinary length of the working hours keep their vitality down. In two or three filatures which I have personally inspected I saw the girls despatch their meals while standing in from five to seven minutes and then resume their work without any rest.

Yet another cause for the general decay in their health is to be found in the fact that they are paid for work done, not for the duration of their working hours. Keen competition is natural; for many, fearing to be outstripped by their competitors, volunteer to work as long as they can possibly endure. While on the one hand they are thus destroying their own health, on the other the unsanitary condition of their dormitories is contributing to their destruction. They dwell promiscuously in small chambers which scarcely know the sunlight. At night they sleep together face to face, two girls on each mat. The Japanese mat is six feet by three. It is no wonder then that consumption should be spreading amongst them with alarming rapidity. If

submitted to strict examination at least 40 per cent. of the factory girls would be found to be victims of consumption. In extreme cases girls affected with fever of over 39° (centigrade) are sometimes found actually engaged in work, and such cases are often discovered quite accidentally by physicians. Under these circumstances it is natural that the development of consumption from one stage to another is effected very rapidly. When the patients, finding it absolutely impossible to continue their work, go home, it is generally to expire in less than a month.

What is still more terrible is the fact that young girls of twelve or thirteen, who work in the filatures in growing numbers, are infected by this disease. The owners of filatures, however, are too much engrossed with their own profits to think of introducing remedies for the improvement of these terrific conditions. Year after year this dreadful tendency of increased disease is growing more accentuated.

The picture given here of conditions under which Japanese factory girls work is not overdrawn. Indeed, the physician might have gone much farther without in any way exaggerating the horrors of Japanese factory life. There is no legal restraint whatever on the owner or superintendent of a factory, and if he sees fit to work his operatives day and night he can do so. In most places the employees are on a long time contract which places them entirely at the mercy of the employer, who, by holding out back pay and the imposition of fines, makes individual or collective opposition to his exactions impossible. The fact that Japanese factories are so free from strikes has often been suggested as proof of the remarkably cordial relations existing between employer and employee. It proves nothing more happy than the perfection of a system which makes strikes well-nigh impossible, and keeps the workers under a system of peonage.

Several years ago, goaded into action by foreign criticism of the inhuman factory conditions, the Japanese Diet passed a factory law. Its enactment by the Diet was against the

violent protest of the manufacturers, who quite truthfully asserted that if they were compelled to forego the employment of children, submit to restrictions regarding the hours of labor obey sanitary regulations and abandon night work, *they would not be able to compete with foreign mills.* Before the factory law got through the Diet some member had slipped a joker into it. This is a provision that during rush seasons the legal limitations in regard to hours of labor are to be ignored and that the provincial governors may at their discretion suspend the operation of the factory law in their own provinces. Even in the law itself the hours of labor allowed were so long that in any other country the law would be a ghastly joke, for its requirements were so lax and the interpretation of the rights of employers so broad as to have only the effect of legalizing the inhuman methods now prevailing. However, the entire bit of legislation has now only a melancholy academic interest, for after the bill was passed by the Diet it was stored away in the archives and has never been given the Imperial sanction that legislation in Japan must receive before it becomes a law. The fact that the Japanese Diet had passed a factory law was heralded abroad. Newspapers commented on this convincing proof of the advance of Japan—and the overworked, underfed factory girls went on committing suicide at the same rate as before.

The Japanese manufacturers were quite right when they protested against any kind of factory legislation, for it is only their prodigal expenditure of human life that enables them to compete successfully with British and American factories for the trade of Asia. So great is the wastage that factory owners are compelled to recruit about 200,000



new employees every year in order to keep up the supply. These girls come from the farms, but after their factory experience, the police records show, less than half of them return to their homes. The others drift from one unskilled employment to another, many of them becoming maids in the disreputable tea houses or inmates in houses of prostitution. The price which Japan will pay for this present commercial success will be measured in the decreased birth rate of the future, if a more violent reckoning is not exacted by social and political upheavals.

#### WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

Japan's great success in manufacturing has been usually credited to her very low wage scale, which is made possible by her very low cost of living. The other factor, of equal or greater importance, is the inhuman condition under which her goods are produced. The Japanese worker is not efficient, and even with the low wage scale the Japanese factories would not be able to compete with other factories, if they were compelled to observe the regulations enforced here or in England.

The wage scale of Japan, as given by the official reports, is very low. According to the fourteenth Financial and Economic Annual of Japan, average daily wages of laborers in various lines of work were, in 1913:

	Cents
Female silk spinners.....	15
Weavers, male.....	21
Weavers, female.....	13
Dyers .....	25
Tailors .....	28
Shoemakers .....	30
Confectioners .....	22
Carpenters .....	43
Plasterers .....	45
Stonecutters .....	50
Jewelers .....	34
Printers .....	26

The wage rate in many lines is even lower than indicated by these figures. This is especially true of factory girls, most of whom are compelled to live in the dormitories of the factory and take meals furnished by the management. The cost of these accommodations is taken from their wages, and a system of fines still further reduces the amount they actually receive. There have been instances of girls working for months and actually being in debt to the factory owner at the end of the time.

In all lines given above, the wages apply, not to the eight-hour day of America, but to the ten, twelve or sixteen-hour day of Japan. For instance, Japanese printers, if paid the wage given above for the 48-hour week which is now observed in so many American printing shops, would earn from \$1 to \$1.25 weekly.

There is a common belief that the low cost of living in Japan tends to equalize the low scale of wages, and make it possible for the Japanese workman to enjoy about the same comforts and opportunities as are enjoyed by his fellow workman in other lands. This is one of the many illusions about Japan. The problem of making income meet expenditure is, for nine-tenths of the Japanese, a problem which must be solved not only by careful thrift but by much self-denial as well. Japanese periodicals devoted to the interests of women are full of discussions of the problem and, in a recent symposium on the subject, a number of model family budgets were published. Among them a very interesting one was submitted by a primary school-teacher with a salary of \$17.50 monthly. He was married and had two children, his family being smaller than the usual Japanese family, just as his income was larger than that enjoyed by any Japanese work-

man. He divided his expenses as follows:

	Cents
Rice .....	\$3.60
Sugar, salt, tea, wood.....	1.95
Meat, pickles, etc.....	3.00
House rent .....	3.75
Furniture .....	.50
Clothing .....	1.25
Social expense (entertaining)...	.75
Books and newspapers.....	.75
Car fare .....	.75
Barber and bath.....	.35
Extraordinary expense .....	.50
Pocket money and tobacco.....	.85
Savings .....	.50

The amount expended would buy no more rice in Japan than in America, for the price of this food staple is practically the same in both countries. It would purchase about 50 pounds of the best quality rice, or 70 pounds of the poorest quality. The amount of sugar and salt purchased would be practically the same as in America, while tea would, of course, be cheaper, and wood dearer in Japan. The amount expended for meat would purchase less in Japan than in America unless all of it were spent for fish. Nearness to the source of supply makes fish a very cheap article of diet. The minimum prices for meat, at the time this budget was published, were: beef, 23 cents a pound; horse meat, 13 cents; pork, 15 cents. These prices, it should be noted, are for the cheapest cuts. It has been my experience that the good cuts of meat are more expensive in Japan than in America. Butter, cheese, milk and cream sell at about the same price in both countries. Eggs in Japan are cheaper, the best grade selling the year round at 18 cents a dozen. But this is hardly a fair comparison, for the eggs of Japan are much smaller and are of an inferior quality. Vegetables, as a rule, are cheaper in Japan, though the difference is not great. If the teacher whose budget is published bought the cheapest quality of horse meat and the cheapest quality of rice,

he would have a daily allowance of food for each member of the family of 3 ounces of horse meat and 10 ounces of rice. Any variation of the diet would mean lessened quantities of these two staples.

The house for which a rental of \$3.75 a month is paid could probably not be duplicated in America. It is small, of very light construction, which gives no protection from the cold of winter. Its nearest counterpart would be found in the single room of a frame tenement. Considering the fact that the renter in Japan does not have the benefit of sewers, improved streets and sidewalks, rents in Japan are no cheaper than in America.

It is difficult to make a comparison between the cost of clothing in the two countries, owing to the great differences in requirements. Cotton and silk textiles cost much less in Japan than in America, while the smaller cost of the cotton fabric is largely offset by its inferior quality. From personal experience, I would say that clothing of the European style costs about the same in Japan as in England. Japanese clothing, contrary to the usual idea, is more expensive than European and many Japanese adopt the foreign style of dress out of motives of economy. The Japanese spends much less for clothing than we do, but that is largely because his requirements are less. Nowhere else in the world does a collar do such yeoman service before it is sent to the wash. In few other countries do the people do with such a small amount of clothing. During a great part of the year the climate is such that little clothing is needed and the lower classes do not add much to the loin cloth which a wise statute requires all residents of Japan to wear. But in the winters, which are more severe than those of England, there is intense suffering

from the cold. A very large proportion of the population—certainly one-fifth—wear nothing but thin cotton garments from year end to year end in spite of the fact that snow and sleet remain on the ground for days at a time.

Electric lights, gas, coal and wood are as expensive in Japan as elsewhere. The family whose budget has been given would have no more than one electric light of 8-candlepower and would have no heat other than a tiny charcoal fire. Street car fares are cheaper, as they are cheaper everywhere. It is only in America and the Philippines that a five-cent street car fare is charged. However, the monthly allowance of 75 cents for street car fare would provide for only thirty trips during the month. The Japanese live on their pitifully small incomes only because they do without many things we believe to be necessities.

#### THE NATIONAL DEBT

When Japan started on her imperial progress, she had no money and little resources. In order to carry out her plans, she has been a prodigal borrower and has piled up an enormous debt. The present national debt, exclusive of the millions owed abroad for provincial and municipal loans and industrial debentures, amounts in round figures to \$1,250,000,000. How greatly this debt overbalances the resources of the country may be realized by the statement that Japan's creditors might take over every agricultural, industrial, commercial and transportation concern in the country at the capital stock valuation without satisfying more than one-fourth of the obligation. The entire exports of the country for four years would not be enough to retire the outstanding national bonds. The strain on Japan's credit is shown

by the fact that Japanese bonds are less favored and sell at a cheaper price than bonds of Mexico, China, or Cuba.

In addition to the huge sums required to pay the interest on this big debt and establish a sinking fund, the Japanese statesmen have been prodigal in their expenditure for the army and navy, and, as has been shown in detail, in their encouragement of the mercantile marine. To meet these great outlays every possible resource of taxation has been exhausted. There is a high protective tariff on imports and taxes on every kind of business. Government monopolies on salt, tobacco and camphor add to the prices of these staples and turn additional revenue into the exchequer. The income tax affects all with an income of more than \$150 a year. When one rides on a street car, one sen of the fare is paid to the government as a transit tax. Railways, telegraphs and telephones have been nationalized to add to the national revenue. There are special taxes on sugar, kerosene and textiles. The taxes have been piled up so rapidly that they have doubled in the past ten years and one of the most pressing problems of the administration at present is the discovery of some new method of taxation which will increase the national revenue. While the taxation burdens have increased, the increases in the national army have taken from productive employment hundreds of thousands of young men. One of the immediate results of this great national debt and the expenditures on imperial projects has been greatly to increase the cost of living. There has been an increase also in the scale of wages, but this has not been in proportion to the advance in prices.

The peasants and laborers have paid a heavy price for the progress of the country and have had little or

nothing to say about the policies which determined that progress. Through property qualifications the franchise is limited to a million and a half of the fifteen million men who would be allowed to vote if American laws were applied. These voters, under the bureaucratic system of government, have little influence or authority. The millions of lesser people who cast no vote are but rarely considered in legislation. They are poorer to-day than they were a decade ago. The laborer has a larger income, but he must pay out more of it for taxes, and must pay enhanced prices for rent, food and clothing. The farmer is finding it impossible to stand up under the economic strain and every year a growing number of the small, independent farmers are compelled to sell their ancestral holdings and take up the drudgery and semi-slavery of tenant farming. The conventional description of Japan's progress has much to say about this self-sacrifice of the people in the interest of their country. But is it self-sacrifice? May it not rather be a vicarious sacrifice?

Let us look at the other and even less pleasing side of the picture. While the lower classes are growing poorer, the capitalists and landlords, rulers and friends of rulers, are growing richer. They have sacrificed nothing, but have ridden to wealth on the wings of national ambition. The connection between the

capitalists and the powerful official circle is close, and in a country where the government controls so many enterprises and is so lavish in its expenditures on national undertakings, there are many rich plums. Steamship subsidies are paid to steamship lines whose stock is held by the imperial family, by the officials and their friends. Government contracts are given to firms in which officials are interested; government funds are used to aid banks in which officials and their families are stockholders. The Russo-Japanese War, which piled such heavy debts on the country and added so much to the burdens of the poor, made fortunes for the capitalists. These practices are more or less open, and there is no public opinion which condemns them. It is a notorious fact that though the salaries of high officials are very small, many of them retire from a short term of office with comfortable fortunes.

The progress of Japan has been accomplished at great cost and enormous sacrifices. But the cost has not fallen on the people responsible for the rule of the country. Just as the old daimyos surrendered their possessions to the Emperor only in return for government bonds, so have the successors of the daimyos profited at every step in the progress of the country. The cost has been borne by that oppressed mass which has not yet found power to voice its wrongs.





# THE YEAR OF THE BIG WIND

*Another story of Pandora the Resolute, in which big-hearted, breezy Miss Fulcher plays fairy godmother to Honeymoon and throws a life preserver to Mr. Lathrop*

by

A. C. ALLENSON

NOT in this generation, nor the next, will the financial panic of eight years ago be forgotten in the manufacturing district round Fulcherville and its neighboring town, Brampton. The "year of the big wind" they call it thereabouts and the name is fitting. It followed a decade of prosperity during which money had been shoveled up rather than made, and the inevitable Bonanza ills accompanied it. Country financial frogs, the Napoleons of provincial puddles, sought to match the metropolitan ox, and dreamed themselves into the Morgan class. They began feverishly to advertise their advent by purchasing rare tapestries, old masters, and famous manuscripts. Manufacturers who had been ordinary workingmen a few years before bloomed overnight into captains of industry. Their wives and daughters, happy heretofore on a hundred a month and Sunday supplement dreams, became, on a thousand, wretched with envyings and the horrible toil of social greased-pole climbing. Their sons began to regard work as the servile bondage of the great unwashed, and to be afflicted, in virulent degree, with yearnings after polo and other undemocratic diversions that are supposed to mark the caste of Vere de Vere.

Then came the deluge, the Lord being very gracious. The rains de-

scended, the floods came, the winds blew, and beat upon the houses that were long on castellated battlements and short on foundations, and they fell, and great was the fall thereof. After the cyclone the world was sweeter, cleaner, fairer. It blew incipient hell out and permanent salvation in. There are young men round that district to-day, first-rate good fellows, working hard six days a week to the everlasting profit of their immortal souls, married to cured climbers who are self-broke to kneading board and gingham aprons, and raising perfectly satisfactory boys and girls instead of pedigree pups and the general devil. The cyclone stripped away the rococo and gingerbread, and they learned in amaze that, after all, they were really men, instead of things for ingenious tailors and valets to experiment upon.

It was ten o'clock of a brilliant October morning in the year of the big wind when Miss Pandora Fulcher's car set her down before the doors of a big office block on lower Broadway. Even the bustling, self-centered New Yorkers, streaming to and from the elevators, turned to cast a second glance at the tall, big-framed, plainly dressed woman, who seemed to bring with her, as she strode through the crowd, something of the swing and majesty of the seas. Verging on sixty, her eyes, dark, di-

rect, piercing, were expressive and full of fire as those of a vivacious, quick-blooded girl. In her strong, ivory-tinted face was something of the severe immobility of the Indian. The prominent cheekbones, the firm, rather full lips, and powerful beaked nose emphasized the impression. Among those who hurried along were doubtless some who recognized the multi-millionaire mistress of the great upstate Fulcherville Mills, with their ten thousand workpeople, whose home on Fifth Avenue was one of the historic family mansions of older New York, and whose steam yacht, the *Xantippe*, was known on all the Seven Seas. It was left, however, for Jimmy McShane, the senior elevator man, to give formal expression of New York's welcome to its distinguished daughter. Jimmy had been expecting her, for he had seen in the papers the notice of the return of the *Xantippe* from its summer cruise through the Norwegian Fjords. By nature and experience as an elevator man Jimmy was a misogynist, but as his eye caught the redoubtable figure, the saturnine map-of-Ireland face cleft in a wide smile, and he doffed his cap in profound salute. The only other being to whom Jimmy did this honor was his Maker when he entered church on Sunday. There was a little story back of this—a story of Jimmy's crippled boy, Danny, an incurable invalid, so it had been said. Of a famous surgeon who worked wonderful miracles upon little crippled children like Danny, and made them straight and strong again, but whose fees were far beyond the range of the purse of an elevator man. Of a formidable-looking, sharp-tongued rich woman who sent the child to the big doctor, paid all the big bills, and then took him, with his mother and a nurse, in her yacht over far seas to pleasant lands, and brought him back to Jimmy strong

and straight and hale. McShane had the burning Irish heart, keenly sensitive to wrongs, and more so to kindness, and from that time to him God walked abroad in New York City in strange guise.

The brief, hearty chat with Jimmy ended, Miss Fulcher made her way to the city offices of the Fulcherville Company on the fifth floor. The business year of the firm ended with August. The balance sheet, together with a voluminous and itemized report of the work of the various departments, had been sent to her at Copenhagen, and she had studied it on the way home; for she was a keen and shrewd business woman, and kept an experienced eye on the general progress of the Mills. Ezra Flaxton, her general manager, was awaiting her in the offices, a tall, spare New Englander who had grown up in the Mills from "doffer" boy to superintendent, and whose strong, capable hand was on every part of their complex organization. In a few minutes they were busy with balance sheet and reports. The year had been prosperous, orders abundant, and profits large. There was, as usual, little to criticize, but the sharp eye of the mistress detected one poor bare spot in the generally prosperous field.

"What's the matter with Mohairs this year, Ezra?" she inquired. "Production has fallen off and profits are considerably reduced."

"A bit of extra sharp competition that caught us napping in the early part of the season," he admitted. "There was a time we had that field pretty much to ourselves, but young Lathrop, of Brampton, has jumped into it and got away with business we thought we owned. I don't think he'll catch us that way again."

"Who's Lathrop?" asked Miss Pandora, interested at once.

"Just a bright youngster who

bought the old Slade Mill at Brampton," he replied. "Penstock, the money-lender, got his claws into Tom Slade, foreclosed, bought in at the sale, and sold to Lathrop, so much down, the balance in annual instalments."

"So the Slades are gone," she mused. "I remember when they were the big folks hereabouts, judges and governors and senators."

"And the last of them is down to borrowing quarters for drinks," said Ezra.

"That's the way of it, sabots to silken shoes and silken shoes to sabots again. 'Clogs to clogs in three generations' as the Old Country folk put it," quoted Miss Pandora. "The earlier generation made its money like a chain-gang laborer, the last spent it like a drunken sailor. Who is the new man Lathrop?"

"A boy with his head screwed on the right way, and lots of hustle and pluck," replied Ezra generously. The Fulcherville folks were big enough not to grudge the small man his place in the sun. They would make him fight his best, but in the wrestle they would use their weight fairly and a little more than that. "He'll make his way all right if he can weather the storm that's coming."

"There is trouble ahead, then?" she asked. "I heard whispers and prophecies on the other side."

"Big trouble," he replied. "It's here now, right overhead, and black as ink. After the hot spell come the lightnings and winds and floods, and it has been a hot spell all right. Reckless borrowing and lending and spending, without a thought of the morrow. You would think a bottomless gold mine had been discovered by the new smarties, that grew richer the deeper they dug. Banks and Trust Companies as mad as the rest, or madder, and now the paying time has come, and they'll pay to the

skin and bone of 'em. There'll be fewer paper millionaires this time three months, and a lot of good, wholesome business that can't get clear of the wreckage will be swept away. Lathrop out yonder is tied up to some shaky concerns, and he'll find Penstock hard as the nether millstone if he makes a slip. The boy's a live competitor, but I'd hate to see him swamped. He's married to a nice girl and just getting to his feet."

"Sentimental as a housemaid still, Ezra," sniffed Miss Pandora. "Business is war, and the time to sympathize with a competitor is when you send the wreath to his funeral. When he's living, knock him on the head, and it will cost little to say what a fine fellow he was when he's inside his coffin. Well, I'll get back home. What a day it would be at sea! I'll have to run up to Fulcherville some day next week to see how they are shaping with the rebuilding of the Homestead, and then the *Xantippe* turns South. I'll be a miserable soul in Heaven, Ezra, if there's no sea there."

## II

LOOKING back on events in the light of subsequent history, it is borne in on one that the zenith of Brampton's halcyon day was attained on the Saturday of Mrs. Milton Penstock's "Five O'Clock" at the Country Club. The day looms up, in retrospect, with a "night before Waterloo" halo about it.

Mrs. Milton Penstock, a large, floridly handsome woman, was one of the leaders of the little manufacturing town's *haut monde*. Ancestry and lineage, antecedent to a possible grandfather, few Bramptonians could boast and these were mostly to be found among the poorer and humbler, the has-beens and down-and-

outs financially, who consequently no longer counted. Social status fixed itself automatically in sympathy with the size of the individual or family dollar pile. Mr. William Milton Penstock had been known in his humbler days as Billy, but with the acquisition of money and status his reserve name had come into use. He was Brampton's most brilliant illustration of the trite adage that there's always room at the top. His ascent from a second-hand furniture dealer to a chattel mortgage money-lender, and thence to a real-estate magnate, had been monkeylike in its rapid agility. The poor we have always with us, hence the success of the Penstock kind, those skilled fishers in the troubled waters of the unfortunate world. He now called himself a banker, an elastic term that covers a wide diversity of financial operations. One of his most earnest pursuits was to obey the apostolic behest and forget the things that are behind, and press forward to the prizes ahead. A neat, suave little man, with shrewd, cold eyes, sharp nose, relentless steel grip, and a store of pompous moral platitudes that would have ornamented the discourse of a bishop. He could foreclose on the home of a widow so sympathetically that she would almost believe him to be the hapless victim of some inexorable legal process that compelled him to do what he hated with all his soul. Blunt-spoken men called him a variety of harsh and nasty names, but, on the whole, he was in good repute, for money covers a multitude of sins. He had purchased and presented a rare folio Shakespeare to the Brampton Public Library, and the gem of the local Art Gallery was an Old Master representing Joseph cornering the wheat crop of Egypt, presented, so the scroll above it ran, by William Milton Penstock, Esquire.

The Country Club's "Five O'Clock" teas were among the high-water mark functions of Brampton's social life, and none was more brilliant or exclusive than that of Mrs. Penstock. This particular afternoon the pretty clubhouse, the "Dormy House" as it was rather plagiaristically named, with its spacious grounds, furnished a very charming scene. On the far meadows two teams of helmeted and malletted Bramptonians of the blood dashed hither and thither on ratty ponies. The fair green of the golf course was pleasantly flecked with the bright colors of moving players. On the tennis courts the white balls flashed to and fro like swift shuttles. A company of matronly ladies, attracted by social rather than sporting pleasure, sat about the breezy angle of the wide veranda, for the Indian summer day was hot. The players would not return from their various amusements for some time, so social converse, of a more or less intimate and gossipy kind, whiled away the pleasant hour. There were some there who had heard and seen with wondering anxiety the whisperings and signs of the coming storm, but the day and scene were so fair and idyllic that it was hard to believe ill of so agreeable a world.

It was in this calm, beautiful hour that the strange woman appeared. None knew whence she came. She just manifested herself, dark, gray, grim, a veritable perambulating portent, so she seemed. She strolled across the course near the eighteenth hole, skirted the flower-bordered lawn, and stood for some moments surveying the general effect of the handsome house, herself the cynosure of a score of pairs of eyes, many of them frankly amused. Mrs. Penstock raised her lorgnette and swept the woman from stout laced walking shoes upwards. Short cloth



skirt, white blouse, gipsy dark face, and amazing hat. No such hat had ever been seen within the precincts of the Brampton Country Club. It was nothing less than appalling, and looked like nothing so much as the cone-shaped top of a discarded straw beehive of generous proportions. In her ungloved hand she carried a stout hazel walking-stick. Mrs. Penstock lowered her lorgnette and announced that she would speak very severely to the steward about permitting friends of the servants to stroll about the club lawns on "Five O'Clock" days.

She was about to call a waiter and request him to direct the poor creature to the kitchens, when the stranger, her architectural study finished, marched up the steps, surveyed the assembled throng, nodded to them with friendly impartiality, strode to the opposite end of the veranda and seated herself comfortably.

"Mullins," said the horrified hostess to a servant, "is that—er—person a member of the Club?" glancing at the human bomb.

"I do not seem to recognize the lady, Madame," replied the man.

"See the steward immediately and find out," she ordered sharply.

"Very well, Madame." And Mullins escaped. Passing along the veranda the stranger saw and summoned him.

"Mullins!" she said, a twinkle in her eye, "bring me tea and biscuits, please." Mullins knew a lady when he saw and heard one. He inclined his head with great respect, and bustled off to execute her order.

Alice Lathrop, a pretty young matron, with a little girl at her side, watched the little scene with indignation and some quiet enjoyment. She was sure the old lady had heard Mrs. Penstock, but her eyes sparkled with delight at the calm assuredness of the extraordinary interloper.

There was a fine challenging truculence about the woman, a chippiness of the shoulders, the indefinable air of frank and breezy personality. Alice became seized by a great desire to go over and chat with the stranger, but while she hesitated, fearing intrusion, her little girl ran away from her, pattered over the veranda to the woman, and put out her arms to be taken up.

"You sweet little cherub," said the woman, lifting the child to her lap.

"No, that's not my name," replied the mite. "I'm Mary Lathrop, and daddy calls me honeybunch. That's mother over there, the pretty lady in the white dress. Who are you, please?"

"I'm old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard, and the old woman who lived in a shoe, and—" replied the stranger.

"No, you're not." The little maid shook her curls, laughing. "Where are all your babies, then? Did you spank them all and send them to bed before you came out?" And her silvery mirth rang over the lawns. "I know who you are," she continued confidentially.

"Well, who am I? There's the nicest, prettiest box of candy the steward can bring if you can tell me truly," said the woman.

"You are the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky, and this is your broomstick." And the child took up the hazel stick. "Guess you swept off the broom part."

The woman chuckled with delight.

"What a clever little honeybunch, to guess right away," she said. "That is just who I am. The sky was dreadfully black and dirty, and there were such lots of spiders spinning their ugly webs there. I guess I'll have to buy a new broom. Now we'll go for the candy." And hand in hand the big, grim woman and the dainty child passed indoors to the

steward's counter, returning a few minutes later with a great pictured box of chocolates. Young Mrs. Lathrop met them as they came out.

"Oh, Mummy!" said the child. "See what the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky has given me."

"I'm afraid I have a very rude little girl," said Alice apologetically. "You really should not have given her such a lovely box."

"She's a darling, my dear," said the woman. "You are Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Charles Lathrop, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Alice. "You know my husband? He is on the links."

"No, but I've heard your name," the other answered. "Won't you sit down a moment? I'm afraid I ran into some function here of unusual solemnity. May I ask who the lady is who apparently regards me as some odd biological specimen?"

"I think you mean Mrs. Milton Penstock," said Alice, a smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"Very likely. She rather resembles the name," observed the woman with quiet tartness. "I rather fancy she must be the girl from the cigar store who married the pawnbroker." There was nothing cattish or offensive about the manner of the audible reflection, merely the relation of a biographical fact, but little Mrs. Lathrop nearly collapsed with suppressed merriment. Whoever the terrible woman might be, she knew something of the buried corpses of bygone Brampton history. She chatted to Alice and the child for a pleasant half hour over the teacups, then a cab drove up for her, and she took her departure.

"I am coming to see you and little honeybunch the very next time I am in Brampton," said the woman, waving her hand as she drove off.

"Who is she?" asked two or three ladies as Alice rejoined the circle.

The men were coming in by this time.

"I haven't the remotest idea," laughed Alice. "She knows Brampton and its people, at least by name, but was not communicative as to her own."

"I don't like these mysterious gipsy people prowling about the place, and the effrontery to ask for tea here as if it was a common roadside hotel," snapped the dignified Mrs. Penstock. "The steward should be warned to keep a sharp eye on such people and the Club silver."

"She's the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky," piped the child, nodding her head very positively.

"And gives bad babies five-dollar boxes of candy," said Charlie Lathrop, grabbing up his small daughter.

"Pardon me, Madame," said Mullins. "The lady you inquired about registered before she left." Mullins smiled decorously. Who, more than a waiter, should be a humorist? Moreover, it was not often he pocketed a tip of the size the strange visitor had given him, and he had taken a look at the book on his own account.

"Bring the book, Mullins," said Mrs. Penstock. He obeyed. She grabbed it and read the entry. Her lorgnette and jaw dropped simultaneously. She lay back in her chair, almost gasping from emotion and mortification. Lathrop took up the book.

"Pandora Fulcher," he read aloud amid impressive silence.

Oh, the agony and remorse of the "might have been." Pandora Fulcher, donor of half the Club grounds, mistress of millions, of Fulcherville, with its thousands of her factory workers, of the great mansion on Fifth Avenue. Pandora Fulcher of the far-famed *Xantippe*. The woman whose social recognition, the acceptance of a cup of tea, would have

meant fadeless glory to Mrs. Milton Penstock. Such are life's little ironies. She could almost hate Mrs. Lathrop and her child for basking three-quarters of an hour in the sunlight of that august presence. How it would have read in the "Social Whirl" column of the *Brampton Eagle*. "Mrs. Milton Penstock entertained at the Country Club on Saturday afternoon a small but exclusive party of Brampton's élite. Among the guests were Miss Pandora Fulcher . . ."

These are the tears of things. The glorious sunlight was throwing long shadows on the green hillsides, on lawn and upland, river and wood, but the word "Ichabod" was stamped over all. Its glory had departed. Mrs. Penstock drove home, bullied her husband acutely, and spent the next forty-eight hours in bed with a severely mortified temper. She had stood at the open gates of Paradise, and failed to walk in.

### III

IT was an overheard remark on his way from church next morning that first gave Lathrop uneasiness. The Brampton Trust Company, one of the chief banking concerns in town, had been seeking extra financial accommodation in New York City, and had not been successful, so rumor ran. After a prolonged period of abundant money, a sudden stringency had developed, and, coming on the heels of profuse prodigality, became a revelation of horror. During lunch Charlie was quieter than usual. Times were becoming chaotic, he knew, but his home bank he had never suspected. Pillars deemed immovable were shaking, institutions supposedly firm-based as the hills were quivering like wind-blown houses of cards. That his

own supports were doubtful he had never imagined for an instant. He had grave reason for anxiety, depending as much as he did on the assistance of his bankers. He had bought his mill cheaply, all his own money was sunk in it, he still owed Penstock \$25,000, payable in yearly instalments of \$5,000. On the coming Saturday an instalment would be due, and he had made, as he supposed, provision for it; but if anything happened to the bank he would be swept away with it. He knew that no mercy was to be expected from Penstock, who would want the letter of his bond to the day and hour, though the world should fall, and would regard Lathrop's calamity as his providential opportunity.

The young manufacturer said nothing to his wife of his fears, and when Monday passed uneventfully he was glad he had been silent. The thing was only idle or malicious rumor after all. When he went down to his mill early on Tuesday morning, he saw a small knot of people gathered about the bank doors, hours before opening time. Before noon there was a full-blast run on the institution. For two days the bank stood up to it, courageously but vainly seeking to stem the wild torrent. It closed late on Wednesday evening, with the assurance that the worst was over. It was, perhaps. The doubt, the fearfulness and anxiety were done with, for the bank never opened again.

Lathrop was not the man to go down without a fight. There were two other banks in town, and he tried both. The first turned him down at once, though a week before it would have jumped at his account. They were, however, calling in and not paying out, and snuggling down for the hurricane. For a few hours he thought he might succeed with the other, but that failed him, too. Pen-

stock was one of its directors, as was Flaxton, the Fulcherville Manager. Lathrop did not think that dour old Flaxton, though a business rival, would block him, but Penstock he feared, and, as he knew later, with reason. For two days he hunted high and low for relief, that agonizing and humiliating appeal for help, that shows a man how bare a place the world can be, and sufficiently illustrates the hollowness and sham of much social and religious profession where the almighty, divine dollar is concerned.

He had splendid security, was amply solvent, had a fine business, but sheer terror drove the impartial moneyed interests to close cover, and greed egged on the wreckers. One humiliation he would not suffer, and that was to appeal to Penstock. He would take his failure to meet this particular obligation as conclusive. When Friday night came he had tried every available source of relief, and had failed.

Alice knew it as soon as she saw him come up the garden path. She had put the child to bed. Her man would need all she could be to him this night. She had had her own troubles during the day. The little town knew of the impending collapse, there was a reference to it in the evening paper. Tradesmen were dropping round for small accounts. Sympathetic friends had looked in, some curious to know if the pretty little house were likely to be sold. Bolder ones tried the Baby Grand piano disparagingly, and asked what she expected it would go for, and wondered what she thought she would get for the car Charlie had given her on her last birthday. The brutal, bargain-hunting hardness of some women she had never realized till now. She had cried a little after they had gone, and then, ashamed of her tears, had made the sacrifice in

her heart, and waited in quiet, smiling courage to stimulate that of her man.

"I'm beaten, little wife," he said, bitter words for a husband to utter. No matter how blameless he may be, the realization that his hostages must suffer with him, hurts. "It has got to be a fresh start, right from the bottom rung, but we can do it, girlie, can't we? No man can be kept down who has a woman like you at his side."

They faced it resolutely, cheerfully. The worst was over. He told her of his search and failure, and something pleasanter. His work-people, hearing of his trouble, had come to him offering to continue work for a month and wait for their wages, if it would help, and some had offered to lend their small savings. It is the poor who are generous in a pinch. They know the meaning of the struggle. The evening was far advanced when they heard footsteps on the garden path.

"Sympathetic bill collector, I suppose," Charlie said.

"You stay here, I'll attend to him," said Alice, hurrying from the room and closing the door behind her.

"An unholy hour for making calls, my dear," said the voice out of the gloom. "I am leaving the neighborhood to-morrow, and I wanted to see you and little honeybunch before I went."

"Miss Fulcher!" said Alice in amaze, drawing her into the hall.

"So you found me out," said that lady. "How is the lorgnette lady who thought I was after the club silver? I heard all about it later. One of the advantages of being old and ugly and plainly dressed is that you get pretty close to the world's mind about you."

"How do you do, Mr. Lathrop?" she continued, as Alice made the introduction. "I was curious to know



the man who deserved so charming a wife and such a dear as little honeybunch."

"Good fortune doesn't always desert the ill-deserving, Miss Fulcher," laughed Lathrop. "I take my luck without worrying about desert."

"Pretty sensible thing to do," agreed Miss Fulcher. "Well, a humble man's the noblest work of God, and a lot rarer than an honest one, though they are not over plentiful. No, my dear child, I dined an hour ago, but if you will give me a cup of tea, I'd be glad of it. The beverage of that name at the Fulcherville Hotel is the most infernal poison ever brewed by an amateur Lady Macbeth of a cook. It is delicious, my dear," she said as she sipped the tea. "Now we are comfortable, please sit down, child. Here by me. I love pretty faces. I came to have a chat with you two. I'm an old maid and fearfully inquisitive, as perhaps you do not know. What's all this I read in tonight's papers? Trouble, eh?"

The two sat silently a moment, not knowing how to begin or what to say.

"My dears," said Miss Pandora, "I'm old enough to be almost your grandmother, so you needn't mind talking to me."

"Yes, we are in pretty big trouble, Miss Fulcher," said Lathrop, and he told her the story from first to last, wondering as he did it, at the strange power the stranger woman had to draw out of him what he had scarcely told to his wife.

"A hundred families to be thrown out of work at a time like this, and a useful business ruined by a pawnbroking Shylock!" she exclaimed when he ended the tale. "And you two and little honeybunch put into the street practically. What a pretty little house you have, children. Come, let me see little honeybunch." Alice went and fetched the child, all

rosy with sleep. When she saw Miss Pandora, the child held out her arms.

"The old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky," she said, nestling her sunny little head against the old maid's breast. They played together for some time, and then Miss Pandora carried the child up to bed. When she came down she prepared to go, and held out her hand to Lathrop.

"Good night, Mr. Lathrop," she said. "And, by the way, can you be at your office at nine in the morning?"

"Yes, Miss Fulcher," he said, his face paling.

"Very well, I'll be there with my lawyer, Dick Ambler," she said. "I've been making inquiries about you to-day. Do you know you have got a good friend in my friend and manager, Mr. Flaxton?"

Lathrop looked up a little surprised. He had fought Flaxton stiffly, and thought the gruff old autocrat of the Mohair market hated him.

"He says you murder prices sometimes, and have beaten him to a few orders, but he loves a fighter," she continued. "I have great faith in his judgment, and much more in my own. He hates Penstock like the very devil, and he's the most vindictive and poisonous hater I ever knew. He tells me he won't have you swamped, it would be bad for local trade, bad for a lot of industrious workpeople, and good for Penstock, and what he says on these matters goes with me. You can let the world know to-morrow that in this squall, blow high, blow low, Pandora Fulcher and Ezra Flaxton are with you. The *Xantippe* never yet ran from a craft in distress, and we're too old to learn new tricks now. Mr. Ambler will bring over money for the wages to-morrow, and there's any part of \$50,000 you need, to pay off Shylock and keep the ship going, at

your call as soon as the bank opens in the morning, and no strings to it. Fight Flaxton all you want, but you'll have no snap with him in the ring, he's a cunning old fighter. God

bless my soul, children, you don't suppose we are all thugs and sand-baggers. Folks say we are queer folks at Fulcherville, and have queer ways. I suppose we are."



### SENTIMENTAL MR. FRICK

**T**HERE is a reason why Henry Clay Frick looks more like a ruddy-faced, care-free, well-dressed farmer than an iron-willed multi-millionaire. It is that, in spite of the great grind that earned him his millions, he is a sentimentalist!

At the time he bought fifty coke ovens with his savings as book-keeper in his grandfather's feed store, there seemed no sentiment about him. He increased his ovens to ten times that number, bought out his partner, allowed Carnegie to "absorb" him and then became as great a power in the concern as Carnegie. It didn't seem as though there were any sentiment in him then.

But perhaps there was. At least he did not run away to Scotland when the Homestead strike threatened. He remained and faced the music. It nearly cost him his life. But he recovered. There was no sentiment when he broke with Carnegie, nor when he gathered in railroads, corporations, trusts, state politics and other trifles. But just the same, he was a sentimentalist. He loved work and so it did not take the healthy red from his face. He cleared twenty millions in coke in one season alone. But all the time he was planning his great summer home at Pride's Crossing, Mass., he was seeking art treasures and making every effort to make up for the sentimentality he had been unable to indulge in in other days.

"Sentimentality? Has hard-headed, cold-blooded Henry Clay Frick any sentiment in him?" many have asked, and doubted. When his beautiful grown daughter died he had a steel engraving likeness of her imprinted on all his checks, and whenever he gives for charity, or to help anyone in anything at any time—and he has given and is giving millions—he feels that it is for the lost daughter whose face is on his checks, and he feels that it is the next best thing to having her here to make the gifts herself, that somehow these gifts do really come from her, her memory, through him.

Grim, silent Henry Clay Frick sentimental?

He is.

# THE INNER CLAW

*Hunger has a morality of its own, and necessity is the mother of deception. This is the story of a movie actress who did not have a Mary Pickford income*

BY VIOLA BURHANS

Author of "An Adventure in Duplicity," "The Swords of Her Neighbors," etc.

THE slab-like menu of the cafeteria slanted invitingly outward on the sidewalk. It was the third time that night that Lena Eldred had gone past it, but this time she stopped. She began reading down the card, her hand tightening on her dingy bead bag.

People were passing in and out of the brightly lighted place. She heard the gay strains of the stringed band thrumming old melodies. At times when they were not playing there came to her the slashing, softened twang of a mandolin chord.

"Vegetable soup—5," she read, and shook her head. Too much for the little they gave you. Her glance shot down the "relishes." If one weren't hungry—but Lena saw lightning-quick that she could spend from ten to twenty cents on these and still be hungry. The roasts were another matter. Even if she could not afford them, she liked to read the list, to picture the steaming, sapid cuts snuggling in their black dripping-pans on the long counter.

A gnarled little man, hugging his coat, came out of the door, and Lena breathed in deeply the smell of hot brown gravy. A rush of warm dizziness went to her head. She tried to make the odor last as long as she could.

When it was gone, she was staring blankly at the menu card. The clawing within her, which for the past

month had been asking for bread and getting stones, was worse. It did no good to remind herself that she had had lunch in the ranch house of the Mohican Film Company—one hard-boiled egg, at a highway robbery price, which she had tried to make go farther by adding a choke of ketchup.

That sop to starvation did not help now. It could not make up for the succession of lean days when she had walked the city, hunting for a job. Pay day at the Mohican was still two days off, and since she had been taken on as a "super," four days before, the girl had kept soul and body together on little more, practically, than a lick and a promise. So the white-lighted cafeteria that night was a form of seduction that wormed soul-deep.

Her thoughts, however, were not entirely centered on the counters of appetizing food within the restaurant. They switched at times to Billy Gregory, the camera man at the Mohican. And whenever Lena thought of Gregory her worries and her hunger miraculously lessened.

Gregory was big and breezy from tan and sun. His tawny hair was wind-blown and perspiration dried. His eyes, bloodshot from the sand on the ranch, were as blue as blue fire. From the first he had befriended her,—once to the extent of nearly killing a "greaser" who had brushed

against her more than he had to while they were taking a war picture. The girl had been working next to scum, down-and-outers hired from the adjacent town, most of them keyed up on "white-snow" dope. In addition, there had been a scattering of Indians blown in from Arizona, and the usual fistful of Mexicans—lazy, leering rats who were seldom at pains to curb their insolence. It was one of these—a wiry, smiling devil who had flung cigarette ashes invitingly in Lena's direction—that Billy Gregory had made a fit subject for the company's hospital.

Lena wondered what Gregory would think of her now if he could see her staring and staring at a cafeteria's bill of fare. In their talks at the ranch she had carefully avoided any reference to her starved condition. She was ashamed of it, ashamed to have anyone surmise the cause of her thin body.

Fearing the judgment even of a chance passerby, she now wrenched her eyes resolutely from the menu card and started laggingly down the block in the direction of her lodging-house. But in spite of her will, the unfed youth in her seemed to rise up like a live thing and clamor for sustenance. At every step it became more insistent, until Lena finally capitulated and returned to the cafeteria. She decided to go in for a little while and sit down near the entrance. There at least she could *smell* the food, and no one would notice her if she did not stay too long, for she was not yet obviously shabby.

Making her way in behind a number of others, she went over to one of the leather seats. There was no indecision now in her movements, no droop to her shoulders. Once let the sharp-eyed cashier, a crisp-haired, hard-finished young woman, buttoned up immaculately in a blue linen

dress, decide that Lena had not come in "for business," and the hungry, shrinking girl knew what that would mean. There were benches in the park for loiterers and loungers.

So she sat down quickly, tilted her hat a little, and curtly touched up her hair. She watched the door, as if waiting for someone. One covert glance at the cashier showed her that that efficient young woman was too busy, tearing checks and making change, to look in her direction. A continuous line of people, enclosed by a wooden railing, was passing out, helping themselves to tooth-picks as they went, and throwing down nickels for packages of spear-mint-gum. No one glanced at Lena.

She began to let herself go over to the smell of the food, breathing it in deeply, as if she were crossing a heather of balsam. The odor of roasting meats, touched with onion, seemed to go in a warm line of steam to her brain. Within, the clawing, clawing kept on. Every fiber called harshly for food, every nerve demanded the nepenthe of the uncovered dripping-pans.

At many of the tables she saw hot roast-beef sandwiches, pink-soaked in their gravy, and piled on thick white plates. A young man at a table near her was bent engrossingly over a piece of duck embedded in apple sauce. Lena's gaze fastened broodingly on his order, and her eyes watered. His check would be thirty-five cents. She knew just the spot on the menu where it said, "Duck with apple sauce, 35 cents."

Her eyes became slit-like in calculation. In her handbag she had her next week's room-rent, and ten cents besides. The room-rent, she knew, could not be touched. When night comes a girl can be hungry, but never unroofed. God may have made the world—Lena did not know—but she *did* know that there were no roofs



in it of His making for sheltering girls. Landladies had a grasping hold on all the roofs she had known for the past five years, and no matter what was in their heads, from brains to sawdust, there never failed to be stones in their hearts. So it behooved a girl to be careful of her room-rent.

Lena's was due to-morrow. If she did not have it—she stared vaguely at the white glare around her, and unconsciously her thin body rocked in time to the gay measures of a waltz. Her fingers sought the two silver dollars in her handbag, and through the dingy bead sacque she pinched them together satisfyingly. Then she reflected that she might be worse off. The Mohican might not have taken her on. They did not pay much, but it was immeasurably better than nothing. And even if she could not touch her room-rent, there was still that extra dime in her purse. The amount of comfort she extracted from the thought of that dime was curiously disproportionate to its value.

Since nobody comes into a cafeteria except to snatch a bite, together with tooth-picks, spearmint, and postage stamps from the slot machine at the cashier's desk, Lena soon saw that business was slacking up. Already the cashier had glanced once in her direction. Only for a second, while she fluffed a shell-comb through her hair. But that look alarmed Lena. Automatically she cringed closer in a corner of the seat. She had lost her spirit. The claw within her had made her weak, sucked up her pride. She could not fight or explain. If somebody should ask her—she got up in sudden panic. She would by far rather spend that ten cents than answer any questions.

Now, ten cents may make a fair beginning in a cafeteria if one knows how to order—and doesn't get nerv-

ous. But when she stood in line with her tray and napkined roll, Lena always got nervous. The sight of the long counters of steaming food confused her; she felt ashamed to order so little when she wanted so much.

It seemed to her that the pert-capped waitresses saw into her handbag and were bored to serve only nickel and dime orders. Her voice unconsciously became apologetic as she named her selection. At times she tried to give the impression that she was not hungry, that she "just wanted a bite." But she always felt with shame that the girls understood. Their silence, and haste—how they did slap things on the thick plates!—was harsh. Lena would color and stumble half blindly to the desk for her check, only to experience more poignant agony as the nimble-minded woman, her hand poised above the pile of checks, glanced over her tray.

Once she had been asked with strained politeness—so it seemed to Lena—"Is there nothing more you will have?" And to the girl's stammering, threadbare reply, the five-cent check had been flung, like insult to injury, flagrantly upward on the tray. Lena's ears had burned making her way to a table. She felt as if everybody in the cafeteria thought her stingy.

But to-night hunger was sharp within her. It cut—more than the glances of the people could. She must get the most for her money,—that thought beat like hail on her empty mind. It spurred on her empty body.

As she made her way down the railinged aisle toward the trays, she planned rapidly what she would order. Three slices of raisin-bread—she prayed they would be thick!—and two flats of butter would take a nickel. The other must go for a portion of mashed potato, smuggled

around its dipper of brown gravy. That was about the best one could do, even in a cafeteria. And at least it would stave off some of the claw!

She snatched a tray, sniffed in a breath of the soups in passing, and shaking her head in the negative, slantingly eyed the tempting cuts of meat. The waitress bent toward her politely.

"One mashed potato," she indicated faintly, "with gravy—plenty of gravy, please."

Her arms trembled as the thick plate with its steaming contents thumped down on the tray. She went on a step farther and secured the three slices of bread—alas, they were thin!—and the flats of butter. Then she hurried to the desk, and without looking up heard the light fall of her ten-cent check.

As she passed on, her eyes dartingly searched the room for a corner table that she might have to herself where the light would not be so strong on her shabby jacket. She saw a girl just leaving in the rear, and hastily she made her way toward the deserted table. She was about to sit down when suddenly she stopped, stupefied, and for an instant stood motionless, clutching her tray.

*That girl had left a full portion of fricasseed chicken!* The plump yellow breast-meat rose from a still smoking pond of gravy. As the fragrance steamed to Lena's nostrils the claw within her became a live thing. It awoke savagery; her body seemed to snarl. Like hot sparks it went through her mind that that food had been paid for. In another second a waiter would come and remove it, together with the empty salad plate and coffee service.

She looked around hastily. She did not think. She had no time to think. She only felt. She pictured her teeth sinking into the seasoned, tender breast-meat. She tasted the

dressing, drained the gravy to the last drop.

The tables about her were not taken. Nobody was watching her. In another second Lena had set her tray down, reached for the platter of chicken, and with a sliding, lightning movement of her thin arm, transferred it to her tray. Then again she looked around, her eyes this time defiant, glittering like lighted beads. Still nobody was watching her.

After a time, she smiled. Her breath stopped jerking. She began removing the food from the tray, arranging it about her plate, and laying the check toward the glass of water. Some people came in and filled the table near her, the orchestra struck up a blithe melody. Lena tore at a slice of raisin-bread and buttered a copious piece. She felt no compunction—yet. Starving people may be as fastidious as others—up to a certain point. Beyond that, etiquette, as a substitute for food, is as meaningless as the tom-toming of a drum outside the lowered curtain of a beach attraction.

Stonily, rapidly, the girl began to eat, and slowly the claw subsided. A waitress came and removed the other girl's dishes from the table. She rattled off the salad plate without a glance in Lena's direction, but as she picked up the coffee service her eye was automatically caught by the girl's check which had got shoved toward the salt-shaker.

Lena turned cold. The waitress directed one cool, comprehensive glance over her food.

"There's been a mistake in your check, Miss," she said. "The fricassee is forty cents. Fifty, altogether," she finished, computing rapidly.

Lena turned colder. She tried to speak. She only mumbled. Shame stained her face. But the waitress was in a hurry. Her tray was al-

ready piled high with dishes, and other tables were waiting to be cleared, so she scarcely saw Lena's perturbation.

"I'm going past the desk now and I'll change it for you," she offered.

"I—I didn't—" the girl began, stammering, low-voiced.

"No, sure not!" the woman cut in hurriedly. "Mistakes like that will happen. I'll fix it for you," and with a whisk she was gone.

Lena sat like a stone. Her food was not quite consumed, but the remainder would have been ashes. Mechanically she tried to think. In a second—a century—another check was laid by her plate.

"That'll fix you up," the waitress said, flurrying on to another table.

Fifty cents! The figures seemed like scintillations in Lena's brain. A forty-cent "set-back" on her room-rent! The amount, trivial in itself, was now stupendous, since she did not have it, for more than the forty cents was at stake. Lena knew that Mrs. Sterns regarded her as a "transient" and held her in proportionate disfavor. Twice within the past two months the girl had been obliged to keep her waiting for her rent; and lately the landlady had hinted that she could "rent the room to better advantage." To-morrow she would not lose this opportunity to make a mountain out of the missing, mole-hill amount.

Since she was only forty cents short, Lena assumed wearily that she could combat her. But the words, the nagging! Her soul balked at the thought. She now wished passionately that she had gone out of the cafeteria hungry. There were worse things in the world than hunger. And yet . . . when one is hungry, when one has worried along for a month on slops . . . Lena looked reflectively at her thin hand. She remembered reading that starving

men had been known to bite into their own fists.

"How you change," she thought half aloud, "when you're not fed. You don't care—except to get food. You'd steal or bite or lie. Nice people or not, it makes no difference. Once the claw gets them . . . and they smell food. . . ."

A mandolin twanged discordantly. She saw it being slipped into a felt case. The musicians were leaving. The cafeteria was rapidly emptying. Lena shook herself shiveringly. Something would have to be done. For a moment she thought of confiding in the waitress, but the next instant she knew that was hopeless. The woman was shrewd and bovine and indifferent. In addition, she looked well-fed and contented, and the girl knew that all avenues of approach to such people were red-lanterned. One could not get near them. Hades can define heaven, but the reverse is never true.

Her glance darted next to the woman behind the register in the rear of the cafeteria. She wore a brisk-looking dress of starched linen. The thick ropes of her brown hair, sawed through by a pencil, were becomingly arranged, and on her wattled cheeks the girl discerned a touch of what might, or might not, have been rouge. After a moment of swift computation, Lena decided that there was no hope of leniency in that direction; and unless she were sure of being met at least half-way, the embarrassed girl felt too cold to go to the desk and explain.

The place suddenly seemed a trap; and with the instinct of the trapped, unsuspected cunning awoke within Lena. To get out—with her room-rent intact—was the only thought that filled her mind. There were now but one or two tail-end stragglers still filling their trays, and Miss Reynolds, in charge of the checks,

was taking advantage of the slump in business to rearrange a pile of oranges that had toppled over.

Lena's gaze shot from her to the cashier's desk at the front of the cafeteria. To her thankful amazement, it was deserted. The crisp-haired, presiding young woman was nowhere in sight. Evidently Miss Reynolds was not the only one who had taken advantage of the slack trade. Miss Lillian Mahoney, at that moment, was wedged into an electric-lighted cubby-hole to her right, assiduously engaged in applying a coat of powder to her pore-indented cheeks. That she would finish this delicate operation before the one or two "gorgers," as she designated the remaining occupants of the restaurant, completed their nightly meal, was in Miss Mahoney's eyes and vernacular "a question"!

Lena knew that this was her moment. If she could get past the cashier's desk, she would be safe; and Saturday night, she reminded herself, she would return and pay her check. Until then . . . anything was better than running the chance of being turned into the street.

She shoved back her chair and walked leisurely toward the front of the restaurant. Her instinct was to run, but she knew better than that. Approaching the desk, she made a motion as if to lay down the check and the money. To her frightened gaze, every article on the blue blotter bulged to twice its usual size; and as she withdrew her arm the convex lump of tooth-picks swam before her eyes and seemed to cry out:

"Thief, thief!"

In a sort of blind panic she shot over the few feet of tiled floor to the door. Not daring a backward look, she flashed it shut behind her, and worming her way in and out among the pedestrians, disappeared almost on a run down the block. In this

way she missed seeing Billy Gregory, who was approaching the cafeteria from the opposite direction on the chance of getting a last bite before the place closed.

"Caesar's ghost!" he exclaimed, watching her out of sight. "That is Miss Eldred! Is she running for a train, or is that her usual manner of leaving a cafeteria?"

He noticed a check from the restaurant lying at his feet, and as he picked it up, he recalled that he had seen it flutter from the girl's hand as she winged her way out of the door. He glanced at the amount. Then he entered the restaurant, soberly pinching the check, and thinking, as it seemed to him, a thousand feet a second. The cashier's desk was still unoccupied, and with a jolt, the disturbing conviction forced itself upon Gregory's mind that this thin girl, starved, he was sure, had deliberately edged out of the place without paying her bill.

He took a fifty-cent piece from his pocket, and, together with the check, laid it on Miss Mahoney's desk. Then he strolled on down the aisle and absently selected a dish of salad, with a saucer of canned peaches and a pot of coffee.

"We're just closing," Miss Reynolds yawned, as she snapped his check on his tray.

"Always time for one more," Gregory smiled, as he passed on to the front of the room and chose a table near the cashier's desk.

Mechanically he sweetened his coffee, thinking of the morning when he had seen Lena coming across the blistered sand of the ranch toward the door of the property-room. There was a "Keep Out" fixture above this door in letters as high as a fire-pail, but in spite of this sign the girl had headed straight for the building. So, with a frown, Gregory had gone out on the stoop to meet her.



The frown had disappeared, however, the moment he opened the door. She was the thinnest girl he had ever seen. Her eyes had burned blue holes in her brow. He could see where her cashmere skirt had been sponged with benzine, and the spot near the neckband of her blouse that had been too carefully mended. Her sailor hat sat well down upon her heavy hair. And her hair, he noticed, was as warm and yellow as sunned sand.

She was blue-veined, beautiful,—and in Gregory's eyes, the loveliest girl he had ever seen! And the frailest! He wondered how life had whipped her.

As he dallied with his supper, speculating afresh upon the ingenuity of the world for racking the weak, Miss Mahoney came leisurely from her retreat and sent a sharp glance around the cafeteria. Her eyes fell upon Lena's deserted table, and with a jerk she stopped, squinted one side of her mouth tightly upward, and taking out a comb from her back hair thoughtfully fluffed up her bang. Then she saw Gregory. Miss Mahoney knew Gregory well. He was in the habit of stopping at the cigar case on his way out, and had frequently engaged Miss Lillian in conversation.

"Hello, Lil," he now advanced friendly.

"Hello," she returned. "When did you come in, Billy?"

"A few moments ago."

"You didn't see anybody makin' a getaway around here?"

"Not that I noticed," Gregory drawled, sawing a half of his peach through.

Miss Lillian approached his table:

"It's gettin' so," she remarked in an injured tone, "that if I leave for a second somebody takes the chance to beat it without leaving any grub money on the desk. Honest, Billy,

this job'd make anybody lose faith in human natchoor! Honesty may be the best policy, but you can take it from me, there's precious few practisin' it unless they're watched."

"What's eating you now, Lil?"

"Only a minute ago I had to leave the desk for a second to put some oil-o'-clove on a tooth that's botherin' me, and would you believe it, that dame I left over there in the corner—eatin' away like a house afire—must have up and beat it? The last person, too, I'd a-believed capable of such baseness! Why—"

"How do you know she's skipped without paying?" Gregory interrupted. "Have you looked on your desk?"

"I should turn over the tooth-picks!" Miss Mahoney responded sarcastically. Nevertheless, she crossed over to the desk and sent a swirling glance up and down the blue blotter.

"Well, if you're not right for once, Billy!" she ejaculated a second later. "She's left the price in plain sight. And what's more, she's got away with fo' bits' worth of eats! If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I'd never believe it."

Gregory slowly buttered a biscuit.

"Why wouldn't you believe it?" he asked.

"I've never known her to eat mor'n a dime's worth, and generally the 'set-back's' only a nickel. She's been comin' in here for a month now, off and on, but I've never seen her have a check for mor'n enough grub to keep a pigeon alive. No wonder she's thin. But, believe me, there's class about her! Once I had occasion to say sumpin' to her, and, say, Billy! I could take a correspondence course in English, and my lingo would sound like steerage noises alongside of hers!"

Gregory was silent.

"Starving!" he choked, sickening at the sight of his salad.

"Fifty cents' worth at once!" Miss Mahoney resumed. "I can't get over it."

"Oh, forget it!" he advised.

"Honest, if she'd ordered Pompano Pap'lette, or an 'a la' something, I couldn't be more surprised. Say, Miss Reynolds," raising her voice so that it carried to the rear of the room, "what'd that thin dame over at the corner table order, the one that just lit out?"

"One 'mashed,' and three raisin-breads," the lady addressed called back, not looking up from the newspaper she was perusing.

"But you gave her a check for fo'bits, and she's paid it without any argument."

Miss Reynolds cracked her paper open to a fresh page. Then she remarked aloofly:

"I should worry if I make one mistake in the two years I've been workin' here! When I inspected her tray, there was nothing on it but the raisin-bread and a dish of 'spuds.' But Marg'ret comes up to the desk in the rush and says that she's eatin' chicken fricassee on a ten-cent check; so rather than start nothing with Marg'ret, I took back the check she brought up and gave her another one for fifty. If you ask *me*, I've my opinion that there was something phony about that deal somewhere."

"How do you mean, phony?" Miss Mahoney, in her interest, endured temporary strangulation.

"Well, is it like me, Lil, to make a mistake like that? To let somebody get by me for ten cents with a fricassee on their tray? If that girl turned such a trick, then she's the one that put slick in the dictionary!"

Miss Mahoney reflected.

"But if Marg'ret was overworkin' her lamps, what'd the girl pay the fo'bits for?"

For reply Miss Reynolds shrugged disdainfully and went back to her paper.

"Everybody seems to have cash for del'cacies, nowadays," Miss Mahoney remarked, turning to Gregory. "Even them that's broke."

Billy said nothing. He finished his cold coffee, rose, and paid his check. Abstractedly he left the cafeteria, following the nightly crowd of workers through a small park that provided a short cut to a main street. With his departure, Miss Mahoney straightened her desk, and jamming the lid down tighter on the can of chiclets, skipped into the cubby-hole for her hat. A moment later the outside door closed behind her, and white-ducked men took possession of the restaurant, slamming the chairs bottoms upward in preparation for the scrub-women. The lights flared up, flickered, then went down. The cafeteria closed for the night.

Meantime, Lena, pursued by her panic-stricken thoughts, had gone with the mob of toilers through the same park. But instead of following the ant-like stream of pedestrians to the street entrance, she turned into a side-path and dropped down upon the first empty bench that offered.

Here she sat inertly until her body stopped trembling from the fear of pursuit. Gradually her head cleared, for the food she had eaten, temporarily at least, appeased the claw. But with the return of her faculties, sickening shame went over her at the thought of what she had done. She, Lena Eldred, had sneaked out of a cafeteria without paying her bill! It seemed incredible! That was what this queer, digging claw had changed her into. It had made her first a coward, and then a thief.

A thief! She shivered. Above her head, the iron arm of an arc-light reached out like a grasping hand. A bunch of coarse palms

across the path at her feet, flanked by a bed of flaming geraniums, shook in the wind. She watched them dully. For two days and a night—until payday at the Mohican—she would have to live with herself, with a thief. The next day she would have to meet Billy Gregory and pretend—

Something in that thought brought her quickly to her feet. "Not that!" she exclaimed aloud. Anything but that. She could face Mrs. Sterns, stand her nagging and take the consequences. She could even sit on her trunk all night in the street if she had to. But Gregory was a world that she could not face unless she were right with herself.

There was no alternative but to return to the cafeteria and pay her bill. With this purpose in mind, she started hurriedly down the walk, opening her handbag as she went, for the check. But to her bewilderment, it was not among the other contents of the bag. As she looked up, trying to think what she had done with it, she saw Gregory coming toward her and as he stopped, lifting his hat nervously, it was evident that he did not intend immediately to let her pass.

"Please," she protested, after returning his greeting, "I—I have to go over to Gray's cafeteria. I must see the cashier before they close."

"You are too late, I'm afraid. They're already closed. I just came from there, and they were shutting up then."

"But—" Lena began to stammer, her face staining a revealing red, "I—I haven't paid my check."

"Well, that isn't exactly a crime," he remarked, pausing in front of the bench she had vacated and breaking off a leaf from one of the geraniums. "Anyone is liable to forget his check at times. I've done it myself and had to go back."

"But—" again the girl hesitated,

this time, however, only a second. "I—must tell you. I think I have to tell you," she hurried on. "I didn't—really forget my check"—here her voice dropped low with shame. "I did not mean to come back and pay it. At least, not to-night. Not when I went out."

Billy appeared embarrassed. He pushed his straw hat back on his moist hair and pinched the geranium leaf between his thumb and finger.

"Let's sit down," he suggested practically. "We can't talk standing here."

"Now," he resumed, after she had obeyed him mechanically, "you can tell me as much, or as little as you please. But—"

"Oh," she intercepted involuntarily, "I shall tell you all, of course!"

"Well—" it was his turn to hesitate, "if you do, you may as well know that it won't make any difference in—the way I feel toward you."

"The way you—" Lena stopped suddenly. "You won't feel that way," she resumed after a pause, "when you know the truth. I am a—I was a thief to-night!"

Her voice dropped like a dead thing at his feet.

Gregory changed his position.

"I wouldn't believe you were a thief," he asserted, "if I saw you robbing a bank!"

She smiled faintly.

"I was a thief," she repeated. "When I went into the cafeteria, I had only ten cents, over and above my room-rent I mean, which is due to-morrow. I knew that I could not touch the rent money. My landlady— isn't the kind you can put off."

"They never are," he remarked. "It's been my experience that tombstones are tallow compared to women who rent rooms."

"So I selected a ten-cent order," Lena continued. "But—" here her

voice again dropped low in shame—"I ate a plate of fricasseed chicken—"

"Good!" he interrupted.

"Wait. The order was on my table. A girl had just left it. I don't think she had touched it, but I shouldn't have cared—then. I—I was hungry."

"A living shame!" Billy exclaimed, six feet of whole-souled indignation. "But why didn't you let me know if you were 'broke'? What is a friend for if he can't—"

He floundered suddenly under her steady gaze.

"Listen, please. I ate every last crumb of that chicken. Of course, I knew the order had been paid for, but even if it hadn't, I doubt if I should have hesitated then. You see, it was hot. And when I saw it . . . standing there . . . and going to waste—and when I got the smell of it! I think it was the smell that did it. It made me—stop thinking. Before I knew it, I had shoved it over on my tray."

Gregory nodded.

"And after a while a waitress came up and removed the other girl's dishes. She saw my check for ten cents, and what I was eating. Naturally she thought there had been some mistake, so she offered to exchange the check. By that time, I—I couldn't explain to her. She took the check to the desk and brought me another one for fifty cents. That meant that if I paid my bill, I would have to take it out of my room-rent, and Mrs. Sterns is—very particular that I don't lapse—again in my rent. You see, I had to once—no, twice before. And the silly idea possessed me that this time she would—that she might put my trunk in the street."

"Yet you were going back now to settle?" he inquired.

"Yes. At first I meant to wait

until pay-day. But when I thought it over, I found that I—well, somehow, I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

She colored vividly.

"Had you lost your fear of Mrs. Sterns?"

"No, oh, no!" very earnestly. "But I realized suddenly that I was more afraid of somebody else. I knew that if I did this sneaky thing, I—couldn't look him in the face."

"Him!" Gregory's fingers moistened on the iron railing of the bench. "He is—a friend of yours?"

"I—think so."

Billy shoved back his straw hat.

"He's lucky," he remarked despondently.

"To-morrow morning," Lena resumed, after another pause, "I'll go back to the cafeteria and pay my bill."

Gregory started. This was the one thing, he knew, that he must prevent her from doing. Lillian would be sure to insist that the girl had paid her check, and from this, Lena would know that somebody had paid it for her. Between the two, they would not be slow to piece out the truth; and the thought of Lena suffering humiliation at the hands of the sharp-tongued, sharp-minded Miss Mahoney, stung Gregory unendurably.

"Have you got the check with you?" he asked, switching the geraniums with his stick.

"No, I don't seem able to find it in my purse. I think I must have dropped it somewhere. But I can explain that at the desk."

"You won't have to," he said bluntly. "I saw you drop the check just outside the door of the cafeteria. I was going in as you came out."

"Then you picked it up?" she questioned in a relieved tone, extending her hand.



"Yes. And I—I settled at the desk," he stammered.

"You paid my bill?" She turned toward him, her eyes amazed and resentful.

"Please!" he implored. "Don't look at me—like that. Let me explain."

He did so, very humbly, and she listened quietly until he had finished.

Then she asked frankly: "Why did you do that, Mr. Gregory?"

There was a moment's pause:

"Do you suppose you could call me Billy?" he asked irrelevantly.

"I—might," she conceded. "Why did you do that, Billy?"

"Because," he spoke deliberately now, "from the moment I saw you at the ranch, I've been head over heels in love with you. Wait!" he again implored, as she started. "I know from what you've just said that I'm not in the running. But until that other chap shows up and takes you out of this infernal business and feeds you a square meal or two, I've decided to look out for you. I may not have the right, but—I'm going to take it!" he ended forcibly.

Above their heads, the arc-light

shivered in mystic disturbance, its lavender face temporarily shorn of its serenity. But to Gregory's amazement, the girl was silent. A faint smile quivered about her lips.

"You have not asked me the name of my friend," she reminded him presently.

"I'm not so anxious to know it," Billy said gruffly. "If you want the truth, I've a pretty poor opinion of him. A man who would let a girl like you starve to death—"

"That is exactly what he won't do," she interrupted. "He interfered—or rather, helped—the moment he surmised I needed assistance. And even when he heard—that I had stolen a meal to-night—"

She got no further. Gregory wheeled suddenly around on the bench, and for a moment his blue eyes bored straight through her lowered eyelids.

"Why in the name of goodness didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

Then, as she laughed softly, his hand closed quickly over her thin one, and she felt the warmth and hardness and protection of his pressure.

## A WINTER LYRIC

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE winter winds were swift and stinging,  
The day was growing old and dark;  
And yet within the icy park  
Birds in the leafless trees were singing.

Somehow the cold was not so clinging,  
And homing people stopped to stare  
At all the brave hearts clustered there—  
Birds in the leafless trees! And singing!

Oh, Spring is sweet with woodlands ringing,  
And Summer's pageant moves all men;  
But my heart leaps to Winter when  
Birds in the leafless trees are singing.

# *The* COHORTS OF THE FROST

*Do you merely endure snow, or do you really love it? Most of us have to have its charm and its friendliness pointed out to us, whether it flies in the air or rests on the ground*

*By*

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

**S**NOW! What a host of pleasant associations the word awakes! Words are but Pandoras, beneficent or otherwise, each lifting the lid from its box of memories and suggestions and loosing them into the fancy. For those of us, at least, who dwell in a land neither of perpetual frost nor perpetual summer, who expect the delights of a white Christmas and the vernal resurrection of April, the word "snow" is key to one of the choicest of caskets, wherein abide alike the homeliest and heartiest of childhood memories, and the stored impressions of nature's subtlest of color values or the cold, quiet recollections of moonlight brooding on a winter world.

The lid of the crystal casket has been lifted for me by the action of my pen in writing the word. The memory of a room flies out to me, and nestles warmly in my fancy. I am in the room, yet, strangely enough, I seem also for a moment outside, looking at the house, with its long hip roof behind, its single huge chimney, its open-sided woodshed filled with log ends to the top, its guardian trees. Then the sense of the room steals over me, a room with low ceiling and a red cloth on the table. In the corner stands a tall clock, and above the dial face a brig,

with all sails set, rocks to the swing of the pendulum, upon a painted ocean. *Tick-tock, tick-tock*—very slowly and resonantly the great clock measures the flight of time, and the monotony of it is as a lullaby. The sun pours sleepily in through the western windows, over the pots of red geraniums. On the hearth a fire crackles, and the cat is asleep on the rag rug before it. Outside, the world is dazzling white at first, but presently it is blue, the same blue as the sky, for the sun is sinking and the tall columnar screen of the sugar grove on the hill is chill with shadow. There is steam rising from the muffler of the man driving past in a pung. How cold is the outside world, how still, how buried! *Tick-tock, tick-tock*—the brig rides up and down upon its painted ocean. A log falls with a crackle of sparks, and then the flames wallow anew up the great chimney. My eyes close drowsily even now at the memory, to open again to the sound of dishes rattled in the kitchen and the coming of the evening lamps.

The scene changes, and I stand outside of myself, as it were, and see myself go by down the wind, the spray of blown powder enveloping me to the waist, and whitening my shoulder blades. I am a dark little

figure in blue "pull-down" cap and navy blue pea-jacket, with a japanned tin lunch box under my arm, a figure as dark as the black cedars beside the roadside fence, or so much of the fence as is visible above the drifts—often only the top rail. There is no sun, only a patch of misty radiance in a white sky. The blown snow is scurrying in clouds over the pastures, half obscuring the rusty wall of woods beyond. Up the road ahead of me it swirls, and it comes pushing behind, hastening my footsteps and stinging my face when I turn about. Now I am that little boy again, and feel the tingling joy of ploughing along before the wind, of kicking through the drifts, of racing ahead to catch the runner of a pung, perhaps, or of fighting my way home again with my face wrapped to the eyes in my woolen muffler—that supreme joy of contending with elemental Nature when she demands of you your utmost.

Since that little boy blew down the road before the wind, between the dark cedars, in a snowstorm which rose from the ground, he has watched many a snow descend upon a great city, there to blacken and melt and finally to be carted ignominiously off and dumped in the river. It would begin to fall, perhaps, in the evening, misting the lamps that blaze along Broadway, and swirling in under sidewalk canopies to powder the hair of the jeweled women who were alighting from their carriages and scurrying across the walk to the theater entrance. In the morning the sun would rise over a city transformed. The stark trees in the park would throw out black limbs outlined beneath a white capping; in Madison Square, Esquimaux igloos would rise in the streets; for one glorious morning the drab ground pattern of the town would disappear beneath the soft, clean blanket. But then would

come the slush, the blackening, the spatter. The country boy grew homesick for the sound of sleighbells, for the rush of sleds, for the great sweep of the storm over mountain walls and the long weeks of blue shadows on the silent fields, for all the unexpurgated drama of the snowy season. It was not the Summer heat that drove him from New York, for that he always had contrived to escape. It was much more the snowless Winter, Winter without the dramatic entrance of the storm, Winter without the happy ending of silver brooks alive in every road and finally of vanishing wisps of white drift behind pasture walls, melting like clouds before the winds of Spring.

When you were a little boy did they use to tell you that when it snowed the old woman up in the sky was shaking out her feather bed? It was an appealing fancy, and I sometimes wonder what is its modern substitute now that feather beds have passed. It was a great joy, surely, when the first storm began, to stand with upturned face and watch the great flakes come down out of a white sky, assuming a separate individuality quite suddenly, about ten or fifteen feet above your head. Your eyes would unconsciously pick out a particularly large flake, as it separated itself from the blur of the descending thousands, and you would watch it flutter easily to earth, sometimes with the lightness and irresponsibility of a feather, sometimes as if it were sliding down the air. Often you would run to catch it on your coat sleeve, to admire its fairy texture of interwoven crystals. Sometimes it would swerve and hit you in the face, or fall into your open, laughing mouth, where it instantly dissolved with the faintest hint of a cool waterdrop. Then faster and faster the flakes began to come; they

were getting smaller now, as the storm settled down to its work, and the eyes were blinded trying to individualize them. The paths were already white, the brown grass powdered, the evergreens putting on their hoods. It was then that you ceased your sport and looked out on the landscape in silence, no doubt unconscious of why it suddenly held you, but yielding to its spell.

There is not Emerson's "tumultuous privacy of storm" in the first snowfall, nor the suggestion of Whittier's rustic "Snowbound." It comes upon a land not yet devoid of color on the hills, the browns and yellows and faint reds of hardwood foliage still shredding the branches, and a great deal of it must fall before the ground plan of the earth—the roads and pasture squares and meadow swales—is obliterated. What the first snow does is suddenly to spread a magic gauze between you and the familiar world, which accomplishes what the white gauze in the playhouse is intended to accomplish, the removal of the objects behind it into a dream place of dimmed outlines and shadowy values. Through this medium the high lights, paradoxically, are the darkest spots, a foreground evergreen, perhaps, or the barn across the road. A pasture elm is a fountain of twig tracery, the wall of the mountain a wave of shadow billowing against the white sky. But there is nothing theatrical about the soft gauze of the storm; there is no concentration nor color in the illumination, but a uniform radiation of pure light, as pure as water.

And now, when you have looked your fill on the soft suffusion of your landscape spaces, you are at length aware of the sound of the storm, a sound as soft as the sight, not a patter nor a hiss, but something between the two as the flakes descend on the dead grass and the foliage, seeming

to accelerate in pace when they near the earth, as if eager for their lodging place. This delicate sound, of course, is more apparent in the woods, or in fields where the dried weeds stand up stiffly, and I have walked many a mile in Winter listening to it in the dead foliage above my head, while each new vista showed a white world and under foot the snow was deepening.

Is the world ever more lovely than on the first morning after the first storm? From the Oh's! and Ah's! and How Lovely's! of the average inexpressive mortal to the poetry of Whittier or the canvases of innumerable artists, the record runs of our delight in the "frolic architecture" of the snow. I sometimes wonder, as they spindle skyward, why Norway spruces were planted before my dwelling, till the first storm has come and the next morning's sun has risen bright and cold. Then I know. Then their long lateral branches, upcurved at the ends, bear great loads of white, in cones and caps and pyramids, and the green pendants of foliage below are like the beards of strange old men, those unseen gnomes, perhaps, who so perplexed *Peer Gynt*—and the critics! Then a great white birch among them is oddly whiter still—the only thing which can look white against new snow, except the feet of *Nicolette*. Then the spire of a hemlock beyond is like a frosted Christmas card, and farther still, beyond the white obscurity of the hedge, the world simply vanishes into snow and sky, the background of a Japanese print, which is to say, pure suggestion, the blank paper. How curiously shut-in we feel on such a morning, in our little red house among the evergreens! We feel as shut-in, as deliciously private, as when the Midwinter storm is besieging us, and the fire roars, and we gaze through the windows into a white darkness.



But, though we are thus shut in, we can hear from our porch the shouts of our neighbor's children, the shrill screams of little girls going by to school, pursued by wicked little boys with snowballs, and—yes! there they are!—we can hear the jingle of sleighbells. No work can be done this morning! Down from the attic come the snowshoes, the thongs are tested, moccasins are oiled, and we are off for the deep woods.

The deep woods have many moods in Winter, more, perhaps, than in Summer, or even in Spring. But they are never quite so beautiful as on this brilliant morning after the first heavy snowfall. Now the underbrush is bowed everywhere in slender hoops and arches of white. Now the brooks are still unfrozen and have hollowed the snow on their banks into rounded caps. Now the tree trunks down the forest aisles are sharply divided, like a Harlequin's costume, into black and white, white on the windward side, black on the leeward. Now the forest overhead is one continuous roof of frosted fairy tracery, dazzling where the sun shoots through, soft and feathery in shadow. Down a glittering forest aisle a fern stands up in the shelter of a rock, a vivid green above the white carpet. About us in the silence, as we walk, come down little plops of snow from shaken branches. As the sun mounts and its heat is felt, the tiny avalanches are sounding softly all around us in the woods. By noon the fairy groins and arches overhead, all this tracery as of elfin Gothic gone delightfully mad, will have fallen. The trees will stand up naked, above a snow carpet packing down for the first layer of Winter. But for one glorious morning we walk in spangled aisles and count it the best day of the year.

Later, when the real storms of Winter have followed and packed

two feet of snow upon the forest floor, when the brooks have frozen into winding coils of slippery black amid the great trunks, when the trees are stern and naked with daggers of light between them, a hush of death comes over the Winter woods, a beautiful, solemn hush, and one instinctively lowers his voice as in the presence of mystery. Yet see where the deer have danced, and where a squirrel has jumped to the foot of an evergreen, burrowed for cones, and emerged again to leave the tell-tale husks of his meal. Looking at the records on the ground, the woods seem very much alive, alive at hours when we are sleeping, perhaps, and the deer come through. See, here are their tracks, and here a shrub eaten off clean to the snow line.

As the snow settles on the face of nature and becomes a part of it, as the village paths are packed as hard as pavement and the roads glisten with runner tracks, we begin to lose consciousness of the first all-pervading whiteness, and become aware of the colors in the Winter world. I once kept a diary of the snow, for an entire season—need I say it was my first season after our exodus from the land of bondage? Looking back over its pages, I find descriptions of rhapsodic, not to say startling, color schemes. Here is one:

"The view from High Pasture this afternoon was lovely. In the southwest, under a canopy of leaden clouds, was a warm red rift over the peak of Tom Ball Mountain, and it tinted the snow in the valley almost to my feet. To the east the sky was clear, a pure mother-of-pearl green and opal, over the long, wave line of brilliant ultramarine mountains."

..

But that note is not exaggerated. It is an accurate transcription. Many years ago I read somewhere a statement by Maxfield Parrish that the color scheme of New England could be as vivid as that of Arizona, but it

was not till I dwelt a Winter through amid the New England hills that I believed him. Mount Lafayette sometimes is a mighty amethyst in the August sunset, but even our humble Berkshires are amethysts evening after evening when the valleys are deep in snow and the wooded slopes are gray with chestnuts and birches streaked on the Winter carpet; they are a beautiful chain of amethysts binding the farms, the villages, the river reaches, and at their feet at twilight into the rusty tamarack swamp steals a purple veil, which mounts the eastern wall as the sun sinks behind the western, dusk-ing into blue before it creeps quite to the summit, and changing from blue to an elusive, shadowy gunmetal color as the evening comes and a silver moon rides high.

There are sometimes colors in the later snowstorms, too. It may be, of course, merely a coincidence, but within my observation these colored snowstorms have all occurred after the February thaws, when the mind has begun to prepare itself for Spring. Possibly the increased power of the sun and the higher temperature are, in fact, responsible for the atmospheric effects which produce the color. It can come from nothing else, for the earth is as bare and brown as in December, there is no more color on the hills, no brighter hue on the evergreens. Such a storm is the Winter analogy of the Summer shower which dusks the landscape with a dun, ashen cloud, but leaves a hole of blue sky in the west and plays on far mountains here and there a turquoise searchlight. From one quarter of the heavens the white vapor drives down upon us out of colorless space, but in the opposite quarter a mother-of-pearl sky gleams faintly through the mist, the mountain wall beneath it is like blue and green watered silk seen through a

white veil, and the fir trees are emerald. Such a storm passes quickly. We know it is not "fixin' for a blizzard," as the saying goes. But while it lasts it has something of the iridescent yet illusive color of a tone-poem by Debussy.

In the country, the old age of the snow is dignified and its passing a beautiful thing. All Winter it has covered the ground, protecting the shrubs and flower beds, conserving our gardens, our woods, even our soil. Then, on a March morning, it begins to feel the deadly breath of the south wind, and knows that its time has come. I have unconsciously personified it, falling into Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy" and violating the no doubt excellent principles once taught me by the worthy "Rhetoric" of Professor Hill. But occasionally one's instincts kick over the traces, of rule and reason, and the kindly snow, which has covered our world the season through, will demand its place in our pagan pantheon, our secret temple of the ancient deities none of us has quite destroyed in his heart. Yes, the snow feels the mortal kiss of the south wind, and knows that its time has come. By noon the roads are water brooks, two silvery streams dancing and flashing down the runner ruts. On exposed sections where the wind has blown the snow thin, bare ground begins to appear, and the sleigh runners crunch and grind behind the straining horse. On a southern slope of Autumn ploughing, the brown tops of furrows begin here and there to poke up above the white, like tiny islands in the sea. The eaves drip. The chickadees are sounding their love call. Then it is we go out into the buried garden and see the dark cone of the manure pile melted off and rising above the white, a happy harbinger of flowers.

A second day, a third day, of ca-

ressing south wind, and the sleigh-bells jingle no more, the mountain pastures are bare, the fields and gardens are wet, brown earth, and suddenly a song sparrow sings in the hedge. But we make one more trip into the deep woods, to say farewell to the Winter, into the high forests on the mountains this time, for it is there the snow longest abides. We tramp at first along sloppy, muddy roads, and then through soggy fields, past brooks which are full to overflowing. There are white drifts along the pasture walls, however, and as we draw near the mountainside we can see the white carpet through the trees, which explains why the mountains still look gray, though the rest of the world is brown. As we enter the woods, our boots sink almost knee-high into the soft mass, which is too heavy for snowshoes. As we climb, it grows deeper, eighteen inches of it some years in mid-March on the northern side of the hills. The mountain wall grows steeper, the climbing harder, till at last the soft, treacherous snow affords no footing at all, and we can climb no more. We find an exposed rock which the sun has melted clear, and sit there to rest, surrounded by green arbutus plants and the fresh tendrils of Herb Robert. We are hot and coatless, yet soaked with snow. The melting is gradual up here in the woods, and so long as the woods remain they are our protection from Spring floods, and our guarantee of a Summer water supply.

The homeward trip is a matter of sliding, perhaps of frequent tumbles, of panting breath and laughter. The

roads have dried out perceptibly since we came over them earlier in the day. In many a furrow pools of water have succeeded the zebra stripes of white. As we look back to the upland pastures the shreds of drift along the stone walls and by the edge of the woods are frailer now. A day of warm rain, and they will be gone. How tawny red the willows are in the swamp! See, here are bursting pussy buds! We have said good-bye to the snow.

Yet not quite good-bye. In April it comes again, a last belated rear guard of white cavalry skirmishing across the garden after a dash over the northern mountain. The early peas are up, two double rows of them fifty feet long, and as the garden quickly whitens they make four green lines across the snow. Then the sun struggles through and drives back the attack. The hotbeds, covered as with a mat of feathers, begin to melt through, the manure pile steams, the eaves drip merrily, the astonished song sparrows, driven into the pines and even into the woodshed, emerge again and redouble their song as if to capture the lost time. This, indeed, is our farewell to the snow, and as we contemplate the green shoots of the perennials, protected, kept alive by their long Winter covering, as we see our lilacs bursting into bud and hear the brook's full-throated babble, fed from the melting hills, there is tenderness and gratitude in our farewell, as there will be once more warmth in our welcome, when over the northern hills comes back again the first white skirmish line of the cohorts of the Frost.





# The Story of Elspeth Cameron

by

Martha McCulloch-Williams



ARDROSS had been presciently sure throughout a headlong gallop that he would find Miss Elspeth Cameron sheltering her late roses. A gray day, raw with the chill of a whispering ghost wind, was ending in a sunset of clear red shining that surely presaged frost.

He was tall, Saxon-colored, deeply tanned, big without burliness, upstanding and masterful. A gentleman by the grace of God, no less than by blood and breeding, his face lightened to match the sky at sight of Elspeth with outstretched arms, spreading an ample sheet over the rose she loved best.

She also was tall, lithe, light-motined, slender, with silky dark hair framing a camellia-pale face. Now, in the rosy suffusion, the pallor vanished—she looked rather an unfolding human rose than one in full maturity. Ardross tried to take the sheet from her—she resisted smilingly, saying over her shoulder, with a small wilful laugh: "Go build bridges, Denny—you do it better than anybody. But don't you dare meddle with my roses! They are the precious last."

"Roses bloom to die—why not let them?" Ardross contended.

She shook her head at him, and flung back: "Not to die of frost. At least—not my roses."

"The riddle of women! Of this especial woman!" Ardross murmured lightly—then, his voice trem-

bling faintly: "Elspeth—why are you so full of pity for everything but the luckless men who love you?"

"Specifications, please?" Elspeth said mutinously—but now something beyond the sunset glow stained her cheeks.

Ardross caught her hands, and turned her to face him, saying yet more unsteadily: "I saw Harding—he came half in the mind to murder me for a dog-in-the-manger. Tell me why you sent him away? Can you ask or hope for more than he could give?"

Elspeth shook her head. After a hard breath she answered steadily: "There lay the trouble, Denny. He had so much to give—for so little. You know I could never respect myself if I made a bargain so unfair."

"Unfair! He would have thought it bliss, merely to love and cherish you," Ardross cried almost angrily, yet with mounting color.

Elspeth freed her hands, and turned again to her roses. They grew in a long border, sheltered by high arbor vitæ hedges, and bent down in front to turf so old and richly vital, that the ghost-wind had not parched it. The velvet green of it ran to an austere house, four-square, with a single jut of wing, a tiny portico and tall red brick outside chimneys. All the west windows of it flamed like sheeted rubies, those high in the gables out-flaming the rest. They commanded a sky-scape



whose only boundary was the dim blue distance, a long landscape of creek and valley from the well-head up among the hills to the broad blurred sweep where creek and valley met the river bottoms.

Hence the name—*Lookaway*. The house had been notable, a landmark, material and social, ever since it was built a hundred years back. The builder, one Angus Cameron, a slip of transplanted Scotch gentry, had left his birthplace, Virginia, to help occupy and possess the richer lands beyond the mountains. He had taken up a small principality of them, built *Lookaway* of timber hewn in his own forests, brick made from his own clay, lived and died there, more honored than beloved, but leaving to his descendants a name better than all his riches. Now a spiritual entail more potent than any legal one, had brought the estate to his great-great-granddaughter Elspeth, his sole descendant.

She loved her land, her name, her blood. Old tenants, black and white, could please her no better than by telling her she had "the real Cameron look." Her mother had died when she was born, her father and his three brothers had been lost six months later in the course of a voyage undertaken in hope of mitigating his grief. Thus she had grown up under the eye of a stately grandmother, too kindly-wise to let the child feel in childhood the burden of her great possessions. Madame Cameron's hope had been to see Elspeth safely married. "Not to a man, who will take her name, but who can give her one as good in exchange for it." Madame held names and what they stood for, sacred—so sacred that Elspeth had felt almost reconciled to her taking off, happy in the belief that her grandchild's future was secure.

"Run along to the house! I'll be

there in a little while." Elspeth called over her shoulder, as she tucked in one of the last rose bushes.

Ardross did not stir until, her task done, she turned to face him, her eyes starry in the gathering dusk. Again he caught her hands, saying huskily: "There must be a better reason. Elspeth! Elspeth!—am I the reason? Do you still care? Too much for—other loves?"

"Is that a fair question?" she flashed out at him.

He shook his head, saying still huskily: "Between us there can be no longer any question of fairness or unfairness—only of love. I love you—you only—well enough to leave you without murmuring—if only I could leave you happy. But—since you will have no other husband—in God's name forgive me—marry me—and let me atone!"

"You dare to ask that?" Elspeth said slowly, trying to free her hands.

"I dare!" he answered, his mouth setting hard: "One time more. The last! I swear it."

"Unkind!" Elspeth murmured very low.

He flamed at her: "It is you who are unkind. Think what it must mean to leave you here, alone and unhappy, and feel it burning through me, night and day, that I and my weak folly have cost you—so much more than life itself."

"Console yourself with thinking that I have peace with honor. Marriage might rob me even of that," Elspeth answered.

Ardross laid a hand upon her lips, saying very low: "Not if you married me, dear! I would love and cherish you so humbly, so gratefully, so faithfully! Is it nothing that I have done penance all these years, keeping my soul in sackcloth, waiting, watching, always hoping, at last seeing hope almost dead?"

"Let it quite die," Elspeth whis-

pered tremulously. "It is this way, Denny—if—if I listened to you—I—I could never love you reasonably—it would be the same old headlong, headstrong affection—and—and—you might change again—"

"Never!" Ardross cried, trying to take her in his arms.

She eluded him and ran on eagerly: "That would be like waking to life and torture—after the peace of frozen death. You must not ask me—I dare not—the risk is too cruel."

"I tell you I cannot change again," Ardross protested strongly.

Elsbeth shivered faintly. "Suppose Helen came back—free?" she said.

"It would make no difference," Ardross answered almost grimly. "She bewitched me—once. I have no thought of denying it. But—the fit left me, as suddenly, as completely, as it came."

"When she threw you over for a richer man? Why did you let her?" Elspeth questioned almost viciously. "If you had not let her, you would not be here, sulking, shirking your man's chance, your man's work," she ran on. "At least—it began that way—and habit is so strong. That has hurt me worst, Denny—it is the thing I cannot forgive, even though you may now repent it."

Ardross dropped her hands as though they burned him. "You—have—thought—have—believed—that!" He said, each word heavy as a plummet. "Well! You shall know the truth at last. I came back, I have stayed here—because of you! You only. That's the God's truth. Believe it or not as you like. If only you can believe, can trust me, go with me—I'll face the world—and make you proud of me. I'm yours to make or mar. That is no light responsibility. It has cut me, it always will—to think I have marred your existence. You were made for just one

thing—to be a full man's full mate, the mother of noble children, the heart and soul and queen of a wonderful home. I had rather die than leave you alone here—nobody closer than a fifth cousin. You are likely to live long—sixty years more, maybe. What will you do with them? How fill them? Don't answer me—only think. We were made for each other—we felt it from the very first, before ever we had spoken—there at the dance—"

"I was nineteen—and so happy I dared not sleep, afraid the happiness would turn to a dream. When morning came I was worse—afraid—that you would not be the same," Elspeth interrupted, her eyes softly glowing. "I was so madly, wildly happy, it is a pity I did not die."

"We might still be as happy—if only I had been wise enough for a great folly—marrying you straightway," Ardross said, sighing bitterly.

Elsbeth recoiled, crying out sharply: "Denny! The one mercy of all is—you changed before we were bound irrevocably."

"I think you hate me as much as once you loved me." Ardross groaned turning half about.

Elsbeth laid a light hand on his arm. "No, no! I did not hate you—not even when first I knew the bitter truth. I—I want you to be happy—more than anything. Go back to work—find a younger woman, more pliable, more beautiful than I could ever be. That cannot be hard—if you have no longer a hope of Helen."

"Damn Helen!" Ardross burst out. "It's maddening—the way you harp on her. I tell you she was—only an infatuation. Caddish as it sounds, let me tell you, also, this—she offered to throw over the other richer man at the last—but I smiled—and bade her keep to her bargain. Can you be jealous—after that?"

"Was I ever jealous? It was not her fault that you loved her—and left me for her. Me, your betrothed! And—I bade you go to her—free—as soon as I knew," Elspeth said chokingly.

Ardross caught her close. "We will forget her," he said. "As to marrying—I will have no wife but you. Decide! At once! Will you take and make me, or let me go on to sloth and rust and ruin?"

Darkness had come on them almost palpably. He could not see her face, strain as his eyes might. She was trembling within his arms, but after a minute he felt her stiffen, and writhe away from him. Instantly he let her go—she turned toward the house, saying dully: "Denny—ask me anything else—I will do it gladly. But not that! I am afraid. So—it must be good-bye—and good luck to you in all things."

She hoped he would seize her, kiss her, force her to unsay what she had said. Instead he left her, silent—next minute she heard him galloping away. The hoof-strokes fell like the hammering of nails in a coffin—but when they had died away, Elspeth went sedately indoors and sat down to supper with no outer sign of disquiet. Indeed, Nora Daly, her companion since Madame died, found her friendlier than usual, in that she asked interestedly after Granny Daly's rheumatism, and of her own volition offered to send a piglet to Little Tom next time Nora went home.

Afterward there was a change—a very gradual one. Elspeth was not restless, but forever doing things. She went everywhere, looking narrowly into all the concerns of the big home farm, especially the grass-land, and the fields of young wheat. She had known beforehand, by heart it seemed, the live-stock, the fowls, the trees in the belting woodlands. Now

she set herself further to know the leaseholds, getting out old deeds, and walking or riding their bounds. Thus she made actual touch with her tenants, thus, too, almost insensibly, she came to know the plain folk whose thrifty farmsteads blotched the higher ridge lands—many of whom had looked with grudging envy upon the richer Cameron holdings of bottoms and foot-hills.

Much bottom land had been sown to alfalfa, thereby trebling the Cameron profit on hay and live-stock. Nora who went along, something betwixt a guide and a card of entry, was sure in her own mind that Miss Cameron purposely made errands at the farm houses. How else could she, who had the most and the best of everything, be so set on buying a cunning fat pig, a pair of sleek speckled pullets, a spotted calf, or a bag of the so-famous Pearmain apples to be found only in Grandad Higby's orchard?

Elspeth bargained with a sweet eagerness, as if the sellers did her the greatest possible favor. It took her quite aback to have Old Jack Bartee, who lived almost at the very ridge-top snarl out, holding up a whimpering blue-hound puppy: "I'm er pore-white all right enough—but not so low down as to go sellin' anybody er pup—much less er woman! Buy him! The price is—jest the totin' of him erway. Give ye fair warnin' though, he comes o' the very wust suck-aig breed and, most likely, will turn out no 'count as they make dawgs. His mammy's diffrent—got the best nose and the clearest bark in the county. But as ter pups—ye caint never tell."

Elspeth drove off too abashed even for thanks. Half a mile away she asked: "Nora—do you happen to know of anything Old Jack particularly cares about?" She was thinking he must need everything—his

cabin door sagged on its one hinge, the chimney was toppling so it had to be propped with poles, and only fragments of rotten rails told that once there had been a yard fence. Moreover his shoes were broken, his clothes so awkwardly patched they barely held together. Yet he had taken off his battered wool hat the minute he knew himself in the presence of women, and stood uncovered in a keen wind while he talked, a dozen hounds, lithe, glossy, lath-lean, leaping and frolicking about him. They were his family—much more companionable than Toad, the half-wit he had taken in to save him from going to the poorhouse.

"Why yes! Ginger cakes! Big, and thick and square, with m'lasses smeared on top," Nora answered with a giggle. "Every Christmas he has Aunt M'ria Drake bake him a big batch—and swears when he comes to get them he loves 'em better'n anything except Miss July-Ann Joyner—his wife."

"His wife? Is she dead?"

Nora shook her head, saying: "Why, sho'ly you know about them! I'm certain the old Madame did—for Mother said once she had Old Jack up there—and tried to fix things up between them—didn't she ever tell you?"

"Not a word. Maybe I was too small," Elspeth answered, smiling softly at thought of her grandmother hectoring this rugged old sinner.

Nora went on eagerly: "I don't know as I can tell it all straight—as near as I know, Old Jack run away when he was sixteen, and never came back till he was twenty. Camp-meeting fetched him then—though some say Miss July-Ann was the real reason—that they'd been sorter sweet-hearts when they were little. Anyway they both went to the mourner's bench the very same minute—got religion there—and walked away from

it, their faces shinin', and huggin' each other—tight. Mother stands out to this day that nobody ever saw brighter converts. Maybe love had somethin' to do with it—anyway, they up and got married next mornin' at eight-o'clock sermon—with folks all about shoutin' and praisin' God for makin' 'em so happy. Old Jack had a fine horse—they come home on it, ridin' double. Went to her house, so as to get some of her plunder for the new home—she'd lived with her granny, and the old lady was just six weeks dead. In helpin' her Old Jack took off his coat—and out dropped a letter. It was from a girl he was engaged to, back down the river where he'd been workin'. Miss July-Ann picked it up and read it—you can't hardly blame her. What she said afterwards to Old Jack, nobody knows but him and the Lord—and they won't tell. But—they parted, right then and there. They stayed parted ever since—he had a place same as she. Somehow they scabble along—he don't want to raise anything but corn enough for him and the dogs—he hunts and fishes, sells skins, and cuts hoop-poles, and does black-smithin' when the notion takes him.

"She's by her chickens like he is by his dogs—won't sell one, dead nor alive, for anybody's money. But she always has eggs to sell—and lets the Blackstocks work her Cove field on shares—it feeds her and the chickens. Then she has her garden—a real good one, and a fine orchard—she swaps truck and fruit with folks for work to keep up her place. You must have seen it—the house with the green-painted gate, and all that white-washed fence, and the yard swept so clean always its like a carpet. It's right down the ridge, nearly under Old Jack's—"

"I don't remember seeing it—but now I certainly shall do it," Elspeth



interrupted smiling. "But tell me how she occupies herself! Does she read, or sew or knit?"

"Lawsy me! She does mighty near everything *but* read," Nora broke out. "Packed away her granny's big Bible after the partin'—because she won't read that, won't let herself read anything else. But she says she's never lonesome—and says true I reckon. The circuit riders used to go to see her, and beg her to come to meetin'—until she told one flat-footed, she wished they'd stay away and let her alone. She's civil enough to other folks that come, though she never asks anybody. She's even civil to Old Jack. He comes down once a year to ask if she hasn't changed her mind. She says No—then fills him up on ginger cake, and fried pies, and hard cider—so he tells Aunt M'ria—what I wonder at is, why she's so polite to him, when she keeps her grudge alive."

"I wonder—if they would care to be—free?" Elspeth said musingly.

Nora shook her head energetically, saying: "That's the very oddest part. She deserted him, so he could get a divorce and marry his other sweetheart, but he wouldn't hear of it—says July-Ann is all of his religion he hasn't lost, so he's bound to hold on to her. He don't talk so much about her nowadays—but first and last I reckon the two of them have made more talk than the biggest folks in the country."

Elspeth listened in silence, her heart strangely melted. Here was her own spiritual case, from a different angle. She understood the recoil of love and trust betrayed—the sear they had left on the soul of this wedded virgin. The puppy cuddled blissfully in the rug at her feet, whimpered softly, and rubbed his head against her knee. It made her smile, yet sigh—Old Jack had so much the best of it. Dogs spelled

love—love much more human and companionable than the best affection to be won from feathered creatures. Furthermore Old Jack had his hunting, his work in the open, not to name kindly casual contact with other men.

Certainly he had more than all the best of it, however much he lacked of trim, primly ordered comfort. How did Miss July-Ann get through her lone days and nights? Nora answered the unspoken question, by running on eagerly: "I just wisht we could get inside her house one time. You'd see such things! Patchwork quilts—she knows all the patterns ever made, they say—carpets, rugs, flax-cloth and linen—every thread homespun, and wove on her own loom. She can out-spin and out-weave anybody even yet—her wheel goes on till chicken crow all the long winter nights. So she has thread for the whole summer's weavin'—and she dyes things, and sews beautifully—and knits—and rush-bottoms chairs if she's in a real good notion for it. Somebody asked her once if there was any sort of work she couldn't do. She thought a while, then up and said: 'Well! The only sort I'd be afraid to try is makin' a man behave right—and since the Lord in heaven makes such a botch o' *that*, I reckon I needn't mind.'"

"Does she sell the things she makes?" Elspeth asked.

Nora looked away. After a second she answered thoughtfully: "Some of 'em—to some people—other folks couldn't get the wrappin's of a finger from her, for any money they might offer."

"Are the Camerons 'other folks'?" Elspeth asked, smiling at Nora's evident confusion.

Nora nodded, murmuring apologetically: "But—you mustn't mind—she hasn't ever seen you."

"Why should I mind? I'm only—sorry," Elspeth answered.

After a silent minute, Nora went on thoughtfully: "Mother says it's such a shame Miss July-Ann is like she is. She is so smart and handy, and does such a lot of things, she could teach all us young ones to be some account. You see—her granny raised her, and taught her all the old ways. Used to be all the women could do some of the things she keeps up—but now they run to the store for everything—if they had to home-make clothes they and their children would go naked."

"How long—?" Elspeth began.

Nora interrupted: "Thirty years last August. Long time—isn't it? How can a man and woman hold out so? She might a-had her pick of marryin' men, if ever she had set herself free. Even now I know three spry widowers that would jump at the chance of courtin' her—if there was any chance. Seein' there's none—why, they save their breath to cool their porridge."

"What became of—the other woman?" Elspeth asked.

Nora giggled. "She! Oh, she had all the common sense in the bunch—got married right away—has raised ten children and now there's I d'know how many grandchildren. Named her oldest Juliana, and sent its picture to Old Jack—thinkin', I reckon, he'd love to show it to his wife. He says he would a-done it, if the brat hadn't been so cussed ugly, it was a plumb insult to name it for anybody that looked human. Pappy says Old Jack was made for a project—I say they both were—maybe that's how comes it they keep hangin' together, and stayin' apart."

"I am bound to see Miss July-Ann. Nora, you surely can help me manage it," Elspeth said earnestly.

Nora bit her lips: "We'll have to

make it seem like a happen-so," she said. "She's awful tetchous, knowin' she's a kind of show for even her own sort. And—and—she says flat, you Camerons think yourselves made of better dirt than the rest of us—just because your first grandpap had sense enough to take up all the best land in sight."

"I am going to see her—notwithstanding," Elspeth repeated, stooping to pat the puppy's friendly head. Then they drove in silence through the wan sunshine of late December, yet fanned by airs as soft as May. The lower meadows were still green, young wheat spread lustily, hiding the rich earth at root; quail piped joyously upon the fences or ran in slant files athwart the road or along hedgerows jeweled with trails of vivid cat-brier, or coral-red, rose-hips, still unscathed by frost. Elspeth wondered to see them thus perfect, remembering what scathe had fallen upon her cherished rose border. Now and then a bitten bud struggled to ghostly bloom—a type, she thought sorrowfully, of her own life, seared with its casting away of love. Ardross had gone away—she did not know where. She would never see him again. Or if she did it would be when both were old and withered. It remained for her to fill her empty life as best she might. She was sick of travel, society, the glitter of gaiety possible to wealth. There remained service. Perhaps it would comfort her. She would take warning by this other woman eating out a heart in lonely pride—and before it was too late.

All night she lay musing upon this human tragedy so nearly parallel to her own. The man, weazened and shiftless, the woman devoured of pride—with the eyes of the spirit she discerned in them capacities for so much happier things. Contemplation of them, straining at the tether they

would not break, brought back what Denny had said so clearly. Her cheeks burned. Even as herself this other woman might have been, a man's full mate, the mother of noble children. Perhaps she had yearned for them as Elspeth knew she herself would yearn. She had tried honestly to love Harding, certain that no woman could ask a finer mate. It had been vain—marry without loving she could not, marry where she did love she would not, because she dared not. Work she must—not for herself, but for her people, and through them, for all time.

Days of brooding showed her the way. It was to win forgiveness from her humble neighbors for the affronting Cameron prosperity they had envied through generations of drab and narrow living. Dimly she began to see the color of reason behind the ancient grudge. Human quality lowered or rose with land quality—the Cameron monopoly of all the best land had driven away the best and brightest youth round about in search of opportunity. Madame Cameron had lamented over and over the decadence—the new generations did not measure up to their elders. They neglected, even despised, the old crafts that had built homes in the wilderness, and furnished them comfortably. They did not prize the old furniture, hand-wrought from native walnut and cherry, of a fine, strong simplicity, beautifully mellowed by time. Madame had rescued many pieces from destruction, even though *Lookaway* all but overflowed with companion-pieces that old Angus Cameron had had made by his craftsmen-tenants.

So, too, she had accumulated chestfuls of homespun linen, marvelous woolen counterpanes, netted curtains, needle-wrought spreads for beds, tables, dressers, rivaling tapestry, beside blankets spun from pure

lamb's wool, fine enough for a royal princess.

She had taught her grandchild to love and cherish such things. Elspeth was glad. Having so much in hand, it would not be awkward to undertake not only gathering more, but reviving, by liberal patronage, all the old crafts. *Lookaway* should be first a museum of such crafts, then a monument to the Camerons, last of all a school, the center of quickening impulses that might transform the region round about. She would have to go slowly, treading with nice caution. If only Denny were there to help and counsel—but it was too late for regrets. Yet she did not deny to herself that she pined for him more and more with each passing day. And even as she pined she told herself she had been wise, with a wisdom that in the end would prove kindness to both.

The blue pup became her shadow—one that kept Old Jack steadily in her mind. Possibly that was why she turned to him as a confederate in her mild conspiracy. She was sure he would be glad to help her. The first thing was to make sure likewise of Miss July-Ann. She was the teacher providentially at hand—if only she could be persuaded to teach. Old Jack must do that—as he must also persuade her that the hated race of Cameron was as human as her own. But when Elspeth sounded him first, the result was discouraging—he nodded emphatic approval of all things, until it came to his wife—then with a slow shake of the head, he said grimly: "Thar ye come to er full stop—nobody ain't workin' miracles no more. Unbroke steers yoked up with thunder and lightnin' couldn't pull ner skeer July-Ann one inch outen her own way."

Constant dropping wears the hardest stone. Elspeth refused so steadfastly to give over her plan, Old

Jack at last agreed to help it forward. So upon his annual New Year visit, between mouthfuls of ginger-cake and gulps of cider, he gossiped with artful artlessness of the Cameron gal and her goings on—how she had given ten dollars—in gold—for a masterpiece of patchwork, of the pattern known locally as Braddock's Defeat, and paid the Gusty gals twenty-five for their knotted counterpane—the one with their grandmam's name in the pattern—and would let them keep it as long as they lived, they agreeing to will it to her when they died.

These are but sample nuggets of his gossiping. Before he was done tale-telling Miss July-Ann sat quivering angrily through and through. She had the outraged pride of a great artist who sees mere daubs rated above her own masterpieces. Old Jack understood the flash of her eye, the dilation of her nostrils—far too well to let the understanding come to the surface. Certainly a diplomat was lost in him—when he shook hands at parting, he said with a pitying inflection: "I'm ra'ale down sorry, July-Ann, you never cottoned none to that thar Cameron breed. I like this last one, same as ef she'd been born poor—but that ain't no ways sayin' you'd like her the same."

Miss July-Ann merely sniffed. But for a fortnight after she was mysteriously busy, searching in chests and closets and drawers, comparing things, taking them out, putting them back, frowning heavily the while, but purposefully. Then came a lull, throughout which she let nobody inside. And then upon Ground Hog Day—Candlemas Day, bookish folk call it—she sent a cryptic message to Nora Daly's Granny. "I've got things ter show, and some ter sell, ter them as has money ter buy," it ran. Much amplified, and circuitously delivered, it brought Elspeth, with

Nora at her elbow, to the trim green gate, the next day but one.

"Suppose she was only fooling us," Elspeth said as they got down from the light road-cart, and began blanketing the span of browns. It was so bright and mild the blankets were hardly needed; still Elspeth knew she would have an easier mind if she were sure her pets would take no harm. Old Jack had shouted at them as they whisked past his cabin: "Better not git outen the smell o' yer own chimbley-smoke." They had laughed at his warning, waving it saucily away. Elspeth was somehow in high spirits—more alive than she had been since the chill sunset that had seen her one love ride away.

"Suppose she *was* only fooling!" Nora echoed as they lifted the gate-latch.

Elspeth laughed hushedly, as she answered: "She hasn't a dog to set on us—and if she grows too threatening, why, we can call Old Jack. His house almost hangs over this one, if we did come such a distance to get here."

"He moved the cabin right to the edge o' the bluff—so he could watch—and listen," Nora said under her breath. "You see, she"—nodding towards the house—"has piles of money—at least folks think so. If it wasn't for him, and the dogs—well, she might have had trouble enough. But while he lives, I reckon nobody'll ever dare to bother her."

As they spoke together the door opened. Like a picture in a frame, Elspeth saw a woman, straight as a lance, with heavy gray hair, her withered face illumined by deep-set dark eyes, her mouth shut so firmly it was no more than a crease. As she looked at them it relaxed a little. She stepped aside and waved them within, saying: "So you've come to see the biggest old fool in all the hill country."



"No!" Elspeth said with her most gracious smile. "Say, rather, the wonder-woman—you see Nora has been telling me of all the things you do."

"She had help, I reckon," Miss July-Ann said significantly, ushering them into a whitewashed log room, smelling of dried rose-leaves and fresh pine boughs. A big crock of the boughs stood in front of an unlighted fire. Miss July-Ann whirled the crock aside, brought in a shovel of live coals, and shuffled them carelessly among the litter of fat pine kindling, saying with half a grimace: "Fire always burns good—when you don't need it." Then she pulled up the gay paper window shades, twisted back the lawn curtains, set her arms akimbo, and added almost defiantly: "The free show's open. Look all ye choose."

Elspeth did look—at things beautiful, at other things heart-breaking in their waste of effort, spread upon the tall four-poster, over tables, chairs, dresser, a narrow coffin-like sofa, even the tall painted clock. Rugs, woven, tied, knitted, braided, lay heaped about the floor. Some were of wool, gorgeously gay in color, others had soft shadings, and surfaces fine and fleecy. One, braided round, had been originally white with a red center blotch. Time had turned it an ivory yellow. Its maker held it up disdainfully before Elspeth, saying: "Made outen the frock I married in, and that'n I had on when me and Jack Barteel professed."

Elspeth felt herself choke. The woman was flouting her—flaunting her own folly in a stranger's face. Could she mean anything? Had there been gossip? Did the countryside know what had befallen her? Miss July-Ann stood eyeing her, with a faint, malicious amusement. To escape her piercing gaze, Elspeth

began to rummage through the display. Even the most hideous thing was a marvel of handicraft. As she looked, her heart swelled with sympathy for the lone yet dauntless soul that had turned its shipwreck to such account. Almost timidly she began asking if she might buy.

With a sudden imperious sweep of the arm, Miss July-Ann checked her: "Take what you want—and welcome," she said. "Hit makes me feel good—givin' things to a Cameron. I don't want Cameron money—don't need it, neither. Got enough to last my time out and bury us both. Me and my man—"

"You are too kind—but thank you ever so much," Elspeth interrupted. "So kind I am made bold enough to ask a greater gift—it is that instead of giving me these wonderful things, you will let me come to you, and learn how to make them."

"Why? Whut makes ye wanten learn?" Miss July-Ann demanded.

"So I may teach other women—the women round about. It would help them so much, in so many ways. To earn money without going away, for one thing—for another to know real beauty from ugliness."

"Cain't you find nothing better to do?" Miss July-Ann asked with a mirthless cackle.

Elspeth shook her head—she could not trust herself to speak.

Miss July-Ann was staring again, reading her soul, it seemed. Suddenly she burst out: "I'm glad I toled ye here—it sorter eases me ter find another livin' woman as big a fool as I've been myself. . . . Yer face says that fer ye—that ye've throwed away all o' real livin' fer—jest some sort o' woman-whimsy. And the Lord's goin' ter give ye long life ter repent it—jest the same as me. I'm risin' fifty—and shore ter see eighty—old Miss July-Ann, so cranky she's er holy show—only she

keeps so ter herself. Er woman wasted is bad enough—but not the wust. Ef only Jack Bartee had mastered me in the beginnin'—I'd a-made a man o' him—with better men ter come after him—"

"He is a man—it is not too late to make him a happy one," Elspeth cried eagerly, clutching Miss July-Ann's arm. "He will come back for a word—a look even—"

"I know hit—drat him!" Miss July-Ann snapped. "Looky that, will ye! I'd not show 'em ter anybody but er fellow-fool."

She had pulled open a drawer crammed with fine knitted socks, all new. "Been puttin' 'em thar ever sence—" she began, then stopped, swallowing hard. "Hopin' some day—any day—he'd come an' hang up his hat—and help himself ter—anything he choosed."

"He'll come if I ask him," Elspeth said, smiling.

"An' I'd rather pizen ye than let ye do it—folks would never git done laughin'," Miss July-Ann demurred.

"Let them laugh. It won't matter if you are happy," Elspeth counseled.

The older woman turned upon her almost fiercely, crying: "Why don't ye take yer own medicine? Ain't thar a fine man somewhars standin' and beggin' ye ter walk with him through the gates o' Parydise?"

Again Elspeth's face spoke for her—it flushed so divinely Miss July-Ann laughed aloud. "H-m! Jinny

Reese, that buys my eggs, can tell truth—by accident," she said with a chuckle. "She'd choke ef I didn't let her tell me all the clash goin'—that's how I knowed about your man; though that old fool Jack never said a word."

"But—he's goin' ter speak—several words," Old Jack said through the door. "Fust off—hit's snowin' like blazes—ye can't go home the hill way—maybe ye can make it down the valley if ye start right off. Next—Miss Elspeth—ye must take a passenger—Nora can stay here. That'll make room."

"What passenger?" Elspeth asked, her heart beating faster—she had spied a tall figure in the dim-lit passage behind Old Jack.

"A pore critter nigh erbout crazy," Old Jack said genially. "'Pears that way, at least. Got ter my shanty jest as snow started, and wouldn't stop thar a minute arter I'd told him you were down here—at my wife's house. Said them brown colts might kill ye—would be shore ter run, arter standin' still, in this weather. I d'know but he's half-right—anyway, you know, crazyticks has ter be humored. So you better take him along—and be sho' ye give him the reins."

"I will—for always," Elspeth said joyously, as Denny came through the door, and took her boldly into his arms, regardless of anything but that they were again together.



# THE CHAIN *of* EVENTS

In Which the Arm of Coincidence Is as Muscular as  
It Is Long

By NEWTON A. FUESSLE

JANE DUMONT pulled herself out of Fifth Avenue's brisk current of pedestrians, and proceeded west on Forty-eighth Street toward the unhomelike boarding-house where she lodged and partook of unappetizing fare. She had walked to and from the cheerless, almost chairless, office of the *Cheering Hour Magazine*. Like a shuttle in ambition's loom, she made the trip two or three times a week, starting out with a newly finished story, and returning to her abode with a manuscript riddled with criticism and rejected with thanks.

Five months ago she had left Xenia, Ohio, to become a feeble spark in the Big Town, to shoulder her weapon in the Army of Mediocrity. She came with spirits bubbling high with hope. Her virile heartbeats accelerated into a conquering staccato as the vital chant of the city smote her ears; for she was three-and-twenty.

Through the breathless summer she pounded her typewriter, panting for literary recognition. The fall saw her fingers falling on the typewriter keys with courage unabated, although rejections continued to rain upon her in a cruel deluge. Her solitary ray of comfort came from Gillisy; it kept the guerdon dancing before her eyes. Gillisy was the editor of the *Cheering Hour*. His squeaking swivel chair and creaking voice were music to her ears whenever the hesitating elevator had hoisted her

dubiously to his office in Union Square.

"You just keep coming, little lady," he would say, blinking at her kindly, and not without pity, through the horn-rimmed glasses astride his enormous red nose. "There's something missing in your stuff." (At first she had winced at such designations as "stuff" and "dope" with which it was his habit to refer to her stories.) "A beginner has got to sweat blood. Now this tale," he would add, thumping a folded manuscript with his club-like thumb, "is just short of the line of acceptance."

"In what respect?" she would inquire, her hungry soul devouring the comfort tossed her by this royal chef of literature's kitchen.

"Constructively, this yarn is there. R. Kipling couldn't improve on it. But it hasn't got the punch. There's a tired something about it. It lacks color and snap. Do you get me?" he would answer, the variations of his reference to the Elect ranging from Eugene Walter to Walter Pater.

On this particular day, with his big, heavily shod feet deposited like clumsy cacti at the edge of the desert of disordered manuscripts and galley proofs on his desk, he shook his head and said: "Too artificial, little girl. You don't seem to feel this theme. You write about Bohemia (he referred to the point of view, not the land) without seeming to know Bohemia. That's bad business. The

plot's not so worse. But your background and people aren't real. The thing doesn't ring true."

It was late in the afternoon when she climbed the narrow stairs to her little room. She lit the wheezing gas jet and the details of the room came out of the twilight. A trunkful of trinkets, cushions, and chromos of Xenian origin rendered the walls, wash-stand and petulant rocking chair a little less drab and depressive.

"Get in there on your hanger, you twelve-dollar coat!" she said, as she stood at the closet door. "You, too, hat, you unfashionable lid! Shoes," she continued, dropping into a, I mean the, chair and fishing a pair of house slippers from under the bed, "I'll swap you for these. I'd like to take off my feet for a while, too."

There was a wistfulness, a forced gaiety in her drollery. She espied a letter which had been pushed under her door. It was in an old-fashioned handwriting, far inclined from the vertical. It began, "My dear daughter," and ended "With much love, your loving Mother." Once or twice Jane Dumont's lips quivered as she read it. It made her see the autumnal blaze of maple leaves, hickory nuts drying on the floor of the corn-crib, and a cider keg in the cold cellar. Then she piled several books on her low rocker, pulled it over to the typewriter desk, took off the cracked oilcloth cover, ran a sheet of paper into the rebuilt machine, and began to drum words and sentences into orderly array.

Bending over her work, she drummed on in dogged, girlish determination. She was working on an idea that had come to her like a flash amid the turbulent currents of life on Fifth Avenue. . . . And all over the city were similar little hives of feverish industry, where men and women, young and old, were thump-

ing their jabbering machines with the same studied seriousness, pounding into phrases and sentences ideas which had sifted into their minds out of the city's confusing sights and sounds. Pitiful records of forlorn ambitions! The bounding dice of hope struggling to endure! The clicking battles against odds in the groping search for fame!

"Gibberish!" she exclaimed, as she read over the completed typewritten page. She tore it into ribbons, and listened to the hurdy-gurdy in the street below tearing into more syncopated ribbons the November air.

She might almost have partaken of dinner that evening via the olfactory air line, so heavily was the atmosphere of the boarding-house laden with the smell of corned beef and cabbage. However, she took heart and a perfumed handkerchief and descended to the dining-room. Always at the dinner hour did the thoughts of Jane Dumont's sister, at home in Xenia, dwell with yearning envy on the scribe in New York, seated among cosmopolites and cognoscenti, amidst the glorious surroundings of the dining-room of that magic Manhattan abode. Thus the beginner, clinging to the bottom rung of the ladder *des lettres*, is enabled with her facility of pen to make center-pieces of roses bloom and Haviland china gleam in the most ordinary of Gotham's cabbage patches.

The repeat was a mess, from feeble consommé to *café noir*. The latter was taken "*noir*" by most of the boarders in preference to relieving its sable hue with the bluish pallor of the "cream" which accompanied it. Manhattan's landladies, shrewd in their generation, know that the Army of Mediocrity yearns too intensely for the heights to give much thought to its food.

Old Stokes was the place's agent



*provocateur* of good cheer. He was fifty odd. Time and fortune had handled him roughly. Withal they had not embittered him. He had the mouth and chin of Edwin Booth, but the foot-lights had never claimed him. Instead, he had light-footed it through various business ventures ranging from the most plebeian shell game to those brainy modifications of the endless chain letter that are calculated to separate the unwary from their wealth. He had asthma and a spritely good humor that danced like a cork on the restless surface of the current of conversation. Stokes was the stoker who fed the grate with the crackling fuel of dry and seasoned mirth when its fires were low at the boarding-house. He had staid the hands of two prospective suicides and had dissuaded a score from leaving New York for village homes to hearken forever to the "I told you so" of the neighbors.

Jane returned hungry to her room after a mournful flirtation with the dinner's unsavory fare. She resumed her place at the typewriter. But before she could reach inspiration's everlasting hills, hovering dim in the distance, there was a knock at the door, and Stokes poked in.

"Greetings!" he said. "Say, don't you ever quit punishing the keyboard? Clickety-click, clickety-click! You're at it all the time. Say," he continued, scratching his thin thatch with his thumb, lowering his voice to the pitch of conspiracy, and wagging his head in the general direction of the dining-room, "what did you think of it?"

"Awful," smiled Jane sadly. "Sit down, Mr. Stokes. Take the bed. I despise cabbage."

"I was ravenous to-night," said Stokes. "Still am. I'll tell you what we'll do. You put on your duds, and let me lead you to a neat and glorious little Bohemian café I

know about. We'll have something to eat."

Bohemian café! Jane caught her breath. If the everlasting hills had leaped lightly off their remote foundations and camped at her feet, trailing iridescent mists of inspiration, she could not have been more astounded. Her story of Bohemia had been a wild maze of guess-work, for never had she invaded its inner circles. Gillsy of the *Cheering Hour* had riddled the tale, and justly so. Here was her chance. Her eyes dwelt upon Stokes with a mingled expression of gratitude, awe, fear, exultation, diffidence, and rejoicing.

"What do you say?" he inquired with an asthmatic wheeze.

"It certainly is fine of you," answered Jane, "but—"

"But—nothing!" interrupted Stokes. "I know what you're thinking. You're wondering whether I can afford a little splurge. Sure I can. An old friend of mine turned up the other day and paid me a hundred dollars I loaned him and bade a final farewell to at the time. So, thinks I, I'll look in on the Bohemians—God bless 'em. And who would get more profit out of going with me than you? By gad, you can write a story about it!"

"So I can," she fluttered.

"That's the way to talk. Now get on your things. I'll be back in a few minutes," said Stokes, rising, smiling, bowing, and departing.

Jane flew into a pale blue dress, her last season's hat, a little dash of rouge powder, and her twelve-dollar, no-longer-novel, novelty coat. A splash of lilac perfume offered a further repulse to the continued invasion of attar of cabbage. She smiled happily, excitedly, at her image in the mirror, and began pulling on her gloves.

"By gad, you look great!" said Stokes on his return. "We're off."

*The Sign of the Spavined Pig* is not listed in the newspaper columns headed "Where To Eat." Its proprietor keeps the name carefully out of print to guard against a plethora of poets, painters, playwrights, and prima donnas. You enter *The Sign of the Spavined Pig* through the back yard of an unpretentious dwelling house on a modest thoroughfare which bumps into Broadway in that section of the city's Latin Quarter where there is little Latin and but few quarters. But never mind, New York is young yet.

Dinner, served table d'hôte, costs fifty cents at this sequestered little eating-house, and beside the exotic dishes one beholds the blush of red wine, sensitive about its thinness. Here the Elect assemble nightly, within sound of the full-voiced bells in that tall and neighboring tower on Madison Square. You enter discreetly. Monsieur, or one of his trusted henchmen, scans you through the bars of the iron gate. For, while he is tolerant of anyone from a *littérateur* to a broiler, he is wary of excisemen. His patronage would not be happy without that which a license licenses, and basement restaurants cannot afford to pay for the privilege of serving the red goblet of good cheer. It is thrown in gratis with the dinner, and rarely is there any demand for that more profitable beverage which boils when it is cold.

As Stokes whispered the password at the gate, Jane felt the glorious thrill of impending excitement. He conducted her through a long, dark, narrow hallway which led to the vortex of Bohemia.

The lights of the dining-room were shaded by garlands of artificial grape vines; there were potted shrubs and two dozen little tables. Though the night was young, there was already a sprinkling of Bohemians on hand, confirmed table d'hôte-

ers whose gastronomic adventures invariably dragged them spaghettiward. Amidst the lively chatter, the cries of "We monseer!" "Garson!" and "Deah boy!" were in evidence. There were numerous Windsor ties in token of temperaments artistic. There were ink-stained hands, soup-stained waistcoats, and cigarette-stained fingers. The bits of conversation that drifted to Jane's ears had to do with *Zeitgeist*, Big Time, Pierre Loti, Paracelsus, iambic tetrameter, Gaby Deslys, the Bulgars, Matthew Arnold, and the Follies. The air was garlanded, festooned, and saturated with the smoke of cheroots and cigarettes. In one corner a flute and violin were being furiously attacked.

Of such is that portion of Bohemia which is within sound of the snorting taxis of Broadway.

The girl from Xenia was enchanted by her surroundings. A waiter buzzed around her and her companion like a bee. The intoxicating music of the basement troubadours inflamed her imagination. She could see now how lack-luster were the stories she had been writing. Her eyes gleamed toward a pensive brunette whose charmeuse exterior and claret interior invested her and her soulful-eyed escort with all the inexpressible elements of romance.

"Corned beef and cabbage!" sniffed the gay boy of the boarding-house in retrospective contempt as he began his attack upon a stacked-up pile of spaghetti. "Do you care for this?" he added, beaming at Jane over his glasses.

"It is heavenly," she sighed.

A youth in a shabby mackintosh, who had just entered with a temporarily *hors de combat* vaudeville starlet, sprang toward Stokes' table. He knew Stokes to be a good spender on those rare occasions when he was in funds. "You dear old Indian!" he

cried. "I thought you were in Bermuda. Meet Miss La Vere," he said, pulling forth Myrtle Murphy—that is to say in private life and letters from home. "Miss Lola La Vere," he continued. "You've seen her in the vodveal."

"Delighted," said Stokes rising and bowing. He reached out for a hand garnished with imitations of the leading imitations in pearls and diamonds.

"Miss Dumont, shake hands with Miss La Vere—and Mr. Van Tuyl," said Stokes. "Miss Dumont," he added, turning to the others, "is one of us. Writer," he averred triumphantly.

"I've seen the name in the magazines," lied Van Tuyl glibly. "Glad to have seen you," he said to Stokes, with a well-timed move to pass on.

"You must join us," protested Stokes. "Sit down. Garsongl!" He seized a passing waiter, dark and spectral beside the flaming coat of carmine on Miss La Vere.

"Couldn't think of cutting in on your little party," replied Van Tuyl, wondering from what alien habitat Stokes had captured his companion.

Stokes thrust them into chairs, Van Tuyl whispered something cheering and confidential to Lola, and Bohemia chattered on.

By two's and three's the Lord's Anointed were arriving. A retired minister began to declaim earnestly on the merits of the I. W. W. An organizer for the shirtwaist makers' union was roasting Melancthon. A French roll rodent was discussing the two rollers—Holy and Steam. A post-prandial orator was denouncing post-impressionism in French art.

Jane Dumont devoured the details of the scene—the confusing welter of words, the tabled groups of red bottles begirt with red faces, restless banners of Bohemia. Here was life,

with its complexity of impulses, tremors, jars. This was New York. She has been in the Big Town, yet without it. She looked fondly across her blushing glass at Stokes. He had waved the wand which hitherto she did not know he possessed. Henceforth she could write! Her fingers itched for the typewriter. She would no longer drum out moonshine and myth. She had been led to the holy of holies.

"Hello Stokes! Hello Van!" called someone from the other side of the room. The two men excused themselves for a moment and crossed to the other table.

Lola La Vere leaned toward Miss Dumont with the confidential air of a mother-confessor. "Been long in New York?" she asked abruptly.

"About five months," answered Jane.

"You didn't look to me like you'd been here much longer than that. You're different from us old timers."

"How do you mean?" demanded Jane, in tones at once of challenge and defense.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything catty," was the reply, "I meant that you had color—and the drug store trust didn't contribute it, either. You look like you'd been used to real food—real milk, and potatoes fried in real butter, and home-made country sausage, and things like that. God, what made you come to this town? I wish I had what you've got in your eyes, something free and sparkling, and it isn't bella donna, neither. It's a look that comes from having lived in the open—drivin' old Nell down the country road, scanning the skies for storm clouds, looking miles down the road for the R. F. D. man, rubberin' way up into the trees for the first signs of chestnuts."

"I've done all that," answered Jane, puzzled.

"Well, you're lucky, believe me. And if you can go back home and do it again, you're still luckier. But listen," she added, lowering her tones. "How well do you know this man Stokes?"

"Not very well. He and I board at the same place. What do you mean?"

"Maybe I hadn't ought to butt in, but I'm going to. From what I've heard about him—and I've heard good and plenty—he ain't any good. Why, his record stretches from coast to coast. He's gone the rudabaga route with everything from the shell game to those fake promotion stunts that separate the small town chambers of commerce from the shekels. He's yanked everything from farm sites down to musty coppers out of the unwary yeomen. He's known to have picked pockets at revival meetings. He's so crooked that he'd make a streak of Ohio lightning look like the shortest distance between two points. He's kept many a secret service man on the government payroll running down his neat, but too gaudy, endless chain letters. He's served everything from gold bricks on a silver platter to time in Leavenworth. He's a jail-bird right. He knows every song they sing behind the bars of Sing Sing. He's a coloraturist for fair in all the trills and frills of crooked business. If O. Henry had 'a' known him, he might have made 'The Gentle Grafter' a set of bright and cheering reading matter incomplete in forty volumes."

"For mercy sakes!" gasped Jane, as Lola finished.

"I kinda thought you didn't know," pursued Lola. "I had a hunch it would be the only decent thing to do, so I spilled. Van says Stokes has reformed. Maybe he has. I don't know. But you better keep your hand on your watch an' watch his hands. Am I in bad with you

for tipping you off?" she inquired with the sad, wise smile that is not uncharacteristic of the *Sign of the Spavined Pig*.

Confused emotions had flung their white and red banners by turn into Jane's cheeks. "I—I don't know what to say," she stammered. "But I'm obliged to you for what you've told me," she added simply. "Yet it seems so impossible."

"Nothing is impossible in New York. The honestest they look, the crookedest they are."

Stokes and Van Tuyl, returning, sped up on another conversational rail the remarks which had languished on their approach.

For Jane, Bohemia blurred, and her heart warmed to Lola La Vere of the carmine coat. She avoided Stokes' eyes. Much that Lola had said had been quite incomprehensible to Jane. She was unversed in the colloquialisms of crimes and misdemeanors. But the reference to O. Henry's book was not lost upon her. She had read it for details of style, which she had studiously striven to lift out of the printed mazes of the *piccaresque*.

"Let's go," she said shortly. "It must be getting late."

As she drummed out her story of Bohemia the following day, Jane Dumont could not tear her thoughts off the crookedness of Stokes. In a subconscious sort of way, his friendship, naïveté and drollery had meant a good deal to her. And Lola's brief recital had been too convincing not to command credence. No, she could not afford to be seen with Stokes again. Her gateway into Bohemia, which had stood a-jar for a few hours, had been banged shut. Determined to make the most of her brief incursion into that land, she toiled all day at her typewriter, and at bedtime her story was finished.

Gillsy, of the *Cheering Hour*, had



latterly been rejecting Miss Dumont's stories with less *sang-froid* than those of his calling ought to maintain. He had tempered the winds of rebuff to the wistful lamb who bleated for his opinion and yearned for the acceptance of unacceptable manuscripts. After her last visit, Gillsy had made a tender and wholly uneditorial resolve: to accept—by gad!—the next manuscript Jane Dumont should submit. He did not convey this information to Mrs. Gillsy. It would have added substance to the shadow of her persistent feeling that Gillsy did not love her as much as he did ten years ago, when they were married, and before a plethora of avoirdupois had begirt her.

For some reason, Jane did not take her story personally to the editor this time, but posted it. Gillsy broke the seal with a sensation not unlike that caused by the swift descent of an elevator. He read the manuscript without delay—read it grimly. It was worse than anything of hers he had ever seen. It was mushy. In his editorial judgment, it was leagues from literature, and impossible. He swore and sighed. Nevertheless, he was not a man to be swerved from his purpose. He penned the authoress a brief note, telling her that the story was accepted, and enclosed the magazine's check for \$25.

The same mail also brought Jane Dumont a letter from Xenia, saying that her mother was seriously ill, and urging her return home at once. Thus does Fate sometimes pour its libations, mixing heart's ease and heart sickness in the self-same cup. The check enabled Jane to pay her bill at the boarding-house and buy a ticket home. In the midst of her packing, Stokes knocked at her door. The bewildered girl told him of her fortune, good and bad, and he insisted on escorting her to the station.

She protested, but yielded. When one has need of a staff to lean upon, it matters but little whether the staff be straight or crooked.

A month after her mother's funeral, Jane Dumont's story appeared in the *Cheering Hour Magazine*. Stokes devoured it with the keen and uncritical satisfaction of one who has read neither essays on style nor editors' reasons for rejections. To Stokes it was a wonderful and glorious piece of work. He shed a tear or two as he read it in the hospitable lobby of a Broadway hotel. Never had a story laid such hold of his interest. He mailed several copies of the magazine to Jane, who was still in Xenia, and returned to the boarding-house in deep and devious reflections. That night he slapped his thigh resoundingly, and exclaimed: "By jiminy, I'll do it!" Then he wrote and mailed ten letters, none of which were addressed to Xenia.

A fortnight later, Jane Dumont received a letter from Gillsy that made her jump. The editor enclosed a draft and bade her return at once to New York. It said in part: "Your story is making a tremendous hit. We have received over a hundred letters praising it and demanding more like it. We want you on our staff, and shall want a story a month from you. Please come and see us at your earliest convenience."

When Jane walked into Gillsy's office, twenty-four hours later, he jumped towards her and seized both her hands. "You've arrived!" he cried. "You're there with both feet. Look at these letters."

The editor waved his hand at a row of trays, holding high and swaying piles of letters.

"The public is simply crazy about that story of yours," he continued. "The newsdealers all over the country are howling for more copies of

the magazine. The edition is exhausted."

Before Jane could reply, the postman entered, and dumped another bushel of mail on the table.

"Look at that!" cried Gillsy. "And still they come. You've knocked their eye out, I tell you. Mr. Pitney, the owner of the magazine, wants to see you. I'll show you to his private office."

Mr. Pitney's private office was neither as cheerless nor as chairless as that of Gillsy, his \$35-a-week editor. Pitney dwelt amid mahogany, velour rugs, leather and tapestry. He was a brisk, well-dressed, raven-haired, alert-eyed, finely groomed man of forty. Five years earlier he had invaded New York and had founded the *Cheering Hour* largely on his nerve, after the panic of 1907 had knocked his Chicago mail-order business sky-high. On the stocky shoulders of Gillsy he had deposited the entire editorial burden of the undertaking, while he had devoted himself to its financing and business management. The struggle had been hard, and the revenues fitful but encouraging.

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss Dumont," said Pitney, when Gillsy had introduced her and turned to go. He clasped her hand warmly, and bade her be seated. "Your story has caused quite a stir," he said, appraising her keenly with his eyes. "Have you sold many?"

"My first acceptance," she replied.

"So much the better. The *Cheering Hour* gets the credit for discovering you. A month ago I would have sworn that the Bohemian story had been done to death. But you seem to have hit on a new vein in handling that sort of thing. Anyhow, our readers are going crazy about it. My idea is to feed it to them right off the reel. It will mean

the making of both you and the magazine. We'll co-operate."

Tucked away in her hand-bag was a contract for a story each month for a year, when Jane emerged with Mr. Pitney from his office. Also, he had invited her to Martin's for luncheon. Gillsy's heart sank as they passed through his office and vanished. Having saddled Miss Dumont's Pegasus, and equipped her dainty heels with the spurs of circumstance, he saw her now in full and precipitate flight out over the hills of fame and far away. And he was but a humble hostler to steed and lady. Just now, to change the figure a trifle, he felt more like a galley-slave on the bounding seas of chance, for he had resumed the perusal of a galley-proof. Thus does an editor feel himself humbled and left behind, when fortune and the populace begin to smile upon his erstwhile patronized and rejected contributor. He had hoped to draw nearer the wistful and attractive young woman via pity's path, only to find himself transplanted abruptly to a great and thronged boardwalk, unable even to behold the goddess, save in fleeting glimpses through the gaping and admiring crowds. . . .

THE scene changes. Peer with me into the lobby of the Paxton Hotel, which is in Omaha. In one of the more sequestered corners of the roomy forum of those who pluck their living from the branches of the mileage book, were seated two men, conversing earnestly. The bulk of the listening devolved upon a sombreroed ranchman from the Black Hills. The talking was being chiefly done in low tones by a somewhat asthmatic man of fifty odd, with an ample fund of droll good humor, and the mouth and chin of Edwin Booth. He was stoking the unwary Black Hillsman's furnace of cupidity.

with dry and seasoned fuel. The speaker had stoked many furnaces thus, and he did it with such proficient deftness that the smokes of his companion's suspicions were consumed before they could become visible.

As the conversation drew to a close, the ranchman reached into his pocket, produced a large and bulging wallet, extracted from it a wad of currency, and counted off numerous bills of large denomination. He handed them to his companion, and received from the other a nicely engraved and gilt-lettered certificate of stock in an Idaho irrigation project. Then the two repaired to the buffet, drank each other's health, and clasped hands in parting.

While they were thus engaged, a tall, quiet-looking, lantern-jawed, ulstered man stepped up to them.

"Stokes," he said, "I want you."

He laid a big hand firmly on the arm of the stock-seller.

"Give this gentleman his money, and stroll over to the federal building with me," he continued. "Don't argue. I thought you had reformed, Stokes. We've kept an eye on you ever since you came out of Leavenworth. We thought you had cut out the funny business. You've been on the level for something like five years, Stokes. What got you started again?"

"I'll tell you," answered Stokes. "I did stick to the straight and penurious path for about five years. You asked what started me again. Well, it was a chain letter."

"Get out!" grinned the secret service man. "You didn't put over any-

thing as childish as that. Not you!"

"I did, though," smiled Stokes, with a glint of happiness in his eye far from in keeping with his predicament. "That's what started the fever in me again. From then on I couldn't resist the call of the wild. That harmless little chain letter pushed the button, somehow, that set my whole repertoire into action."

"Come on," commanded his captor.

On their way out of the hotel, they passed the newsstand. A glance in its direction showed Stokes a huge poster placard, advertising the great Jane Dumont's latest story in the *Cheering Hour Magazine*.

Thus passes out of freedom and the story this humble link in the chain of letters and events which already had bound Miss Dumont securely to success, while on one of the crookedest branches of the tree of life there blooms a radiant little flower.

AND back in New York, that day, sat Gillsy, the editor who out of pity had bought a really excellent story, though he regarded it as "mush" and "impossible" at the time. His feet were again deposited like clumsy cacti at the edge of the desert of disordered manuscripts and galley proofs on his desk. The postman no longer dumped wagon-loads of letters upon him. The government had sentenced the chain of letters to death. But in the magazine's now normal mail there were frequent letters from legitimate sources, praising the brilliant work of Jane Dumont.



# WONDERS OF WAR SURGERY

Scientific Warfare and Its Scientific By-Products—What the Surgeons Are Doing—New Men for Old in the War Zone

BY MARY MASTER NEEDHAM

*[A modern miracle, you may say. And equally a modern paradox. For out of the turmoil and horror of war has come a new and splendid achievement. The development in modern surgery which has taken place in the last eighteen months is the direct result of the new and frightful problems raised by the conditions of the European War, so totally different from any previous struggle. It is a development of which all mankind may be proud. And Americans especially, since it is to them largely that these accomplishments are due, may feel deep gratification and wonder.—EDITOR.]*

“**W**OULDN'T it be humanitarian if you could forget for a moment and give him an overdose of chloroform?”

I was standing by the side of a bed. In the bed was a French soldier. The surgeon was dressing his wound. His wound? At a hasty glance it seemed literally his remains. A few days before, a piece of shrapnel fully four inches long and from two to two and a half inches wide had been taken out of his cheek. To my unscientific eye it seemed that one-half his face was gone.

The auxiliary nurse, who stood by, whispered: “Oh, yes, if he were my son I'd so much rather have him die than go through life this shattered piece of humanity.”

But the surgeon only smiled. “It would seem so, wouldn't it?” he answered me.

Now, this isn't a sad story or a tale of horror. Lest you should think so I hasten to assure you that it is a true story with a happy ending—a story that may some day concern you very directly.

It was explained to me that when

this man came in they found that not only had this piece of shrapnel torn its way through his cheek, carrying with it pieces of bone and tissue and muscle, but it had fractured one jaw, knocked his teeth loose, driving several of them into his palate, and it had loosened both jaws so that they fairly teetered.

I turned away, shivering at the ghastliness of war.

But a few weeks later I stood in the operating-room and saw the surgeon give the man a new face. Previous to this he had been in the care of the dental department, where his jaws had been strengthened or reinforced by means of metal bands, and a bar in the shape of a bridge fixed to the sides. This bar served also as the bridge for new teeth, made in the mechanical laboratory of the department.

Now it was the surgeon's job. Under an anesthetic which is made of two anesthetics—laughing gas and oxygen—the soldier was put to sleep, a sleep with pleasant dreams, a sleep that, with the addition of a local anesthetic, produced no shock, while the wizard hands of the surgeon



drew the skin from the upper and lower parts of his face together and made a new cheek—a perfectly rounded cheek. There was no displacement of line or of curve in the face, and the only scar was a slight one where the parts had been sewn together—a scar much less conspicuous than the duelling scars many of the German university students bear to their honor, as they believe. This man's duel had been quite different. He was not fighting for a scar, but for the honor of his country—for the life of France.

But perhaps it will be well to explain just where I was. I was in France, in the land of war, not many miles from the "theater of operations"—that ghastly theater that had produced just such scenes and just such shattered beings as I have described. I was in a hospital in Neuilly, separated from Paris only by the gate. It was an American hospital, first suggested by the then American Ambassador to France, Mr. Herrick. It was organized by Americans, is supported by the voluntary subscriptions of Americans, is run by Americans, with a staff of American doctors and efficient American nurses. Among these were surgeons eminent all over America, giving their services. At the head of the ambulance corps was a man who had been governor of Porto Rico. Laboring up and down stairs, bearing stretchers, were musicians, painters and sculptors whose names are well known in America. The people who "performed" in peace time were here performing in war time, and in an institution which, as one surgeon expressed it, "is a monument to the organization and proficiency of American men and women."

The war was not yet a year old, and yet this hospital, under the eminent directorship of Dr. DeBouchet, who was instrumental in having it

placed under the French military government, was and is still probably the most prominent surgical hospital of the war. As proof of this I cite one instance:

A Serbian officer whom I met there had been wounded in the leg in Serbia, the wound causing a nerve to be severed and so producing paralysis. He came to Paris and inquired of the French Minister of War where he should go for treatment. He was advised to go to the American Ambulance Hospital. He is soon to undergo an operation to have the severed pieces of his nerve sewed together, thereby making the necessary connection to obliterate the paralysis—an operation which in several different cases has been successfully performed here.

As you see, I am no surgeon. I cannot talk in technical terms. But I know what is being done in war surgery in this hospital, where they have only surgical cases, and those the most severe, and where *they have the lowest mortality rate of any hospital in any war*. Among 1,500 admissions during the first six months there were seventy deaths, a little less than five per cent., and those, remember, in cases most severe.

Even if I cannot speak scientifically, I know and believe when I see a man with one part of his face gone and who is given a new face; or when a man with nerves lacerated is given the use of his hands or legs; or a man who has lost his speech through a bullet hole in his skull is given back his power to speak.

#### WAR'S LESSON TO PEACE

It is marvelous, this war surgery. But it is not only marvelous for these private soldiers who here are getting the best treatment that the world has to offer to men in one

of the best of democratic institutions. It is marvelous also for the working-man back home, who is shattered by machinery or explosives, or for the joy-rider who is crushed against a lamp-post, or for the innocent bystander who is crippled by a horrible accident.

As the pathologist expressed it: "One might fairly say how comparatively little this hospital can do—taking care of a few thousand only of the many hundreds of thousands wounded—if they lost sight of this point, this very important point, that the diseases and wounds of war are the diseases and wounds of peace, more aggravated on account of aggravated conditions; and that what we learn here through numbers of cases—through diagnosis and surgery and nursing—is a lasting contribution to peace, to the health of peace."

There is so much that is destructive in this war, and we have heard so much of it, that we overlook the constructive side, and there is a constructive side that is not only temporary and not only for war. Every advance in surgery is not only a help to wounded in the hospitals, but to humanity everywhere, at any time.

Keeping in mind that the first and immediate use of this hospital is for the wounded, the second and the important use to America is to provide a laboratory for the advance of surgery; the hospital authorities have offered to different medical institutions in America the opportunity of working here for a length of three months.

At the time of writing the Crile division from the Lakeside Unit of the Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, is giving its voluntary service. One floor of this immense building—which at the beginning of the war was hardly completed as a high school, and which was com-

mandeered by the government—was turned over to this unit. They brought their own apparatus, as well as their own staff, and for two weeks all new admissions were entered under their care.

The next division to come is from Harvard University. And the opportunity has been offered to the University of Pennsylvania, to the University of Chicago and to Johns Hopkins University.

### THE HAPPIEST PLACE IN PARIS

The American hospital was the happiest place I found in Paris. This, strange to say, was because of the wounded. Could anyone be more delicious than the Yorkshire Tommy who had lost his leg? Asked how he liked the hospital, he replied:

"Oh, mum, if it hadn't been for the American Ambulance, I'd have been under the ground where I belonged—pushin' up the daisies for some purty girl ter pluck."

The Tommy who doesn't "give a hang" keeps up the spirits of all around him. In another ward was one lying on his bed reading a paper. His comrade asked him for the news.

"Well," he answered in his dialect, almost as impossible to understand as a French patois, and quite as impossible to reproduce—"Well, it's the first mornin' I've been able to read any. Yestirday I said to the nurse, 'Please, nurse, bring me a piper.' She brought me my pipe. 'Thank you, nurse,' I said. But when the other nurse came in, I said, 'Please, nurse, bring me a piper.' She, too, brought me a pipe. And I hadn't any piper to read. And, sure, I saw plenty around! So this morning I pointed ter it and I got it."

They found him lying by a tree. Shot in the leg, he had been thrown

up against it, the nurse explained.

"Yes," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "and the first thing I did after I struck that tree was to grope about for my teeth—my nice store teeth. When I went flying through the air, they fell out. I don't mind my leg so much, but those teeth—such a foine pair as they were!"

Can you beat that pluck?

Here, as everywhere, Nature is the most efficient nurse. She knew what she was about when she gave us some superfluous fat and muscle and skin. To some of us this fat forms an annoyance in the shape of double chins and hanging cheeks and protruding stomachs. But for many of these soldiers it is a fortunate provision, for it is superfluous no longer. For instance, there was the case of a man who had what is called a "frontal sinus." I'd call it a hole in the interior of his forehead which had caved in. To remedy this the surgeon made an incision near his appendix, where is stored some of this superfluous fat and muscle, took it out and filled up the hole in the forehead. An interesting thing about this is that for some scientific reason this fat must be taken from the patient himself or from his twin brother.

Even a thick and protruding lip may be turned to account, for one soldier sacrificed part of his to his nose, a portion of which had been blown away, but which now can withstand the racket of a robust sneeze or a hard "blow."

But, frequently, parts of our body are more easily supplied than healed. In the hospital I occasionally met an Arabian orderly very intent on his duties. I inquired about him and found that he had been a patient. It was eight days after he had been wounded that he had arrived at the hospital. And his leg was nearly black.

"Gaseous gangrene," explained the

nurse. "I asked the doctor if he would operate," she said, "and he answered: 'No, the boy has just as much chance one way as the other, and we'll give him the chance with his leg.' We kept him alive with oxygen, and gave him our new form of treatment for this disease, and now, as you see, he is carrying other wounded. It is a marvel even to me, for gaseous gangrene . . ."

She did not complete the sentence, but I judged from her expression that this disease is one of the horrors of the war. And I had never heard of it! I stopped in to ask the surgeon at the head of the Crile division about it. He had just come from the operating-room, where he had been operating from 9:30 until 1:30, his work varying from making new faces to amputations caused by this same gaseous gangrene.

"As we know," he said, "this is scientific warfare, but we have almost caught up with it. Think of preceding wars—how many died of typhoid and typhus fever, of cholera and smallpox. To-day the loss of life by disease in the ranks has been greatly diminished, but this new warfare has brought some new diseases, the most prominent being this gaseous gangrene. Always we have had gangrene, that most horrible of infections. Unless the man has been on the field too long, or has been too long on the way to the hospital, we can usually deal effectively with that. But gaseous gangrene is different. In this new mode of fighting, where so much earth and dirt is thrown up by the shells and bombs, the wounds are infected with it. Now it is thought that this disease or infection is caused by a bacillus that cannot live under oxygen. If it gets into the wound with the dirt it produces a kind of inflated gangrene, which is the most fatal kind, and which has caused so many ampu-

tations of arms and legs. If you see the pathologist he will tell you about it."

I sought and found the pathologist of the hospital. He had served for five months in the last Balkan war. Thus he is able to make some very definite and valuable comparisons in regard to the scientific advance of warfare, as well as to the scientific care of wounded.

In the Balkan war he was called from Berlin, where he was at the time, to take charge of a hospital in Nish. They needed him to diagnose the various diseases, for, according to their Teutonic explanation, they did not have "microscopic eyes."

While he met cases of cholera and had much typhoid and typhus fever, the "jail and camp fever," he saw only one or two cases resembling gaseous gangrene. As he explained, this was due to the form of fighting. In the Balkan war there was more hand-to-hand combat; but this war is largely a conflict of artillery. Therefore, these bacilli of gaseous gangrene that "love the absence of oxygen" get into the wounds along with the dirt that is thrown up by the bombs and shells.

"Don't think gaseous gangrene is uncommon, even in peace," he said. "I remember very well a case when I was in the hospital at the university. A man fell off his wagon and was dragged through the dirty street. His leg was wounded. Gaseous gangrene set in. The leg had to be amputated. We didn't know how to take care of it then. And the man died.

"Now we could save that man's life. That's the value of the work we are doing here."

"But if this horror is caused by earth and dirt, how does it happen that more of us are not infected?" I asked. "We frequently eat celery and lettuce and other vegetables that are not properly cleansed."

"Ah, yes," he answered, "but as a result of our investigations here we have found that these bacilli do not grow on human, healthy tissue. A wounded blood vessel, with dearth of tissue, is a necessary contributing cause."

"And can you ever cure it?"

"Yes. If a man has gaseous gangrene in his arm or leg we make many incisions to give air to the limb. Then we cleanse it with hydrogen peroxide which, as you know, liberates the oxygen. You see, there are two principal infections in this war: the first caused by bacilli which grow in oxygen; the second by microbes not growing in oxygen. These latter infections are much more numerous compared to former wars. And it is of tremendous importance, as I have said, to permit the air to reach the wounds. In the case of the man in the university hospital, according to our limited knowledge then, the leg had to be amputated. It wasn't sufficient. In this hospital we have learned better.

"I remember a French soldier who came into the hospital during the first days I was here. He had a bad arm. According to the physicians, it wasn't typically gaseous gangrene; so we didn't use our vaccine. But the arm didn't heal. More incisions were made, but not enough to permit of sufficient access of air. Finally we were asked to make a bacteriological test. We found that it was gaseous gangrene. But it was too late. The arm had to come off.

"Now, as soon as a soldier comes in and there is any doubt about the diagnosis, we are sent for to make bacteriological tests, for we have demonstrated the value of this in many cases. In the three months and a half that the laboratory has been open we have had 750 examinations, and they are increasing every day. We are hampered by lack of



money and equipment, but we hope and expect to make some lasting contributions to mankind. Already we have been working with a serum for gaseous gangrene and have had satisfactory results from it."

#### NEW SURGICAL APPLIANCES

When the ambulances clang their hurried way through our American cities they are provided with certain equipment. But few, if any, are provided with any appliances for fractured legs. Here it soon became apparent that no ambulance could go for wounded without some equipment for the men whose legs were broken. So it was necessary to construct one. The head surgeon made it. It is called the splint pillow. It is a pad made of unbleached cotton and padded with excelsior, with a plain piece in the middle. With each pillow go two splints and two cords with attached buckles. By means of one of the splints, without moving the leg, the pillow may be slipped under it and buckled over it, so that the intense pain and jolting, with resultant injury, may be saved to the sufferer. This pillow is used also in dressing.

Whenever I hear of the splint pillow I think of Moussa. Moussa is a Senegalese. I first saw him hobbling along on a cane in the hall, his red fez pushed back on his head. A surgeon stopped to speak to him:

"Well, Moussa, have you been a good boy?"

"Yes—and you?" flashed back the Senegalese.

It was almost the only French he knew. He had learned it since he came to the hospital. When Moussa arrived with his fractured leg he was put into a ward with thirty other patients. After his wound had been dressed the nurse left him resting

comfortably, as she thought. When she returned she found that in some way he had snatched off his splint pillow, had torn open the pad, had pulled out the excelsior, and, at that moment, was sprinkling it in his wound, and saying a prayer over it! She rushed to where he was sitting, for, according to his custom, he never lay down, but sat hunched over on his cot. But when she attempted to fix his dressing he grabbed her hand and bit her finger. It was necessary to remove him to a bed next to another Senegalese who a little wiser or more understanding, explained to him in his own language the reason and the virtue of the bandage.

Naturally, as these surgeons have had to meet new diseases and new wounds, they have had to meet them with new appliances and new treatment. At one end of the long operating-room was an instrument that looked like a heavy steel crusher with a point. It seemed to be connected with an electrical apparatus, from which it could be swung out and over the operating-table.

"What is it?" I asked the operating nurse.

"A magnet," she answered, "almost a human magnet. Sometimes, when a bullet is difficult to extract, the surgeon makes a small incision. Then he swings the magnet over it, for the magnet attracts steel and shrapnel. But the wonderful part of it is that it attracts it in such a way that the piece of steel works itself out, avoiding tissues and blood vessels as if it were a conscious thing."

"Necessity is the mother of invention" is an old and trite saying, but here it takes on new meaning, for one not only sees new instruments and new appliances, but made-over human beings.

I remember an Irish officer who came into the office one day to ask for the head surgeon. The orderlies

crowded around him, shaking his hand, and then holding it while they examined it critically and admiringly. He was a discharged patient—a cavalry officer. He had been wounded in the elbow—that is, if one could call it a wound. His elbow had been shot off. When he arrived there his arm was badly infected. Naturally the head surgeon wanted to save the arm. But not only that, he wanted to save it in such a way that the officer might not lose the use of his hand and fingers. He himself saw to the cleansing. Then, in order to keep the arm in position, he constructed a frame—an “extension,” as he called it—standing over the carpenter while it was made.

The arm healed and healed perfectly. When the officer showed it to a prominent English surgeon, the surgeon said: “That’s the prettiest piece of work I have ever seen!”

And the officer had come back to report.

#### MAKING NEW FEATURES FOR MANGLED FACES

In this hospital, which now that the Germans have been driven back from Paris is no longer a “field” hospital, there are few, if any, abdominal cases, for they cannot be moved this distance. Most of the wounds are in the arms and legs and jaws and eyes and heads—wounds of the most severe and horrible types.

There have been about seventy eye cases, in all, these six months. Many of them are being helped.

“Why, I saw an operation the other day,” said an orderly to me—an orderly who in peace times is a Grand Opera singer—“where the doctor made a new eyelid.”

I asked the eye surgeon about this case.

“Oh, yes,” he answered; “it is

quite simple. The man was shot through the cheek, the bullet penetrating the nose and the eye, carrying the eyelid with it. Of course his eye was gone, but we could fix a glass eye for him if we had an eyelid. So we made one.”

“How?” I asked.

“Made an incision in the forehead and constructed a flap, as we call it, of the skin, drew it down and formed the eyelid. Quite simple!”

But to a lay person like me it seemed far from simple—almost too complex and too wonderful to believe and comprehend, if I had not seen it with my own eyes.

One day I stopped by the bed of a French soldier who was sitting on the red woollen blanket which served as a coverlet, writing.

“To your wife?” I asked.

“Yes, madam,” he answered and smiled. But it was a queer kind of a smile. One corner of his mouth turned up; the other remained immovable. One eye wrinkled; the other looked at me with little expression. A sad smile, I thought, a wistful face. Then, as I looked again, I wondered.

“Where were you wounded?” I asked.

He pointed to a small scar behind his ear—a scar very evidently made by a bullet. It had quite healed.

“But this other, beside it?” I questioned, as I touched a larger scar at the upper part of his jaw.

“Oh, that, madam! You see, it was at Châtel Raoul, almost eight kilometers from Vitry-le-François. It was on the seventh of September, about three o’clock in the afternoon. I remember the time quite well. One does, you know. I was on the battlefield, unconscious, until—I think it must have been about eleven o’clock the next morning. I can’t tell exactly. I don’t quite understand how it happened. I suppose I got in the

way of a retreating German. He hit me with the butt end of his gun and woke me. It broke my jaw, and the blow was so strong that when I hit the earth with my other cheek it broke that jaw."

That was all. Smiling, he went on with the letter to his home. No comment. No bitterness. Was he not nearly well? Could he not talk and eat? And when he picked up the small hand-mirror from his table—for all the soldiers have their mirrors—it reflected back no horror to him. Only one side of his face made eternally sad and questioning, as if, when it had been paralyzed, it had caught forever the expression of the moment.

Two fractured jaws. And what had they done for him—these molders of men's faces?

In the dental department they had fixed the jaws, pushed them into position, before they had a chance to consolidate, first manufacturing out of gutta-percha a piece to replace the part knocked out. Then they had strengthened them by means of bands, which also served as bridges for the new teeth with which he was provided. They had done everything but save the nerve in the left cheek. When he goes back to the trenches, it must be sad of face and wistful of eye.

This is the first military hospital to have a regularly organized dental department. It is largely due to the head of this department, a well-known American dentist in Paris. On August 4th he offered his services. A few weeks later, he and his first associate, carrying out their own office equipment, established this department in the American Ambulance Hospital. For three months the entire expense was borne by these men, for, as they explained, they did not wish to call upon the general fund for help until they had proved the

unquestioned utility and necessity of the service. It is now one of the most important departments of the hospital. Perhaps it is the most unique and the most unusual. Whenever one thinks of a hospital, he thinks, naturally, of the general surgeons who are connected with it; but does one ever associate therewith a dentist? And, moreover, a dentist with an ante-room whose atmosphere is cheerful?

It is not an ordinary dental office. Far from it! Rather, one might call it the workshop of a wizard.

"Have you ever done this particular work before?" I asked the head of the department.

"Never," was the answer. "We've never seen such cases before. It is a result, of course, of the trench fighting, where the men's faces and heads are more exposed, and of the new ammunition, which is infinitely more powerful."

"But you've accomplished wonders!" I commented.

"Well," he replied modestly, "out of 65 cases of fractured jaws up to March 1st, only four have died—and those from hemorrhage.

"Here is a case now." He took me to a dental chair in which sat a man of about thirty years. Almost involuntarily I drew back. His eyes were kindly, but his chin was nearly gone; his lips had been shot in two, separating and leaving nothing but a hole—a hideous hole.

"When this man came to me," explained the dentist, "his jaw was fractured, his face was in an abnormal position; his chin was completely gone. It was necessary, first, to clean the wound, then to push his jaws into place, and to band and bridge them. Gradually the skin has grown up to form a little of the chin. And, when I am through with him, he will be operated on by the general surgeon and the halves of his lips

drawn up and in, and his cheeks drawn forward, to form the rest of the chin."

"But the scar?" I questioned.

"Only a slight one under the lower lip—hardly noticeable."

I suppose I looked incredulous, for he took me over to a small machine into which he inserted some colored slides showing different cases in the different epochs of the work. The nurses called them the before-and-after pictures. As advertisements they would have been unbelievable. As photographic slides they are historic.

At first I could think of nothing but a demolished wall of a brick building destroyed by fire or explosion, where one sees pieces of mortar and paper and bricks all mingled together in an undistinguishable mass. And practically it was so with some of those faces, for in many cases there was a loss of bone substance varying from small pieces to the entire lower part of the face, due to the explosive effect of the bullet, which, in its exit, carried with it bones and teeth. They were horrible—those first pictures. They were awe-inspiring—those last, taken as the men were being dismissed. No monstrosities! No really unpleasant sights! A scar, varying in size in a perfectly molded cheek—a piece of human sculpture.

These surgeons ought to be decorated by the "*Société des Artistes*," for they are sculptors working with human clay.

I could say nothing. There was nothing big enough to say. And I was grateful for the relief that the nurse offered when she commented:

"We need never be afraid to grow old any more. I'm going to have my double chin removed when it gets a little more prominent."

It was a far jump to the ludicrous, but I took it, and had a vision of

future hygienic beauty shops which would not be confined to violet-rayed massages.

"This wasn't my idea when I made my application," went on the head of the department, as he pointed around the large, light room, with its five chairs for the five dentists, now occupied, and into the adjoining mechanical department, where two mechanical assistants were working on new teeth, metal bands and splints for the mouths. "My one idea was to look after the mouths of the wounded, to visit their beds on arrival and, by a systematic disinfection and cleansing, be of really valuable assistance not only in the re-establishment of health, but in preventing to a great degree the danger of auto-intoxication, and in eliminating and destroying accidental and specific microbes that might be present and ready to attack the patient in a debilitated condition. Every case requires this care. Some have never had it. But, whether the teeth were in good condition or not, the exigencies of four or five weeks' or several months' campaign make it necessary, so as to give the patient a better chance for recovery. This work I did at first and now do as much as I can. But the large number of unforeseen cases of fractured jaws has cut down to some extent that necessary work. I could use a staff twice as large.

"While our aim primarily, of course, is to help these poor wounded men, and to restore them to health and comfort, our hope is also to demonstrate beyond any question of doubt the importance and great advantage to be obtained by having a dentist on the medical staff to work in conjunction with the general surgeon as soon as the wounded arrive. In this hospital now, when a case of broken jaw comes in, the dental department is notified as soon as the general surgeon, it being necessary



frequently, as you can see, to place broken parts in position and to fix them before they have consolidated in a false position, or before the general surgeon has sewed up the wound and made it impossible for a certain length of time to get into the mouth.

"For instance, if the lower jaw is broken, with teeth overlapping, it can be properly reduced immediately and splinted. Otherwise it is allowed to heal in an abnormal position and later requires gradual pressure and much time to accomplish the same results.

"For a certain time no other hospital had a dental department. So, at the beginning of the war, we had many English soldiers, who got leave in order to come here for ordinary dental treatment. Now others are coming from hospitals where there has been no dental service, cured of their wounds and infection, but with faces awry and mouths that can scarcely open and jaws that no longer meet. These cases are not hopeless, but they increase our difficulties and greatly prolong treatment."

"But the marvel to me," I interrupted, "is that such cases can live at all."

"Yes; but you must remember our great aid is that the men are in the prime of life and are strong, else they couldn't be in the army."

"And the indirect results?" I questioned.

"Oh, indirectly, this work is going to prove, through the education of the wounded, the importance of the care of the teeth—the importance of having mouths not crippled by loss of teeth or by teeth useless through decay. A soldier who cannot eat is crippled in a way as severely as one who cannot walk. I've seen two men come in here with two teeth only in

opposition, and in each of these cases a nerve was exposed through wear. These men were fairly emaciated through the impossibility of eating their army biscuit. When I commented on this, one answered:

"'It wasn't so bad as long as we were by a river and could soak our biscuit in the water.'"

"We hope this department, too, will be of value in the creation of public dental clinics; in proving the necessity of dental surgeons in the army and navy; and, more than all, in proving the wisdom of dental inspection in the public schools, thereby avoiding much of our present work."

As I have said, the work in this hospital is not only for the care and health of the wounded, but for the education and preservation of all people. And, to accomplish this, the many surgeons and nurses and all departments are co-operating.

Their works of creation are many and varied, and most aspiring, perhaps none more so than the following:

At the evening hour came a French soldier. Destruction had fallen upon him, for the lower part of his face was gone.

And the surgeon made an incision near the soldier's appendix, and from this he took out muscles and fat for a supporting "cradle."

And then the surgeon cast a sleep upon the soldier, and when the soldier was fast asleep he took one of his ribs.

And the surgeon built the rib which he took from the soldier—nay, not into a woman, but into—a jaw!

This may not equal the climax of the biblical story of creation, but it approaches the summit of creative surgery.

# JULIUS, SEIZER OF OPPORTUNITIES

*If You Were Down to Your Last Quarter and in a Cheap Lunch-room You Met a Waiter Who Used to Serve You in Your Palmy Days Would You Offer Him a Tip?*

By LAWRENCE PERRY

AS the figure of a pedestrian, head bent against the December wind, appeared in the light of an arc lamp, far down the lonely thoroughfare, John Whitehead stepped from the sheltered doorway of an office building. He wore no overcoat, the wind cut his body and left blue marks upon his bloodless face.

He had arrived in the city that morning, and now, as he stood awaiting the man's approach in the shadow of the immense building, one of many which formed the man-made cañon, he trembled with apprehension.

He not only mistrusted himself, but was filled with dread of what he was about to do. For in all the months, he had never stooped to this. An act of service here and there, a sidewalk to be cleared of snow, a basement to be cleaned, a bag to carry—throughout, there had been the sustaining sense that, little though it was, he still had something to sell, a fragile bond which he had accepted as tacit attachment to the quickening affairs of the world.

John Whitehead was of the sort to value such things. It was this, in the main, which had nerved him to face the initial disaster, to put it behind him and press on—to new failure. It had been a steady re-

treat down the slope, but never a rout. He had fought every step of the way, and his fight, though that of a loser, was yet a fight, after all. He had no reproach for himself, as one who had not had the heart to make defeat honorable, nor, as he looked back, could he see wherein his course might have been bettered tactically. It was not as though he had been able to choose his ground—to select his weapons, either. There was at least a spark of mournful satisfaction in that.

In the end it was the last flicker of resolve which had turned his steps to the city where he had begun. Viewing his situation in perspective, the thought had occurred that he might better have stayed here. A man of solitary disposition, he had yet known many men, friends, some of them; at least he had held them as such. He was familiar with conditions, knew the trend of things; looking back, he saw much that had promised foothold for renewed effort, had he but appreciated it at the time. But he had slunk away after the crash. Now he was back again, and wished himself away.

Latimer, president now of one of the important banking firms, had received him cordially, although obviously pressed with crowding affairs.

"Ah, Whitehead, glad to see you

again. They tell me you have done finely in the west. . . . It's great to see a man take the cropper you did and come up smiling. . . . Your hotel address—? When I have a free moment I want you to lunch with me. . . . Let you know—"

Whitehead had nodded and smiled, had given the name of one of the great hostelrys and walked out. In the face of that greeting, it was not in him to say what he had come to say. He had not reckoned upon this phase of his return here, whither, evidently, early stories of his fight for re-establishment had drifted. But it was a phase he had encountered all day, and natural diffidence and pride—pride which alone had driven him out of the city in the original instance—had sealed his lips in each case. He had come to wonder at the fervor of the assumption of his material prosperity, upon the part of the few men he had been able to see. Certainly his appearance, while not unkempt, did not warrant this impression. What was it, if not an effort to forestall him? Times were hard in the financial district.

As for the city, its very familiarity accentuated its lack of warmth; the hurrying throng had forced him along in its rush, or swept heedlessly by him; he had been shuffled about in the press, scorned, ignored. Now it was night; he was alone, penniless, cold, hungry, merely an element of the vacant dark. Morbid fancy that something companionable might be found in the building wherein his offices had been, had led his steps to the deserted financial district, but he had found nothing save a cold, forbidding pile of granite, and an ominous shadow, in which he now lurked as the approaching footsteps drew near.

They were at his side. His lips moved, but no sound came forth and

the footfalls clicked past him. A sharper gust of wind knifed down the street; bits of debris, hurrying before the blast, were revealed in the cheerless blue white flood from a swaying light. But he had to speak, now or never; he was beyond the reach of pride; he was in the grip of sheer animal craving. His steps quickened, then subsided as he drew near. It was easier to speak to a back.

"I—I beg your pardon—" The voice was hollow, deprecatory.

The pedestrian stopped short, facing about quickly and then backing away as though fearful of harm. But there was no menace in Whitehead's mien, seeing which the man frowned, and spoke sharply.

"What do you want?"

"I—I—" Whitehead's throat clicked drily. "I haven't anything to eat—no place to sleep to-night—"

"Oh, I see! A panhandler! Go to the devil." The stranger turned abruptly and resumed his way, while Whitehead stood, as though dazed, his hands pressed to his forehead.

The man walking rapidly, had covered nearly half a block when he glanced around, perhaps to make certain he was not being followed. He stood curiously watching for a moment and then slowly returned, touching the suppliant upon the shoulder.

"Look here," he began awkwardly, "if you're really hard up—"

"Hard up!" Whitehead laughed bitterly and looked up. "I—I—didn't mean to annoy you. I am sorry—"

The man unbuttoned his overcoat, muttering something about the city being filled with fakers, that one never could really tell, and took a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket.

"I'll take a chance anyway," he said. "Here." He handed the

money to Whitehead, who was looking at him dazedly.

"Do you know," he said, with a curious eagerness, "I helped a poor duffer out here once, almost at this spot."

"Did you?" The stranger was of the stolid sort, not loquacious. "Well, now you've got it back."

He swung about abruptly, but as he walked away he looked back over his shoulder, possibly expecting a word of thanks. But the mendicant, apparently oblivious, had turned his gaze to the coin which still lay in the palm of his hand, regarding it as though the dazzling reality of the piece conveyed nothing tangible.

And neither did it except the essential fact of possessing money. Twenty-five cents or twenty-five dollars, it would not have mattered for the time being. He had money; he was again a factor in the world's mechanism. He had not realized until now, as he stood struggling in the process of readjustment, what his day of wandering with empty pockets had involved mentally. He smiled vaguely and shrugged; it had carried him pretty near to the end of things. But now? His hand sought a pocket in his trousers—and encountered a hole. He withdrew it hastily. Suppose—suppose he had let go the quarter and it had slipped through the opening, and rolled away into the darkness? There was a stab in the thought.

But he had it. His fingers pressed it tightly. There was no rent in the other pocket, but he kept his fingers about the coin nevertheless, because it felt warm, with a warmth that filled his whole being. Then, without conscious volition, he began to walk, unmindful of weary feet and the biting darkness or of the course his steps were taking him.

There was the thought that he

had now the highest sanction for being, the right to look any one in the face. And how easily this altered estate had been attained. Merely the request and a pitiable aspect—not that he had designed the last; and yet, since one human being, broadly speaking, is the prototype of his fellow, what might he not earn—? He paused, struck by the thought that went through his mind. Two men were behind him, walking briskly. He turned irresolutely and waited. But when they came up he suffered them to pass, knowing now the desperation that had driven him in the original instance; knowing that only in similar stress could he force himself to a new issue—if then. Instinct, training, as well as a natural diffidence aligned against him in subtle array; and all of them enabled him, too, to see so clearly every phase of his present plight, while providing no solvent for adaptation.

Filled with his thoughts he plunged on, forgetting even the coin which his fingers, deep in his pocket, still clasped, until the genial windows of an all-night restaurant loomed suddenly before him. He paused, swaying under the awakening realization of his windfall and the things that it implied. Food—food and shelter for the night! Not the shelter of a city lodging house such as had claimed him in a neighboring city the previous night—he had been sick all day at the memories entailed—but a lodging to be paid for. His senses thrilled and glowed as he allotted his resources. Fifteen cents for food—yes; and ten cents for bed. The city, he knew, was filled with clean and desirable places to be had for that price. In the morning he would have the courage, perhaps, to do that which had lain ever in the background of his mind the past twelve months. But the morrow just now must take care of itself. For the



moment he was going to live.

He pushed open the door of the restaurant and walked with quick step into the snug little place with its white floors and tiled wainscoating, where the warmth brought a quick flush to his face and the appetizing odors dilated his nostrils.

All the tables were vacant, but Whitehead went to a place in the rear of the room, farthest from the wind which snarled outside, unconscious of the searching scrutiny of a waiter who had been standing against the wall. He was a Frenchman, undoubtedly, an old man, whose presence, alien though it was, lent a sort of distinction to the place. There was more than a suggestion of manner in his bearing and in his appearance, something which merited more than the casual glance which Whitehead bestowed upon him. His thick, straight black hair was streaked and patched with white, and sloe-eyes smoldered from a face seamed like old parchment. Suddenly, as the diner paused at the last table, a gleam of light crossed the mobile face of the old man, and in an instant he was at Whitehead's side, bowing deferentially, a joyous ring in his voice.

"Monsieur Whitehead!"

The newcomer's breath caught at the sound of his name and he swung about quickly, a light upon his sensitive face, yet doubting, wondering. Then, as his eyes rested upon the man, he smiled. Thus both stood for a moment, and then, it was as though a mantle had dropped from John Whitehead. He straightened, lifted his head and held out his weather-beaten hat. And his voice was as casual, as matter-of-fact as it ever had been.

"Ah, Julius!"

The waiter pulled out the chair with the grace and unction of one assisting an emperor and whisked

the menu sheet into Whitehead's hand, bowing.

The years that had passed since Whitehead had entered the famous house of Gatin vanished as though they had never been. His imagination, ever keen, responded instantly to the suggestive demeanor of his old servitor; he felt the spread of the warm glow and he yielded to the flood of memory, which brought with it the challenge of the *carte de jour* to his reputation as one of the epicures of the city. He glanced at the list of viands presented in indelible ink, then looked up with a vaguely humorous smile.

"Julius," he began, "a pimento, perhaps. Then oysters—"

"Medium, Monsieur; Smith Island—the flat shell."

Whitehead nodded.

"Some *potage suprême*—" his voice had gained in timbre and now, swept wholly into the spirit, he went on: "you might have the chef do me a *tournedos* of beef, *Béarnaise*, of course; *potato soufflé*; no dessert; some cheese—"

"I know—*Port de Salut*," nodded the waiter, smiling. "Lettuce salad—"

"Yes, and a pot of coffee, *demi-tasse*." Whitehead put down the sheet. "That '93 *Château Yquem*."

Julius raised his eyes to the ceiling, and they were wet.

"Ah, Monsieur!"

Whitehead regarded him soberly.

"So—that will be enough of fooling, Julius. The fact is, my digestion went long ago—you are partly to blame, my man—and I regulate my stomach according to the doctor's orders these days—"

"Monsieur!" There was a trickle of moisture on the withered cheek.

"So if you'll bring me a plate of buckwheat cakes and a cup of coffee, I guess that will have to do."

Julius bowed and moved toward

the kitchen. His manner had always been one of his charms. Now, how it brought everything back! Whitehead smiled reminiscently. He had lived once at least. What days those were, indeed! He had fancied that his stomach had been created to serve ever as the instrument of a taste that never struck a chord not full and clear and immediate. He knew better now. Yes, he knew better.

The mood was gone. He was with the present again, a present wherein he had contracted for fifteen cents worth of food.

He did not smile as Julius hovered over his shoulder, arranging the plates, talking with that low, rich inflection that had always been so pleasing.

"Ah, the doctor! Monsieur knew what to eat." He rolled his eyes upward. "But the dishes were all very rich and it is also that the sauces were piquant. Plain food—ah!"

But the man was eyeing the cakes hungrily. There was the keen temptation to seize them and tear them wolf-like with his teeth. Instead, he handled his knife and fork gingerly.

After a while he looked up and the waiter, ever responsive, slipped to his side, maintaining nicely, however, that slight distance which deference dictates, when conversing with a patron.

"Monsieur?"

"It's a long time, Julius, since I sat at table under you."

"A long time, Monsieur, yes."

"You have done—have done well, I suppose, and will go soon where all good waiters of your country go—to the vineyards of France?"

There was a hollow note in his voice and the old man at his elbow studied him with quick apprehension.

"Not so well, Monsieur," he

spoke slowly. "I had saved, saved much money—"

"Yes; you were going to own a restaurant of your own. I remember." Some of the interest returned to Whitehead's voice. "Did you ever open it?"

Julius replied quickly.

"I opened it, Monsieur. And then," he grimaced, "I closed it."

The patron looked up at him, with quick sympathy. Another failure!

"Oh—I'm sorry! Julius, that was too bad." His hand went out and touched the old man on the arm. "Too devilish bad!"

"It was my own fault, Monsieur." He smiled. "It was I that was to blame. I hurried too much. I did not look ahead. I was not wise. But—but, that is past." His fingers snapped sharply. "It is gone—so. Next time—ah, next time, Monsieur, I shall know. We learn, Monsieur."

Whitehead shot a glance at him.

"Then you are not discouraged?"

The waiter's dark eyes glowed and his figure unconsciously straightened.

"No, Monsieur, not discouraged. I am sorry, yes. My plans were of a great bigness. When they fell, it was as you say, like a beautiful thing you have built which has tumbled down."

"And left you nothing—cleaned you out?"

Julius' hands were outstretched.

"Cleaned out, oh yes, Mr. Whitehead. But I was not left with nothing—oh no!"

The man at table regarded the waiter curiously.

"Then you saved some money?"

The waiter smiled patiently.

"No, I lose everything; every cent. I am here, a waiter, still—you see." He shrugged.

"I see." Whitehead's voice had begun to resume that lack-luster cadence which was so much a corollary

of his generally dispirited, be-draggled aspect.

"What I did not lose, was me—myself." The old man struck his chest and looked out over the tables with the *élan* of a *Légionnaire*. I am here—the tools for the building. I still have them. I am building again. Ha! I know how to build now. Some day you shall see. Of that which I build there shall be no tumbling down. I say it!"

"Yes?" The patron was picking at the last remnants of his food.

"Oh, yes." The waiter turned away for another plate of butter, bringing which, he stood as before. "We are men," he continued, "and so we go on with a bravery. We cannot tell always what is for us. We say this is for us and we try; but it is not the thing, maybe. We cannot do it; we fail. But there is something for us, Monsieur. We are alive; there is something for all who live, because this world is not nonsense. No! Perhaps something littler than we think. Perhaps something different, much so. But we are men—and so there is something for all."

Whitehead looked up at him with a steady gaze now, a light glowing from his eyes.

"Something for all, eh?"

"Of a certain sureness, Monsieur." The waiter nodded his conviction. "I know it. So I work here and build again—"

"And if that tumbles down? Aren't you too sure?"

"If that tumbles down—! Look, Monsieur. When I fail in my restaurant, I say, I am still a good waiter, I will return to the *Café Gatin* and will again earn many fees and—" he paused. "But, Monsieur, I was no longer a good waiter. My memory was gone, and that touch, that *savoir faire*, where was it? Gone! I know not where." He

raised his eyebrows and smiled. "So you find me here."

"That was the second time you failed, then? What are you, as you put it, building now?"

"Ah," the man smiled, a dreamy expression in his vivid eyes. "What am I building now?" Myself. I have had sickness—I live; I have had sorrow—I smile; I have had troubles—I am brave. All will be well. Good will come somehow, some way, Monsieur; it always does. I must but keep myself big and brave and strong and clear of head to seize it." He refilled his patron's glass. "Ah, yes—it always comes, if we are ready—who can say how much good?"

"You are pretty—" Whitehead hesitated.

"Old you would say, Monsieur? Yes, there have been many years, many, many years." His hands arose in a slight gesture. "It may be only a little thing now. Others are building—is it not—perhaps a word I can say, a little thing that I can do to help."

"Not so much to live many years for, is it Julius?" He started. "I beg your pardon, I didn't—"

"Pray, M. Whitehead! It is all right. Not so much, it is true—yet who knows the reason why it was that we were made to live? We can but go on strongly and make our opportunity as the way will be shown to us some time."

"Make our opportunity!" The man pushed back his chair and drew his hand wearily across his forehead. "There comes a time when we have no tools."

Julius's eyebrows raised inquiringly.

"No—tools, Monsieur?"

"No chance for anything," explained Whitehead. "No friends—"

"There is always a friend somewhere, Monsieur. It is perhaps that

we might not know his name—he is found if we but seek so far.” His voice lowered as an intuition flashed across his mind. “Sometimes it is that many of them are very near—if we but knew.”

“Yes—perhaps.” Whitehead’s voice was a murmur. Then he looked up. “I am glad to have seen you again, Julius. It was pleasant to hear your voice.”

The check lay upon the table. He well knew the score, but he picked it up with an affectation of studying the numerals. In his pocket the fingers of his disengaged hand were closed tightly upon the silver quarter. It required an effort of will to draw it into the light. He handed it to Julius with the check and then sat back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the marble-tiled floor.

When the man returned, placing the dime upon the table and moving softly away, Whitehead’s hand moved toward the coin, paused halfway and fell into his lap. Another waiter, yes. But Julius—good God, no! There was a bottom to his sunken estate after all.

He turned his face resolutely and slowly arose. And a slight smile played about his lips. What was there in his act of abnegation that seemed to start glowing within him a spark where all had seemed dead and black? Or was it merely the renewed life impulse that had come from contact with someone he had known, who apparently still respected him? Still again, was there a warmth caught from the brave old soul that still lingered? Opportunity—yes. All very beautiful theory. And yet, he, too, might have found a friend had he but asked for one. Perhaps—his shoulders rose in a hopeless, dispirited shrug. No, this man had within him that stuff of eternal manhood, that toughness of moral and physical fiber, that lack of imagination, too,

which the mutations of neither time nor chance can conquer. As for him, all the fight was gone.

Yet was it a figment of the self-respect that had once been his that arose to demand qualification? Yes, perhaps he could fight on were there prospects of a warm, comfortable night—with breakfast in the morning. There must be someone he had known to whom he could make a clean breast and ask for his chance. He glanced at the ten-cent piece, his change, which still lay on the shining table. It glowed dull against the shining brown background and it held his eyes. There it was, something certainly, something that once in his pocket would possess a signification out of all measure to its intrinsic value. The waiter had taken his hat from the hook and was approaching, holding it out with that slight bow of kindly deference which had always been so appealing.

Whitehead’s gaze wavered from the silver talisman; he fixed his eyes with smiling resolution upon the old Frenchman, and, taking the hat, inclined his head sidewise, indicating the tip.

“Good night, Julius.”

Then he walked slowly toward the door. A little sooner, not so long ago, Julius might have been in time. He felt it; for his words and his spirit were burning ever deeper in his mind. Anyway, he could not have done more in return than to leave behind the ten-cent piece. As for him, what indeed, were ten cents? A little more—a very little more, that would suffice maybe. A well-spent night, a breakfast—couldn’t he, too, take hoid again and—rise? Probably not to the former heights, but still rise? His lips weakened. If all this were to be the price of a renewed essay at panhandling, no. He would not approach another living being for money—he simply could



not; it wasn't in him. Nor would he spend another night among the tramps of a municipal lodging-house. There was nothing left but the park benches, this night at least—and this night was more than he could endure, promise the morrow what it might.

He shivered so that his teeth clicked together. His body grew damp, his finger-nails bit into his palms as a growing resolution which had been molding itself in his mind all day suddenly took shape and hardened until it was as a product of steel. His step quickened toward the door; his shoulders braced now with decision.

"And there shall be no more—" Something he had heard when a boy flashed incompletely through his mind. "And there shall be no more—" No more what? He grappled with his memory, as though eager to turn his mind from the dark things lying immediately ahead. "No more—" He smiled grimly. At all events there would be no more; that was sufficient. His hand was on the knob of the door now and he opened it, starting back as the keen breath from the river, whither his thoughts were turned, bore in.

There was a touch on his shoulder and he swung about. Julius was at his elbow, bowing, smiling.

"Monsieur Whitehead," he said, "it was on the floor, by your chair." He held out a soiled dollar bill. "It

was, as I thought, you must have dropped it; for no one else was there."

A quick flush swept across Whitehead's face and his form grew stiff and rigid. He looked at the bank-note extended toward him as though without comprehension. At length his head shook in painful negative, and he began to back slowly out into the night.

"But, Monsieur, you must not punish your carelessness; it is yours."

And now, as Whitehead stood, rooted, unable to move his feet, a light flashed upon his brain, and the past half hour and all contained therein and all the implication thereof stood before his eyes. In his face came the look of things dying and things being born. With the movement of an automaton his hand went out and his fingers closed around the note.

And then Julius saw before him a new man, a man erect, straight, head high, a man who spoke in that clear, firm, resonant voice he used to know.

"I thank you, Julius, my friend. I am always so careless with my money; it's a wonder I can keep any of it. Good night—I shall see you again."

The door closed. Julius walked slowly to his table and, as he polished it with a napkin, a little smile played about his lips.



# THE CHANGELING

An Adventure in Perspective

by

ANN HARD

IF some fifty years ago a certain moneyed New England old maid had not conspired with a young and erratic pastor to found an unheard-of thing—a “female college,” and if her example had not been followed by various other equally chimerical persons, this story never could have been written.

And if the Russian government had not been so hard upon its Jewish subjects as to send large numbers of them to our shores, again this story could not have been written.

For the types represented by Georgina Evert and Sonya Medyeff could not have been produced and, therefore, this story never could have happened. But fate and evolution neatly conspired in such a way that the very moment that Georgina Evert—rather cross from a dance given her the night before to celebrate her final return from college—was engaged in a heated argument with her mother, Sonya Medyeff was stealing peeps at a copy of “Sesame and Lilies” (which is a book once very high-brow, now too old-fashioned to count) which she had secreted among the files at which she was supposed to be laboriously engaged.

Georgina, in a pink negligée and lace cap, was sitting at the far side of a silver percolator which stood upon a round piece of Florentine cut-work, which in turn was spread over a dull-finished mahogany table,

which was located in the dining-room of a fair-sized house, in a quiet street on the North side of Chicago, Illinois.

The near side of the percolator was obscured by Mother, who had already put on her strictly tailored suit to go out and look over the markets.

At the same moment, Sonya Medyeff, in a straight blue frock with a white collar and with a little piece of paper pinned over each cuff, was standing before the thirty-seven yellow filing cases which stood on a cork carpet, which lay in the office of Mr. Frederick Walleby, which in turn stood in one of the eight acres of brick buildings occupied by the Forbes-Baumann Mail Order Company, on the windy prairies of the West Side of Chicago, Illinois.

Sonya looked at the rows of heads bent over clicking, clacking machines. She knew exactly what each one was doing. She had had a year of it before she had been promoted to her present job.

The room in which she stood contained five desks. At each sat someone connected with the distribution system. They were like fat spiders, she thought. Fat or thin, it didn't matter. Spiders, anyway. Sitting in the midst of their webs. And the rest of the staff below them were other little bugs busily engaged in lugging tiny, infinitesimal grains from one place to another. . . .

They were as clear to her mind's eye, she thought, as if she were inside them. . . . The nearest man, wizened at forty, with a ragged moustache, went home every night to a distant supper of fried things. Next, the fat little man; fat clear through. Then three younger men all alike; striped shirts; hall bedrooms. Not a thought in one of their heads but business! No poetry; no art; no ideals! All business!

"That," she said to herself, "is all they can think about. Even Mr. Walleby over there, who might be so nice looking. But the expression on his face is business! The poor little fat man and the little thin man," Sonya thought, "they cannot help it. But that Mr. Walleby—! Why does he go on working now he has made money? See the up-and-down line between his eyes . . . that means 'unscrupulous.' See the droop at the corners of his mouth! That means 'shrewd.' That is how he has left the thin man and the little fat man behind!"

She stole a glance at her book for consolation and went on with her work of filing, filing, filing.

Her cheeks were as delicate as a flower for all her life of hard work, and her lashes lay upon them like a net to catch her dark glances.

Through all his absorption, young Walleby, "who might have been good-looking," felt something of the abounding life that Sonya and her kind perpetuate. But it *was* business hours, so Walleby resumed his absorption, the four other men went on distributing and Sonya went on filing; and at the very same moment, eight miles as the crow flies north-east of them, Georgina went on with her heated argument.

"As for this negligée and this lace cap! Mother, they are beautiful, and I loved putting them on *for you*, but I do wish you'd want me to put

on a working dress and go to work!"

"Why should you, my dear? It isn't as if you *had* to! I know I'm just an old-fashioned woman, but for the life of me I can't see why you aren't satisfied to know that you *can* work—and you can 'get a job,' as you express it, if you have to! You have to admit I have done *that* much for you by sending you to college—against my own wishes—still I *have* done *that* for you. I have prepared you for anything! Now why can't you just lean back and enjoy it?"

Georgina laughed.

"Partly because you haven't—or I haven't—or they haven't, I suppose, done what you think and 'prepared me for anything.' I might as well have spent four years any useless way—the way old-fashioned girls did—so far as preparing me for a job is concerned.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me! I wouldn't give them up for anything, those four years. They are part of why I want to go on—with—with—"

She felt it silly to finish as she wished. She wanted to say "to go on with Life," but her mother had a sense of humor, if she did pride herself on being old-fashioned. So Georgina said instead, "with my education. And I think I'd get more of it doing a real job. . . ."

Then she stopped. Her mother's face held an expression she had often seen there before. Every young girl gets to recognize—and dread—a certain expression on the maternal countenance compounded of sentimentality and curiosity veiled by a certain shade of secrecy. Some girls get away from it by going out and closing the door rapidly. Others get hopelessly caught and entangled in quagmires of confidences. Georgina had had nearly four years of practice now. Ever since she had evaded a calf-love affair. Her method was

to talk very frankly, if not brusquely, about whatever young man she knew had caused that expression to travel across her mother's face. It was a perfectly good method for Georgina, and worked admirably on the lady who was committed to being old-fashioned.

"Of course, things would solve themselves beautifully for you, Mother dear, if I could only fall in love with someone who had already fallen in love with me. Say with Carrie White."

"He hasn't!" cried her mother.

"Oh, yes, he has. He did last night. Never mind. I was almost as surprised as you are. But no Carrie for me!"

"Carter White is a splendid fellow. I am sorry you—"

"I know it. And I think I'd like him if it weren't that he's so—maybe not sissy, exactly—but—"

"He's every inch a gentleman, if that's what you mean. Reads the best literature and treats a lady with perfect courtesy! But you modern—"

"Oh, I can't describe it! Take his name—Carrie White! Why is he called that? And his soft voice! And his pale, straw-colored hair. . . . And his subservient way. . . . Wool!"

She rose and shook her lace sleeve into her oatmeal bowl. That calmed her for a moment.

"Yet there is something awfully nice about him, too. But he'd never do for *me*. Not enough pep! That's it, now I come to think of it. He lacks pep! Pep and Bang!"

She picked up the paper.

"No, Mother, dear. It's very unfortunate that you are so efficient. Now if I had only chosen an inefficient mother I might have found plenty to do right here. But with you on the job, what is there? Look at this room! Model of perfect din-

ing-room in ideal American family. Look at Father, perfectly cared-for and perfectly happy! Look at Sid, comfortably married to perfect wife and living near proud parents. No, my dear, I am distinctly *not needed* and I propose to go and get a job for myself. If you had been inefficient I might extract a certain amount of pleasure from refusing to marry Carrie White. I could do it as Great Aunt Agatha refused the Presbyterian minister, out of my duty to my family. . . ."

Poor Mrs. Quincy Evart's heart froze within her. She knew that Georgina's perseverance was marked. Georgina had the Quincy (pronounced like a disease) nose, the Quincy kindliness, but also the Quincy determination. In the Quincy family it was called "Moral Sense." She determined to appeal to that.

"But," she said, "but how about the poor girl whose job you take? You don't need the money. She does. Is that right?"

"Don't misunderstand me, dear," Georgina cried, "I am sure you won't," tenderly. "We've talked this over so often . . . and . . . well, we're rather like two partners who have played together so much that they get each other's style of play. Aren't we? I knew you were going to lead trumps then. And so you did. Well, now I'll tell you! I am not going to diminish the number of jobs in the total great reservoir of possible jobs in the world, because when I take the other girl's job out of that job—well, I am going to put *my* job back into it!"

"Yours back into it!" cried her mother. "What are *you* going to put back into it as *your* particular work?"

"You see! Even you don't think much of it, now do you? However, I suppose it might be called 'being-a-daughter.' I have found a substi-



tute for myself, as your daughter. Please say something, Mother, you look so flustered."

Mrs. Evarts inevitably saw the ridiculous impossibility of the thing being accomplished. It was the sort of thing you talk about doing and never do. But nothing had ever been that way to Georgina. To her, if a thing were thinkable, it became immediately do-able. Outside of a crime, of course. And even, Mrs. Evarts sometimes thought, Georgina might be capable, especially if she thought it her duty, of a nice little white crime of her own. One not *too* crimey.

" . . . She's really a charming creature. You must have seen her at the Settlement. Russian Jewess with a delicate skin and rosy cheeks and long black lashes. Trims her own hats and makes her own clothes and reads Ibsen—fancy!—on the Halsted street car."

"So that's what you have chosen for me!"

"I went down to the College Employment Bureau first. You get things from New England there, you know. People for secretarial positions and such. But, Mother, you know how you loved buying me this pink peignoir and this cobweb cap! Fancy hanging this on a girl with no shape! And no complexion! You'll just revel in Sonya!"

"What," Mrs. Evart finally gasped. "What does 'Sonya' think about it?"

"She doesn't think anything about it. Naturally I couldn't ask her before I had got your consent."

Both of them knew it was settled.

So Mrs. Evart planned to run down town and lunch with her husband on the subject. Sonya went on filing things eight miles away and Georgina went upstairs to see if she had the right kind of clothes in which to go to work.

So much for Georgina and Mrs.

Evart. And so much also, as it turned out, for Georgina's father. They prepared together at dinner a rose-lined golden cradle for the substitute Georgina, which might be supposed to rock the dreams of any twenty-year-old girl, much more the straight-frocked Sonya, just at that moment helping a comfortable fat mother to fill four younger children with a good stew of kosher meat, and raising her voice at them because she was in haste to get to the dancing class at the settlement. Which class, I need not tell the perspicacious, was led by Miss Georgina Evart.

You can imagine the joy of Miss Evart in inviting Sonya to step into the aforementioned cradle, but you cannot at all fancy Georgina's astonishment when Sonya refused utterly to do so.

Georgina was quite aware of her own—the Quincy—sense of duty, as well as of her own need of development through toil. But, at the same time, she took it for granted that other girls wanted above all things fine clothes, and that non-Quincys acted for the most part from motives of selfish ease. It was, therefore, quite incredible that Sonya should prefer standing all day at a filing case to rolling around in a little town car, or that she should find that putting kosher stew into four little brothers prevented her from lapping up truffles from the hand of the Evart butler.

Yet that was precisely the point of view Sonya insisted upon taking.

"What would I be geeving in return?" she repeated. "It ess wicked to take without geeving in return! That is to be a parasite!"

Georgina found it hopeless. Her mother swept out just then from a settlement board meeting prepared to take Sonya home with her along with Georgina.

"Mother, look at her! Isn't she adorable!" Georgina cried as Sonya tripped past them, pink and happy in her dancing. "She wants to know what she will give in return! And I don't know! So she won't come!"

"Give! Why, lots!" Mrs. Evert's practical mind took hold of the problem at once. "Bring her here to me."

"Listen," she said, when Sonya, with the self-possession of a little princess, looked simply at her, level-eyed. "We all of us pay for ourselves some way or another, my dear. You need not worry how it is done. Some of us pay with the work of our hands and some of us pay with our tears. Some of us are fortunate enough to be able to pay with the pleasure we give. Perhaps you are one of them. Don't you want to come and try?"

And so it was arranged.

"How did you do it, Mother? I couldn't have persuaded her," Georgina said afterwards.

"Oh, I told her I'd give your allowance to her mother to keep a servant and she could call herself a companion if she wanted a name for her position."

This satisfied Georgina and let Mrs. Evert out from confessing that something about Sonya had made her feel very sentimental for a few moments.

Something about Sonya made a great many others feel the same way. Some of Mrs. Everts' set flocked about her from curiosity and others avoided her from preconceived opinion, according to their several natures. Among the latter class, most conspicuous of all was Fred Walleby. He was thus conspicuous by reason of wealth and social standing and by the fact that he rode on the Polo team, but he was still more conspicuous in his avoidance of her for

the reason that the moment she walked out onto the club verandah he realized he had seen her before. He couldn't remember where nor how, so quite naturally he avoided her until he was able to make the mental connection necessary to a pleasant first conversation.

But Sonya had at once recognized him. His white flannels were no such change from the gray office suit as her lingerie frock and lacy parasol from the collar and cuff-protectors of the filing cabinets. But the lilies Sonya loved were not all in the Ruskin book. Some of them were in her own heart.

So far from being angry at him, so far from thinking he was ashamed to recognize her, she took it quite simply.

When he finally came near her: "Plis," she said, "Plis, do not feel you must remember me!"

"French," he thought, "by her accent!" Then, aloud, "I'm sorry!"

"I used to work . . ." She saw his quick look . . . "at the files."

Then he did recognize her.

"Dreadful place! How you must have hated it! Even I do!"

"You do!"

He caught her gasp of surprise.

"Why shouldn't I!"

"I sought—I sought you liked it. You seemed so interested—so absorbed—I felt quite ashamed of myself."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes. You see I had books—a book—different ones hidden there. I used to steal looks at zem."

The impassivity which had distinguished Mr. Walleby on many a hard-fought field deserted him completely. He literally sat up and looked at her.

She found for the first time the perfect listener. Unconsciously, they rose together and together strolled down to the lily pond.

They stood there looking down at the lilies.

On the pond the lilies lay like cups of gold and pink and silver, their great leaves, spread out, turned up copper edges. A man could stand upon their leaves without causing them to sink; men had risked their lives of the fever to get them from an African jungle; and here they bloomed, quite casually.

Walleby, standing on the pond's margin and looking at them, felt a parallel between them and the girl at his side. Their oriental mystic difference, their easy blossoming in the pond cupped out of a prairie in Illinois. . . . He stood there staring down at them.

Sonya, looking up at him as he did, saw the up-and-down line that spelled "unscrupulous" and the droop at the mouth that meant "shrewd." How could he stand there in this place and think of business? . . . She waited.

"You feel it, don't you?" is what he said when he finally raised his eyes and caught her long dark look.

He did not wait for her to answer. "There is a little poem of Rosetti's," he went on, "do you know it? . . . and all the while upon the silver night the lilies shone."

The sun went slowly down behind the elm trees and did its accustomed miracle on the city smoke, curtaining the miles away, beyond the pond and them. But still they sat there on the margin, talking sometimes and sometimes silent. Something about the sunset lights played tricks for Sonya's eyes. It turned the up-and-down line on Walleby's forehead into a funny little trick of near-sightedness and it even gave the droop of his mouth the tender appeal of a child's.

Then, suddenly, it was so dark they had to get up and dash for the clubhouse and convention.

THE news of Georgina's extraordinary stunt soon spread among Mrs. Evart's circle. It cannot be said that Georgina was "missed," for she had never been about much in the daytime and evening parties she continued to grace with her presence up till ten o'clock on week-nights and midnight on Saturday. "Working girl hours," she called them and she took all the badinage of her friends very well indeed.

To a certain extent this helped her vogue, as some of the dowagers put it, of which, to tell the truth, she was quite unconscious.

She was genuinely interested in the "job" she had procured, through the usual old family friend. She did not know that the old gentleman had landed it for her after a secret intrigue with her father. It was chosen for its chance of discouraging her.

"I'll tell you," her father had said, "it isn't the work; that won't bother her. She's like me, if she is my daughter. She'd eat up work. But she's high strung. Get her something where she bucks up against a man with a tongue and a temper!"

"I've got the very place for you," the old family friend returned; "the very place. Get her in the manager's office, the Four Lake Printing Co. They've got a man there that's famous up and down Dearborn Street. He's a Tartar! He drinks sulphuric acid instead of coffee for breakfast and he has to have asbestos rugs and a zinc-covered desk. He'll discourage her, if anyone can."

So the old family friend was very obliging, when Georgina went to see him about it, and got her a place as assistant in the editorial department. She liked the work and bit into it hard at once.

Now that she felt emancipated from them she took a detached sort of interest in the men she met at

week-end parties or at the Country Club Saturday afternoons.

But she was tremendously interested in the men she met downtown. They seemed different, less commonplace, more important than any men she had ever met before.

"They are part of what makes the world go!" she exulted, as she hung up her hat.

The smell of wet proofs on her desk, the stir of the great presses beneath her, the rattle of elevator doors, the hum of voices, all mingled together and thrilled her with a great sense of excitement, of energy, a sense of power not her own, yet in which she shared.

Everyone about her reflected some of this glory.

The top man of all she heard steadily referred to as "The Big Chief." She heard various tales of his violent and powerful personality.

He had all kinds of systems for keeping in touch with the people who worked for him; from the man who poured metal to the superintendent; from Dikey, the porter in the shipping room, to Mrs. Shepley, who was a business woman of twenty years' experience.

He had all sorts of slip-systems, as he called them, for keeping in touch with the force. For instance, if you found a yellow slip on your desk you felt badly because you knew you had made a mistake which had been tabulated and entered in a book. If you found another slip you felt worse because you knew that you had made two-thirds of a green slip. If you got a green slip you lost so many points on a blue slip contest. The blue slip contest was the friendly rivalry of the staff for the quarterly prize. Sometimes the prize was money, sometimes it was a vacation trip. But, at any rate, the blue slip was always the big joy four times a year. And yel-

low, green or blue, the slip on your desk was always initialed by the Big Chief, T. C. W. Or, as they told Georgina, "T. C. White."

Georgina sometimes had to go into his private office to see his secretary. This secretary was a mild young man with Ears and Teeth, but to Georgina he was part of the gorgeous toy with which she was playing, and, as such, must be handled carefully. The Chief was East on business during all those weeks of Georgina's initiation.

She was quite startled, therefore, one morning, to find in place of the young man with Ears the Mr. Carrie White whom she had refused to marry about six weeks before.

He was sitting at his desk when she entered, and he held in his hand a bunch of galley proofs. He looked at her politely but quite impersonally.

"Good morning," he said. "What is your job here?"

She controlled her desire to gasp and then her desire to become easy and conversational.

"Assistant editorial reader in the book department," she said.

"Are you the Miss Evart," he went on quite evenly, "who let through eight errors in these galleys?"

Georgina felt the blood go all the way to her hair and then go down again very fast, but she thought it didn't show on the outside, so she stepped coolly to his desk.

"Please let me see them."

He handed them to her. They were her initials. They were fatally her mistakes. She acknowledged them.

"I hope you will try not to let it occur again."

He was perfectly courteous, but perfectly impersonal.

Georgina went out as gracefully as she could, and got to her desk as



erect as she knew how to be and took up her fine pen and the next galley proof, and she opened the firm's "Book of Instructions" and on the first page she read "I thought-hewasinlovewithme . . ." and on the next page she read "I thought-hewasinlovewithme" and on the next and the next, till she fluttered the book hard to flutter it out and looked up . . . "Capitals: Do not capitalize S in 'street' when . . ." . . . and so worked again.

So after all, the Big Chief, the man of iron will and steely intelligence, was Carter White! T. C. Of course, Thomas Carter. Her "Carrie." He didn't seem so very much *hers* as she worked at her little bundle of proofs. All around her were the clicking, scratching back-bending men and women. They were only the energized parts of the great machine in which he was the motive power. She sat at her obscure desk and pinned her attention on the work she had to do. That work became suddenly more interesting than ever. Could it be that Georgina had a vague idea of showing the Big Chief she could "put something over"?

That was a change in itself. Six months before, the last person in the world Georgina would have chosen to impress was Carrie White. Now, every week saw her more anxious than ever to do so. She caught glimpses of him at the usual summer night affairs, the Ravinia concert or the Settlement Country Fête. He never avoided her. He was his usual good-tempered self when they met. T. C. White, the "Big Chief," seemed to have been locked away in his office. She would have liked to conjure up T. C. under the trees, by the lake, but Carrie would give her no opportunity.

She couldn't evoke T. C. into her world, but she never forgot him

when she was in his. His personality penetrated and dominated that world even when he was not actually present, as light fills a room from a sun outside. New ideas were always emerging from his office, but the staff said it was because new ideas were always flowing in. It was part of his theory that no one was too insignificant to make a suggestion and he oiled the way for them accordingly. One of his schemes was a quarterly competition on make-up for title pages for work on hand. Interest in this competition was so keen and universal that Georgina got as excited about it as if it were a tennis match.

She remembered the wonderful old volumes locked away under glass at the Art Institute and she took several perfectly good evenings away from all chance of seeing Carrie in order to work at T. C.'s make-up contest.

To her joy, when it was over she found a blue slip on her desk. It was a cash prize that time,—ten dollars.

She cashed it in gold and took it home to show. She was most anxious to tell Sonya all about it.

Sonya had talked to her of many things, especially of a person named Walleby. Georgina and she were the best of friends, and again the dowagers found it clever in Georgina to choose the little dark girl as a foil for her own tall blondness.

"I've shown him, you see!" Georgina cried. "I've shown him I could do it!"

"Shown whom?" said Sonya. She already had the dialect of the set, so she added, "Shown Carrie White?"

"No!" said Georgina, "I've shown T. C. And he's quite a different person."

Georgina had got a pretty good understanding of her own work and what the firm stood for and of why

T. C. really was the Big Chief, when one day the storm broke. It was a storm of the kind not mentioned in the weather reports, but one of those office upheavals that everyone who has drawn her bread and butter out of a wire window instead of a trousers-pocket knows something about.

This disturbance blew up in a foreman's cage, grew into some size in the superintendent's office, but became central in the office of T. C. himself. Thence it exploded in a series of thunderous roars. The figurative sky was purple black and the metaphorical lightnings crackled. Clerk and stenographer bent before the blast, typists scurried to cover and even stereotypers sought shelter behind rolls of paper. And the center of it all was the Big Chief. For like Jupiter Tonans, T. C. had raged from one end of his domain to the other.

Then he went back into his office and closed the door. In a few moments his voice could be heard dictating peaceably. The word went out. All was calm. The stereotypers resumed pouring hot metal, the typists went on typing and the stenographers went on stenoging. Georgina at the far off desk was a mute and humble witness of the scene.

Next morning when she went to work, there was a big bunch of violets on her desk. No card. No florist's box. No clue.

In the morning she speculated. In the afternoon she cast her eye about. Georgina did not read the funny page for nothing. The new office boy's name was Eugene. It must be he. She took the flowers away with her.

Next day there was a fresh bunch of violets. She began to wonder about Eugene.

Next day there was another.

She spoke to Eugene. He proved his innocence by means of two invalid sisters deserted by their husbands.

Next day there were more violets.

She wished them on every one in the department in turn without making them stick and they kept on coming. She began to think wildly of hiring a Burns man or a dictaphone, when one evening, by habit, she forgot her umbrella and by luck it began to rain at the corner. She went all the way back and found T. C. looking like a criminal, just by her desk with his hands behind him.

When she stared at him, he took his hands out and they were filled with violets.

"Oh!" she cried. "Did you put them there! I am sorry!"

She saw a long wave of red go up over his pale forehead till it reached his straw-colored hair.

"Then I suppose I have done for myself," he managed, finally.

Georgina thought she had evoked Carrie White into the world of T. C. *After all!* She felt dimly sorry and disappointed.

"But you don't know," he went on, "When you're in the fight, what it is to get mad. Fighting mad!"

"Why," she said, she felt cheered, not so dimly, "Why, that wasn't what I meant! That was what made me like you so!"

He caught her hands in his.

"No. No!" she drew back, "I *did*. But now you aren't going to be T. C. any more! You're going to be Carrie!"

"So that's it!" He was exultant. "So that's all, is it? Would this square me?" He pushed aside the purple flowers where they had fallen between them and pointed. There lay a yellow slip upon her desk.

<i>Dep't—24</i>	<i>Date—5/7</i>
<i>Name—Evert, G.</i>	
<i>Type of Error—67A</i>	
<i>Foreman or Supt.—G. H.</i>	<i>M. T.</i>
<i>Comment—One more will make a green slip.</i>	
	<i>T. C.</i>

Georgina stood there and read it slowly clear through to the initial at the end.

"I was leaving that there, too, you see!"

A strange thing had happened. Both T. C. and Carrie were looking at her out of White's eager blue eyes.

That time she did not draw back when his arms went round her.

After a long time, Georgina said:

"Isn't it wonderful! You have a mind like steel with all your gentle ways! That's it, dear. You aren't one of these leisure-made men. You are made by work, splendidly! And just think of it! I'd never have found it out if I had not gone to work, too!"

Which would be the legitimate end of a one-hero and one-heroine story,

but you have to wait to hear Sonya talking—sixteen miles as the crow flies from the printing building where T. C. and Georgina had dropped the violets all over the desk because there wasn't room for them in their hands, sixteen miles away, by the same lily pond where first they had known they loved each other; Walleby was painting the picture of their honeymoon for Sonya; a picture of dense Southern glades where flamingoes, rose, salmon, copper, twist their uncanny beauty against a turquoise sky.

"There is no color like it in all the world! We shall see it together—alone—just you and I!"

And after a time Sonya murmured:

"And think of it, how deefereent I used to sink you were in zat sad downtown place! You are a magician! making magic beauties to grow for me! How delicate your mind . . . as fine as lace! Zat is because you have had ze leisure!" She sighed, "And sink of it, I should nevair haf known it eff Georgina had not changed 'wiz me!"



# SUB-MARINE

## A PEACEFUL TALE

By ELIZABETH WARREN

"GIRLS are queer!" I observed, sparkling ruddily in my sandy bed at the bottom of the sea. This cool, green underworld seems made for me—I don't believe the ring Katy wears now could outshine me here. Once, when I lived up above, a villainous, hook-nosed man had the audacity to say I wasn't worth fifty cents; but everything is a matter of comparison, and he was so vulgarly rich that he even hung three glittering gold balls outside of his shop.

"Girls are sweet!" unctuously volunteered the hammer-headed shark as he circled near, crunching retrospective tidbits in his cruel jaws, the eye at each end of the extended lobe at the back of his head roving hungrily.

"I owe my life to a girl," came the thin, piping voice of the opalescent angel fish. "She made the ugly brute who had captured me throw me back into the water."

"A girl is responsible for my being among you," I continued, not displeased at this show of interest. "She was a clever one, too!"

"And sweet?" hungrily questioned the shark.

"And tender hearted?" sighed the sentimental angel fish.

I sank more comfortably into the sand. Luckily my golden circlet had landed first, as I came hurtling down. I am supported and held from extinction by a crusty white formation with which this region abounds. Great archways are made of it and shapes that look like flowers. The place is as thick with growth as a

tropical garden. All the green things seem alive. Fernlike fronds and tall, limber-stemmed palms wave gently to and fro. A star fish walks along the sea bottom, seizing with long, searching arms a quiet, harmless shell and pressing, pressing, till the shell breaks and the soft, juicy flesh is left exposed to be sucked into the greedy hidden mouth. A sea anemone rides on the back of a crab, intent on a killing they two will share. And tiny white tentacles, in admiring devotion, stretch clinging fingers toward my ruby crest, murmuring, "What a fine foundation! Build, brothers, build, till our spire towers above the waves!"

Here one's own valuation is unquestioned; one's version of life accepted as law. And who could wish a better audience than the formidable shark, monarch of the sea? Short shrift for the girl if ever those rows of triangular teeth close over her luscious form! Yet, at my mere request, the angel fish is spared, to add its timid share as listener.

"Tell us about her," urged the lucky angel fish, wriggling nearer, like a blue and yellow rainbow through a gray-green haze.

"Where is she?" asked the shark, with lively interest.

"She *was* just above us," I answered, purposely piquing their curiosity, "but her ship has passed beyond long since."

"But what had she to do with you?" The angel fish was plainly envious.

"Why didn't you bring her with



you?" A trifle disgruntled, the shark.

I did not answer their questions directly, but began on one of the reminiscences with which I daily regale both myself and my present neighbors. This is the best part of life, after all—to be comfortable and admired and to look back over a past gilded to suit one's taste.

"She is a princess," I told them, after a moment's reflection.

"A princess!" chorused the fishes in awe.

I was glad I had made her no less. A little embroidery harms no pattern, so why admit that she was only the Proudfoote's cook and that I was placed on her rough-skinned finger by a common thief? I haven't trod the boards with a barn-storming Shakespearean actress for nothing, and here, at least, by so enriching the sordid details of my former existence as to make them unrecognizable, I can occupy the station suited to my disposition.

"Yes"—I swung into my tale with enthusiasm—"the Princess Katy from Emerald Isle, then under the guardianship of King Proud Foote and his noble consort, of the Isle of Manhattan. They thought the world and all of Katy. Their own daughters they tried their best to marry off to cotton kings, philanthropists and even spaghetti counts; but the best in the world wasn't good enough for Katy; and Mrs. Proud—er—the Queen—hovered over her like a hawk, ready to pounce upon any man with the temerity to pay his court to her gifted ward. For Katy was not only beautiful; she was talented—past mistress of the culinary art."

"What's *that*?" inquired the angel fish.

I silenced any undue curiosity by the cryptic reply: "The creation of gastronomic miracles," and smoothly continued. "In the lower part of the

palace Princess Katy had a studio all her own; and there, singing while she worked, she produced these miracles for the delighted palates of the King and Queen and their stupid, idle daughters. Rig those daughters out as they would, they hadn't the lode-star of Katy's gray eyes, her irresistible voice that would melt a man's heart in his bosom, and her strong, supple form—"

"I love her!" exclaimed the angel fish with unwonted vehemence.

"Ah! that was just the trouble," I replied. "No royal guardians could hope to make a nun of Katy. Why, there was the Duke—Duke Wardle—a foreign attaché of the Royal House—as head over heels in love as his British dignity would permit. But Katy led the poor man a merry dance, and he lived in constant fear of being outrivalled in her changeable affections." I was pleased with this latest stroke of imagination. The fact is, butlers *do* look like royalty—I don't know of anyone more imposing in appearance, unless it is policemen.

"And then there was that other," I went on,—“the tall, thin man with large black eyes that had begun to play havoc with Katy's warm heart even before I came upon the scene. He was a gentleman of leisure and didn't belong to the Court retinue.”—This was true enough. Slim Jim was very leisurely when he wasn't busy separating some sucker from his bank roll. He stole me from that actress after feeding her with cherries served in colored water. It's queer how women like those cherries; if I could have spoken to her I'd have warned her that they must be poisoned.

"What's a Retinoo?" queried the inquisitive angel fish.

I was really at a loss—the term just came to me—I suppose from one of those plays I'd been in—so I took

refuge in a superior air and said I couldn't be interrupted by such ignorant questions. The shark glared at the angel fish, who subsided into a trembling and abashed silence, and I continued my story.

"Katy was talking with this gentleman at the entrance to the kitch—er—to her studio when he put me on her finger.

"'I don't even know what name to call yez by—' Katy spoke softly and glanced watchfully back over her shoulder. I knew afterwards that she feared the butler—I mean, Duke Wardle, might discover her new admirer—'But you're the livin' image of Sir Roland in "Me Lady's Glove,"' she cooed, 'barrin' the shirt ruffles and the sword he wore. Do ye ever read r—rr—romances?'

"'Not so you'd notice it,' he replied. 'But I'll come to heel for Roland or any old name when you're doin' the whistlin'.'

"Katy blushed and swept the thick black curtain of her lashes down over her sparkling eyes. His line of talk seemed to please her.

"'I suppose the old lady has a fine bunch of sparklers,' he then observed in a casual kind of way. 'Takes 'em to bed with her like as not.'

"'If I had her scrawny neck I'd sleep in me diamond collar,' said Katy. She was young and frolicsome and resented the careful espionage of the dowager Queen.

"'I've heard that some o' them guys wears paste and keeps their real ones in a bank,' Sir Roland continued.

"'She sleeps with a chamois bag under her pillow that's bumpy enough to give a body the nightmare,' derided Katy. 'Two fer me third left is all I want,' she concluded with a sweet sidelong glance.

"'You're one great little girl!' absentmindedly murmured Sir Roland, and kissed the palm of her hand,

getting very mildly slapped for his pains.

"Then Katy cocked her pretty head on one side and listened.

"'Fly!' she commanded in a tense whisper, and while Jim—er—Roland made a quick getaway, she bolted the gate and slipped back inside the castle.

"She met Duke Wardle on the stairs. He noticed me at once and grabbed her hand, at the imminent risk of dropping the glass and siphon-laden tray he was carrying.

"'Wot does this mean?' he demanded in a terrible voice, but low, so the Queen wouldn't break up the séance. He was a man of majestic mien, this Duke, and I felt poor Katy trembling under his stern gaze. But the little coquette was a match for him.

"'Tis cruel of ye to remind me of me poor aunt's death,' she sobbed, pulling away her hand and flinging her apron over her head.

"That took the wind right out of his sails. I peeked at him over the corner of her apron—a fine, big fellow, with a beef-and-ale cheek and a solid, respectable air. But nothing was too solid to melt before the wiles of the Princess Katy.

"'Hi wouldn't 'urt your feelin's for 'arf a kingdom,' he whispered huskily. 'Hi didn't know—'

"Katy made all the motions of wiping away a tear, but I was pretty close to her and I'd have wagered she was nearer to laughing.

"'Of course ye didn't, Bill,' she said softly—Bill was her pet name for his lordship—but the fact is me favorite aunt is dead—God rest her soul—and she left me this ring in her last will and testimony.'

"Bill was appeased.

"The next day Sir Roland stopped again at the palace gate.

"'I've got tickets for a ball,' he said in his offhand style. 'Can yer

give a guess who'll be me lady friend?"

"Katy had no idea; but her dancing eyes gave her the lie. He worked his big black ones overtime and declared there wasn't but one peach on the whole tree that he could see. Would she go?"

"Sure it'd be foine—if I can manage it," said Katy, looking pleased and troubled at the same time.

"Are you afraid of the old uns?" scoffed Sir Roland. "They wouldn't know when you got in, would they? Where's their particular haystack, anyway?" and he glanced up at the palace windows above.

"It's not genteel to share the wan room," answered Katy with a trace of pride. "They have the two second floor fronts. But old Proudfoot's away, attandin' a meetin' in Shecawgo."

"Is th—a—at so," mused Sir Roland. "And when will His Nibs get back?"

"To-morrow night," returned Katy, indifferently. Then with eager interest, "But whin's the ball to come off, Roland? And where's it to be?"

"The ball?" repeated Roland, as though he'd forgotten all about it.

"Katy's gray eyes flashed angrily. She was a bit of a spitfire except with the Duke.

"But it didn't take a moment to sweeten her up and Sir Roland left with her promise to attend the dance with him 'next Thursday week' if she had to 'break a leg'.

"That evening Katy made a hit with Wardle, who was still suspicious of me. They were talking in her studio. The Princess sat on his lordship's lap.

"Did the will state as 'ow you should wear your aunt's ring on your left 'and?' he inquired craftily, just after she had reluctantly murmured that she must go up to bed.

"Oh, I'll put it on me right, Bill, if it'll please ye any," said Katy, and suited the action to the word. "Me poor aunt niver mint the remembrance to cause throuble between frinds."

"And again Bill was appeased.

"Katy soon fell asleep in her bed-chamber at the top of the palace, but she was restless, having indulged rather freely in one of her own artistic creations. She was more than half awake and tossing about, when a shrill scream propped her up in bed with wide-open, staring eyes and strained ears. Again it sounded—a hysterical, feminine cry from somewhere below. I was glad to find Katy no coward, who'd cover her head with the bedclothes. I hate to miss anything. In a jiffy she had thrust her bare feet into felt slippers, pulled a scarlet bathrobe around her, and we were flying down the stairs toward the royal quarters.

"It may have been the Queen's lady-in-waiting who had screamed, or the Queen before she fainted. For her Royal Highness was stretched unconscious on the floor in her nightrobe, with a chamois bag clasped in one hand, and the poor girl with her was moaning in a corner.

"And there in the center of the stage (pardon me—I'm used to professional terms), I should say in the center of the room, were two swaying, gasping, interlocked figures in deadly combat. One was big and heavy set; the other thin and lithe as a tiger cat, the lower part of his face masked. And the thin one was working his way toward a pistol that lay on the floor.

"But Katy got there first—and the joy of battle was in her eye. She trained the gun on the masked man.

"I'll shoot the blackguard if ye give me lave, Bill," she said to the big man, as cool as you please.

"Taken off his guard by fear of

what she might do, the tiger cat laid himself open to a neat little tripping maneuver, and old beef-and-ale face pinned him to the floor.

"Gimme somethink to tie 'im with," panted Bill.

"With one hand Katy yanked off the cord that held her bathrobe together, while she still pointed the pistol at the prostrate intruder with the other. He rolled a pair of pleading black eyes up at her.

"'Elp me tie 'is 'ands,' puffed Wardle.

"But the pistol dropped from Katy's grasp to the floor and she just stood and gazed at those eyes.

"Wardle looked around. With a tremendous spring the other flung himself free, bowling over old beef-and-ale, who, strong and heavy, but deliberate, was unable to right himself before the masked man got a flying start down the stairway.

"Grabbing up the pistol, Wardle followed, giving vent to sturdy British oaths. But Katy just stood still in the middle of the room and continued to look as though she'd been struck by lightning.

"Of course the tiger cat got away; and Wardle never said a word of reproach to Katy and never asked her why she had so suddenly lost her nerve. But when the King and Queen sailed for their winter palace in the Bermudas, taking with them the faithful foreign attaché and their beloved ward, he offered Katy a ring and asked her if she'd like to wear it instead of me. He said it might be a foolish fancy, but he didn't want her to wear both, even though on different hands.

"They were standing by the railing on the rear deck of the steamer. It was late in the evening and no one else occupied that part of the deck.

"Suddenly Katy burst into tears, and put her arms about his neck.

"'Bill,' she cried, 'me aunt was a stingy ould maid with the heart of a tadpole. I'll show you what I think of her ring—' and with that she let go of Wardle and flung me into the sea."

THERE was an impressive silence, finally broken by the shark's absurd speculation: "I wonder why she dropped the pistol!"

"I thought eating fish made people brainy," I observed sarcastically. "But they don't eat sharks, do they?"

"I eat *their* brains," responded the shark bitterly, "and that's all the good it does me. I can never see the point."

"The point," I declared oracularly, "is that *girls are queer!*"

"But they are *sweet—very* sweet," morosely grunted the shark. "I think I'll go up and take a look about." And off he swam, with a flirt of his long, pointed tail and a crunching of his fearful jaws.

"Oh, if I could see her!" sighed the love-sick angel fish, and he, too, rose to the surface of the sea.

I am left deserted. But of course they will come back to hear more. All the green things seem alive. Fernlike fronds and tall, limber-stemmed palms wave gently to and fro. A star fish walks along the sea bottom, seizing with long, searching arms a quiet, harmless shell and pressing, pressing, till the shell breaks and the soft, juicy flesh is left exposed to be sucked into the greedy, hidden mouth. A sea anemone rides on the back of a crab, intent on a killing they two will share. And, still murmuring foolish nonsense about "foundations" and a "spire that will tower above the waves," tiny white tentacles surmount the edge of the blood-red jewel that is I. But, of course, they will dare go no further.



# BUT WE KNOW WHAT WE LIKE

## LITERARY ADVENTURES OF EVERYDAY FOLK

By ALARIC WATSON

THERE was a smile upon the face of the Critic as he sat near the fire—a smile that appeared to be of sheer merriment and good humor; but to the Tired Business Man, long familiar with the sources of the young man's amusement, there was in it something that boded ill to the peace of mind of one person in the room, at any rate. He observed the Critic for a time reflecting that the one person might very well be himself.

"Well," he said after a while, "Just what are you planning to do to me?"

The Critic turned upon him a glance of injured righteousness. "You have an abominably suspicious nature, Plutocrat. I was planning nothing whatever—that is, nothing that was not for your own good."

"Ah, yes," sighed the Tired Business Man in a mellow voice, as he settled back in his chair. "When I was a little fellow such a statement as that always preceded a slight excursion into the woodshed. I have no doubt that your intentions toward me are excellent. But—just what were you planning?"

He smiled benevolently at the Critic, the while he smoothed that spot upon his head where business men first begin to grow tired. "Well," he continued. "Won't you reveal the future to me—so far as it concerns my education, at least?"

The Critic regarded him earnestly

for a moment. "No," he said finally. "I won't do it. I have decided that it is useless to attempt to drag you from the arms of Philistia. You are happy in your ignorance, I suppose, and so, in spite of my early hope of making you a man of breadth and wisdom, I leave you where I find you. Yes," he went on sadly, "I renounce you."

The Frivolous Young Person interrupted him. "I do wish you wouldn't be so—cryptic," she protested. "Especially when you are being disrespectful to Father, at the same time. It isn't nice, you know."

"No," agreed The Lady Who Stays at Home, "it isn't at all nice. I don't mean the disrespect. But what *are* you talking about?"

"Ah, that's the point!" cried the Business Man triumphantly. "He doesn't know."

"You're wrong, as usual. As a matter of fact, when you so rudely interrupted me I was wondering whether it would be safe to tell you of another Russian book I have been reading lately—"

The Business Man's eye gleaned dangerously.

"If you value your unworthy life—"

The Critic interrupted. "In the cause of literature—any risk is worth taking. With me it was a question of choosing between the two biblical injunctions about casting—my bread upon the waters, so to say, or my

pearls—"Don't excite yourself too much," he continued as the Business Man's symptoms became obviously dangerous, "I shall leave personalities entirely out of this discussion. But I remembered your recent outburst against Artzibashev's novel 'Breaking Point' and so I hesitated about mentioning a really splendid book that was given me for Christmas."

It was at this point that the Clergyman, who had been listening with silent amusement to the conversation, spoke. "In the interest of public peace," he ventured, "may an innocent bystander inquire what book it is that awakens your admiration?"

"Indeed you may," replied the Critic. "I should have mentioned it long before had not my knowledge of the Plutocrat's objection to Russian literature restrained me. It is the first volume of Gorky's autobiography—'My Childhood' he calls it—and a very fine book it is."

"You are quite right," said the Advanced Woman. "I am reading it now and I can't say how delighted I am with it. Of course it's a bit shocking and barbaric in the extreme—but yet it is somehow idyllic at the same time."

"I know what you mean," said the Critic. "It is a bit shocking, his utter frankness about the family skeleton. But that is part of the real value of the book, too. After all, the only way to write one's autobiography is to tell everything that is tellable."

"It adds to the book in this case," the Advanced Woman remarked. "And certainly there is nothing unhealthy or nasty in it. For all the brawling and drinking and other fractures of the social code, one feels that his people were in the main lovable."

"And human, too," put in the Critic.

"Yes. Although a bit grotesque."

"Well," said the Critic, "whatever unpleasant there is in 'My Childhood' at the time of reading, there is nothing but charm in it in retrospect. I am inclined to forget that the grandmother occasionally tipped, that the grandfather was a miser or that the mother was subject to other lapses. All that I think of is the rich color of the pictures Gorky gives: Of the grandmother with her inexhaustible fund of stories; of the two old people praying to their separate ikons; of the friends and the merry savage evenings they spent together; and above all of the boy, himself, drinking in sights and sounds and experiences as fast as they came to him. It is a wonderful book; and I am rather persuaded that I like it better than any one of his novels."

"Between you, you almost persuade me to read it," said the Tired Business Man in reluctant capitulation. "I am rather wary of your recommendations, though. I must say," he went on, "you do me a great wrong if you think that my aversion is toward Russian books alone; I merely dislike unhealthiness."

"Oh, we know," murmured the Critic wearily.

"And I am annoyed as much as a man of my philosophical temperament can be by the misconceptions of popular taste in regard to genius." The Business Man was elaborately ignoring the Critic. "For instance, there is the case of Theodore Dreiser. People are fond of hailing him as the great American novelist. He may be. I'm not going to criticise his earlier books because, as a matter of fact, I haven't read any of them. But 'The Genius'— Have you read it?" He turned to the Clergyman.

The Clergyman, so it appeared, had not read it; nor had any of the others.

"Well, sir," said the Tired Business Man explosively, "never in my life have I read such a book. I am not thin skinned, I think, but that book shocked me beyond words. In fact I felt so strongly about it that the other night I went down to the basement and burned it up."

"Now I understand," said Thé Lady Who Stays at Home. "The other night I was awakened by a terrific noise downstairs. I thought it was a burglar at first until it occurred to me that a criminal would hardly be shaking the furnace at that hour."

"At what hour?" inquired the Critic mischievously.

"Three o'clock, for I looked at my watch."

"Why, Plutocrat," murmured the Critic in shocked surprise, "what were you doing up at that hour?"

The Business Man was obviously embarrassed. "Well, you see," he explained, "I had just finished the book."

Here the Clergyman charitably intervened. "It is a long book, I'm sure. But is it really so terrible?"

"I think so," The Business Man replied. "It is the story of one *Eugene Witta*, a man of rare talent and unscrupulousness. He sets out at an early age to make his fortune after the good old style of the books I used to read as a child. But *Eugene* is no little *Rollo* or any other of the paragons of my youth; and his path is thickly strewn with women—none of whom the susceptible *Eugene* can resist. In fact he frequently wonders to himself why he hasn't any moral scruples about such things. He becomes engaged to a rather colorless little schoolteacher whom he loves and to whom he is faithful only intermittently. Even his marriage is only a temporary interruption of his amours, each one of which is detailed with a scrupu-

lous fidelity that *Eugene* might have possessed to advantage.

"Meantime he has become a great artist. At the very time that recognition comes to him he loses his ability to paint. There follow in rapid succession periods of extreme poverty, and of great opulence, when, as a publisher, he becomes famous. But all that is beside the point. The thing I objected to about the book is that there is no dignity in it, and for all its detail it never seemed convincing to me. For instance, *Eugene's* conversation is always banal in the extreme and frequently cheap—yet he is supposed to be a great social favorite among people who, whatever their mental limitations, would demand a certain amount of polish in their associates. But they themselves are no better. The entire book is awkward and unreal. It is impossible to believe that *Eugene* is particularly talented or attractive. All we have is the author's word for it. And so with the incidents in the book. None of them lives, none of them seems true, although you realize that such situations are common enough. It is heavy without being forceful; and it seems to me simply a laborious piece of work done by a man with a long memory." The Business Man settled back in his chair, unheeding the mocking applause that the Critic bestowed upon him.

"If you feel that way," that young gentleman finally said, "you would undoubtedly extract great pleasure from the latest of *Amelie Rives'* books. If so-called realism can be unconvincing, it can also be mawkish. But after all," he went on, "it takes all kinds of people to make the reading public, including those who like *Amelie Rives'* books."

"Oh, do you think so?" The Frivolous Young Person's inquiry was ambiguous, but it was a safe

(Continued on second page following)

assumption that she was defending a favorite.

"What is her latest defi to law and order?" asked the Tired Business Man.

The Critic settled himself for a monologue, and it was easy to see that he was about to enjoy it.

"*'Shadows of Flames'* is the title, indicating, as you may imagine, something tenuous. After I finished the book I lit a match, held it in the sunlight, and studied the shadow made by the flame. Believe me, it was almost imperceptible. Remarkable! And I got burned, too."

"But it is most interesting," protested the Young Person.

"Yes, if you want to live in the same house with a beautiful young woman and her dope-fiend husband, whose person is so punctured with a hypodermic needle that he couldn't wear a sport-shirt without giving himself away and whose disposition is correspondingly impossible.

"The horror of the thing begins almost on the first page and continues without let-up to page 184 when *Sophy* leaves her husband for a well-earned rest in Italy. It is all faithfully set down, from the 'shot' of morphia, through the stages of relief, delight, bliss, agony, remorse, ugliness, to all the harrowing details of the vice portrayed.

"The elaboration of the sequence

of events, the dwelling on the pathological aspect of the man's indulgence, and the extravagances of expression give one the unpleasant impression that the book was written to gratify our morbid curiosity. Well, it does! I know all about the drug habit that I want to know.

"Midway through the book the career of the erring husband is cut short. He is seized with a cramp while in swimming, and when he is brought to shore the reader is kept in an agony of fear for several pages lest the efforts at resuscitation shall be successful. A little further along *Sophy* is careless enough to marry again. Her new husband presently develops a fondness for spirituous refreshment, and the trials of *Sophy* are continued zestfully."

"Is that all?" murmured the Tired Business Man.

"No, bless your heart; that's only an indication. If you want any more, it's a sure sign you will want to read the book."

"No, thanks," replied the Business Man. "A burnt child, you know."

Here they were interrupted by the arrival of tea and the discussion drifted to other channels.

"My Childhood," by Maxim Gorky. Century Company, New York. \$2.00.

"The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser. John Lane Company, New York. \$1.50.

"Shadows of Flames," by Amelie Rives. F. A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.35.





## EDITORIAL CONFIDENCES

**W**HENEVER we are called upon to express an opinion as to who is most expert in the handling of the English language—any editor is subject to this sort of quizzing—the name of Maurice Hewlett invariably suggests itself as one to rank with the masters. There is a chapter in his "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" that would glow radiantly in a cluster of the world's greatest literary gems. It tells of Sandro Botticelli and of Simonetta, artist and model, and Botticelli himself could not have more richly colored with pigments than Hewlett with words.

**H**EWLETT is a stylist incidentally—primarily a story-teller. He handles language as a tool. Some writers dandle it as a plaything. His ideas require to be clothed fittingly, and he has the means at his command. Whether he write of medieval Italy, ancient or modern England, or of Scandinavia in the 12th century, he portrays his characters and his *locale* brilliantly, beautifully and humanly.

**I**N "Frey and His Wife," which we rejoice in being able to give our readers this month, Mr. Hewlett has elaborated and vitalized an old *Saga*, a story of the Vikings and their loves and hates. It does for Norway and Sweden what his other work has done for medieval Italy, and although it deals with colder climes, the story has all the warmth of color and passion that characterizes Hewlett's work.

**T**HE Pandora Stories, by A. C. Allenson, are the subject of enthusiastic approval by readers of

McBRIDE'S. We are glad to be able to announce that there will be more of them, the next appearing in the January number and showing *Pandora Fulcher* in her characteristic rôle of rough diamond.

**C**ARL CROW, author of the series of articles on Japan now running in this magazine, is a young man who has traveled widely in the Orient and had exceptional facilities for getting close to its political and social sides. He has done newspaper work in Tokio and Shanghai, and is the author of a guide-book to China. Recently he returned from Japan by way of Russia and Copenhagen.

**H**E had intended stopping at Berlin, but a war-time measure in Russia, forbidding a traveler's taking more than a certain amount of money out of the country, prevented his sojourn among the Germans. Luckily he met a trusted friend in Petrograd to whom he lent his surplus funds, and he thus avoided contributing to the Czar's treasury.

**T**HE author of next month's novelette, Elizabeth Cooper, is the wife of Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, whose article, "Kitchener, the Man," was published in McBRIDE'S some months ago. Mrs. Cooper, who has traveled extensively with her distinguished husband in every continent, is the author of books dealing with the status of woman-kind in Eastern lands as well as of several books of fiction. She is at present staying at the Cooper estate on the shores of a mountain lake in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where she is at work on a long novel.—  
THE EDITOR.

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### NON-PARTISAN

A Kansas City lawyer tells of a case tried in a country court in Missouri. Counsel for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the judge interposed. It was plainly to be seen that his Honor, who, by the way, was new to the bench, was filled with admiration for the skilful manner in which the plea of the plaintiff had been handled. Accordingly he said:

"No need to go any further. Plaintiff wins."

Whereupon counsel for the defendant gave evidence of becoming hysterical. "Your Honor! your Honor!" he exclaimed. "Surely you will at least let me present my case!"

Reluctantly the judge gave his assent; and the protesting lawyer was permitted to state his case. When this had been done, curiously enough, his Honor evinced even greater wonder.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Don't it beat all! Now defendant wins!"—*Harper's Monthly*.

### THE DANGER OF WAR-TALK

The commercial traveler seated himself in the corner seat and carefully adjusted his portmanteau on the floor.

Then he handed a newspaper to a passenger opposite, and remarked: "Another of those dispatch-riders captured, you see; they don't know the A B C of their business."

"I suppose you could teach them?" remarked the man opposite, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Well, I think so. You don't know Jones, I suppose—Jones, of Birmingham? Smart man, he is! Well, he went out to the Transvaal with the Yeomanry. He was given some dispatches to carry, but he didn't get caught. No, sir. He had his head shaved, and then had the message tattooed on his scalp. Then he applied his hair-restorer and he felt safe. He was stopped three times and searched, but, of course, nothing was found. Finally he reached his destination, had his head shaved again, and went to show his head to the general. Oh, he was a smart, I tell you! And now, gentlemen, if any of you would like to try a bottle of our 'Grow-up' Hair-Restorer, price three shillings and sixpence, I will give a written guaranty that—Thank you, sir. Three-and-sixpence from ten shillings leaves six-and-six. Good day; I get out here."—*Tit-Bits*.

### SUPER-PATRIOT

"Would you go to war for your country?"

"Would I go to war for my country? I'd do more than that. I'd lick any man that tried to get my country into a war."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### NOT SO RECKLESS

"As I understand it, you lecture on the subject of peace at any price."

"No. My rates are \$200 per lecture."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### LONG KNOWN

"Father," said the minister's son, "my teacher says that 'collect' and

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## WALNUTS AND WINE

'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps they do, my son," said the venerable clergyman; "but you may tell your teacher that there is a vast difference between a congregation and a collection."—*Christian Register*.

### ANNOYING

Sunday Golfer: Something has put me off my game this morning, caddy.

"It's them church-bells, mister, they hadn't ought to be allowed."—*Life*.

### AS IT IS DONE

"Well, I made \$2,000 this month, enough to pay all my debts."

"What kind of car are you going to buy with it?"—*Harper's*.

### FOOD

Food makes the man—without a question

Earth's ills are due to indigestion.  
When Nero turned a bright magenta  
From eating underdone polenta,  
He burned, in his iniquity,  
The show-place of antiquity.  
The pirates, Chinese, Dyak, Lascar,  
From Borneo to Madagascar,  
At times become uncommon vicious  
Through dieting on devil-fishes.  
Why didn't the antipodes  
Produce a new Euripides?  
Because the Bushman's eating habits  
Were never firmly fixed on rabbits,  
But yearnings anthropophagous  
Contorted his œsophagus.  
How much the teeth and duodenum  
Have cause to answer for, between 'em!

—*Don Marquis in the Outlook*.

### DESPERATE

Jack disliked being kissed. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the picture-palace in the evening, instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures there was nothing

but a lot more hugging and kissing. He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women.

After he had been tucked into bed mother came in to kiss him good-night.

He refused.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing at the doorway, looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for heaven's sake, give this woman a kiss!"—*Tit-Bits*.

### SAFER NOT

"I want to see your beauty-editor," said the caller at the sanctum of a popular magazine.

"Are you following her advice?"

"I am."

"Got confidence in it?"

"I have."

"Then you don't want to see her."  
*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### SELF-EXPLAINED

For Sale—Pair of bronco horses. Good weight, sound, broken. Owner in hospital.—*From the Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader*.

### IN HASTE

Willie: Dad, what do the lawyers call a man that's been sued?

Dad: A pseudonym, William. Can't you see I'm busy?—*Judge*.

### BEHIND IN THE HAULING

A mountaineer from the Ozark region was visiting New York for the first time, and he put up at a hotel which is pretty far downtown. Next morning a friend came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal street. The Ozark person stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going in every direction.

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"The cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893.

"On Obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. World*, July 7, 1899.

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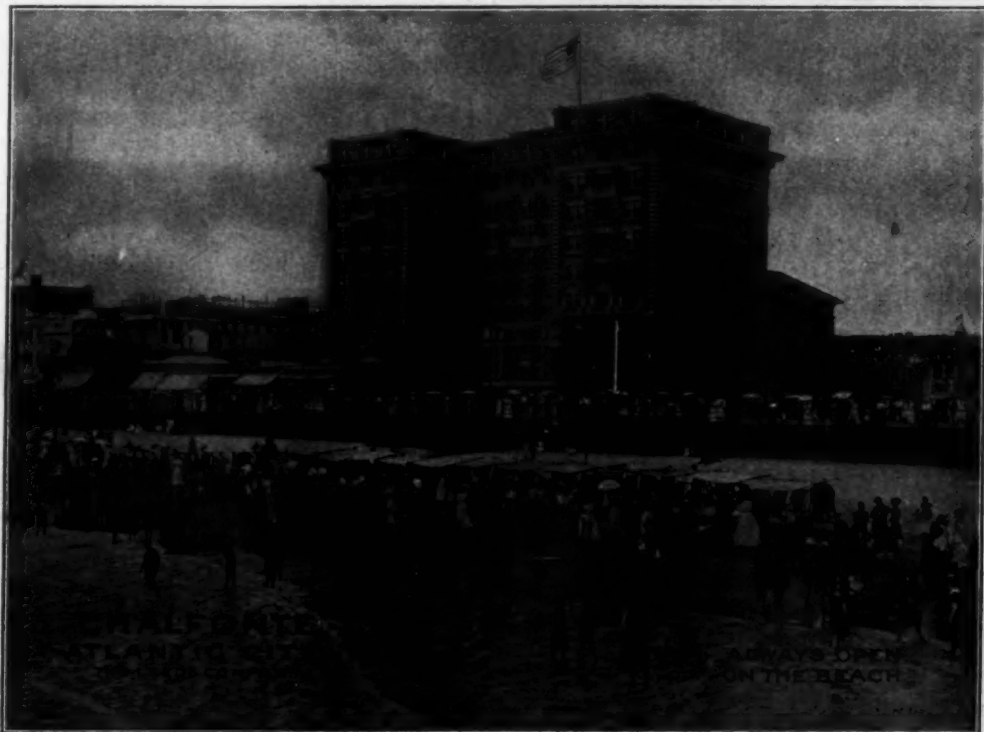
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## WALNUTS AND WINE

"You have got a nice city here," said the mountaineer, "but it looks to me like your folks was a whole lot behind in their haulin'."—*Harper's Magazine*.

### THE RIGHT WORD

"You can't beat an Irishman for wit," says a well-known Washingtonian. "I was in Boston one day last winter, and, while standing near a men's furnishing-store owned by one Haggerty, my attention was attracted by a display of shirts and ties which embraced a variety of color far exceeding a Turner landscape when the sun is red and gold. Every color of the rainbow was represented, and some colors which were a true revelation to me; I had never seen them anywhere. On a huge yellow card was inscribed the single word 'LISTEN!'"—*Harper's Magazine*.

### FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

Bridget: 'The new neighbors want to cut their grass, mum, and they sent over to ask the loan of your lawn-mower.

Mistress: Lend them our lawn-mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't one.—*Boston Transcript*.

### GETTING EVEN

"There's a church near," said the country farmer to his paying guest; "not that I ever puts my nose in it." "Anything the matter with the vicar?"

"Well, it's this way. I sold the old vicar milk and eggs and butter and cheese, and seeing as he patronized me I patronized 'im. But this new chap keeps 'is own cow and 'ens. 'If that's your game,' I thought, 'we'll 'ave 'ome-grown religion, too.'"—*Tit-Bits*.

### HIGHER ECONOMY

Among the Japanese economy is

held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokyo were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family, we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!"—*Everybody's*.

### HE MEANT WELL

Niece: I do think you are clever, aunt, to be able to argue with the professor about sociology.

Aunt: I've only been concealing my ignorance, dear.

Professor Bilks (gallantly)—Oh, no, Miss Knowles. Quite the contrary, I assure you.—*Boston Transcript*.

### FAMILY PRIDE

Hoping to be the first to relate some unwelcome news, the youth rushed into the house and said:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Raymond to-day."

"I know you did," replied the father soberly. "Mr. Raymond came to see me about it."

"Well," said the son, "I hope you came out as well as I did."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### MISUNDERSTANDING

"Reggie would tango perfectly but for two things."

"Yes? What are they?"

"His feet."—*St. Patrick's Monthly Calendar*.



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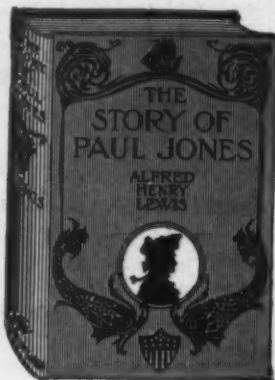
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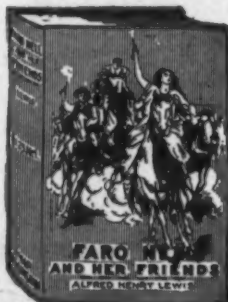


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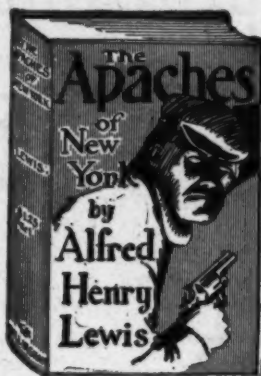
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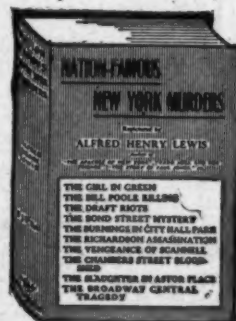
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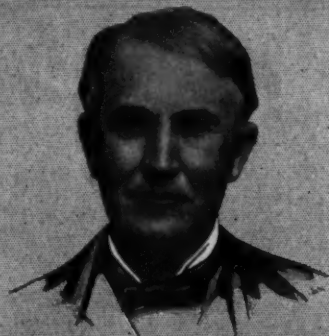
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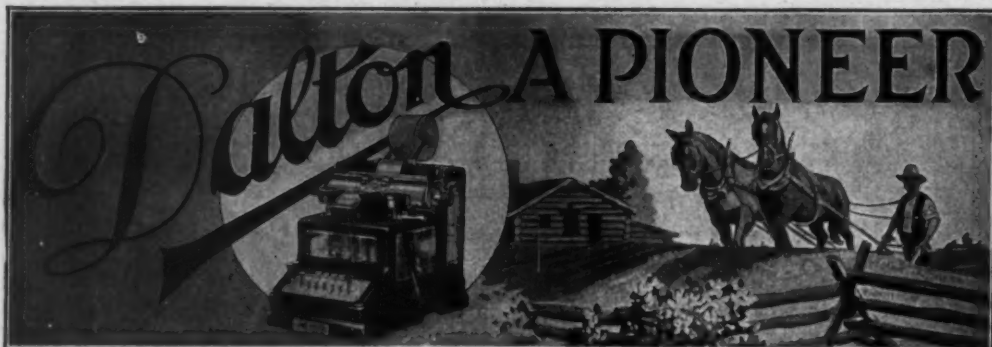
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